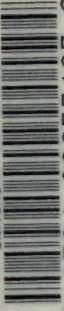
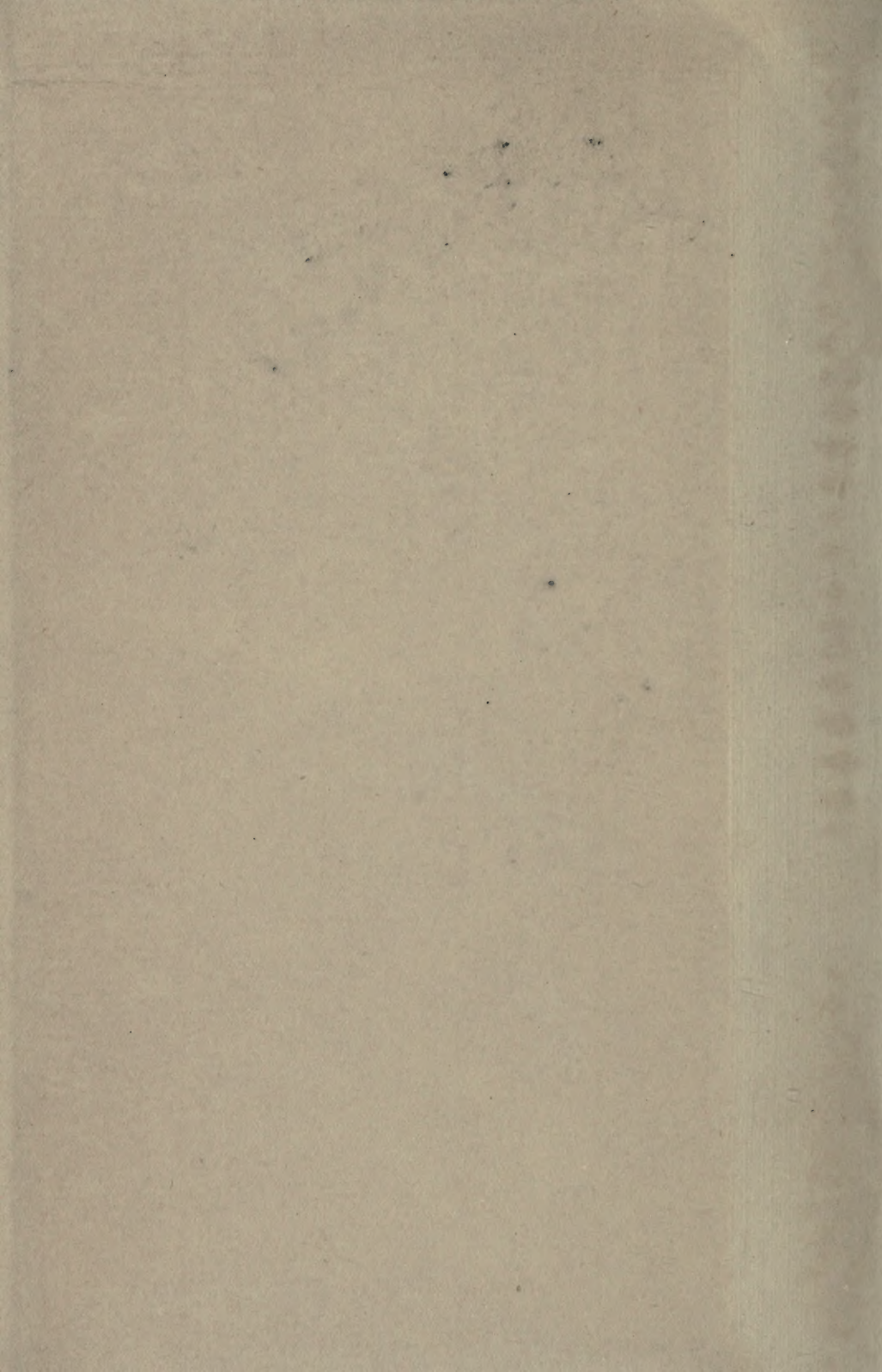


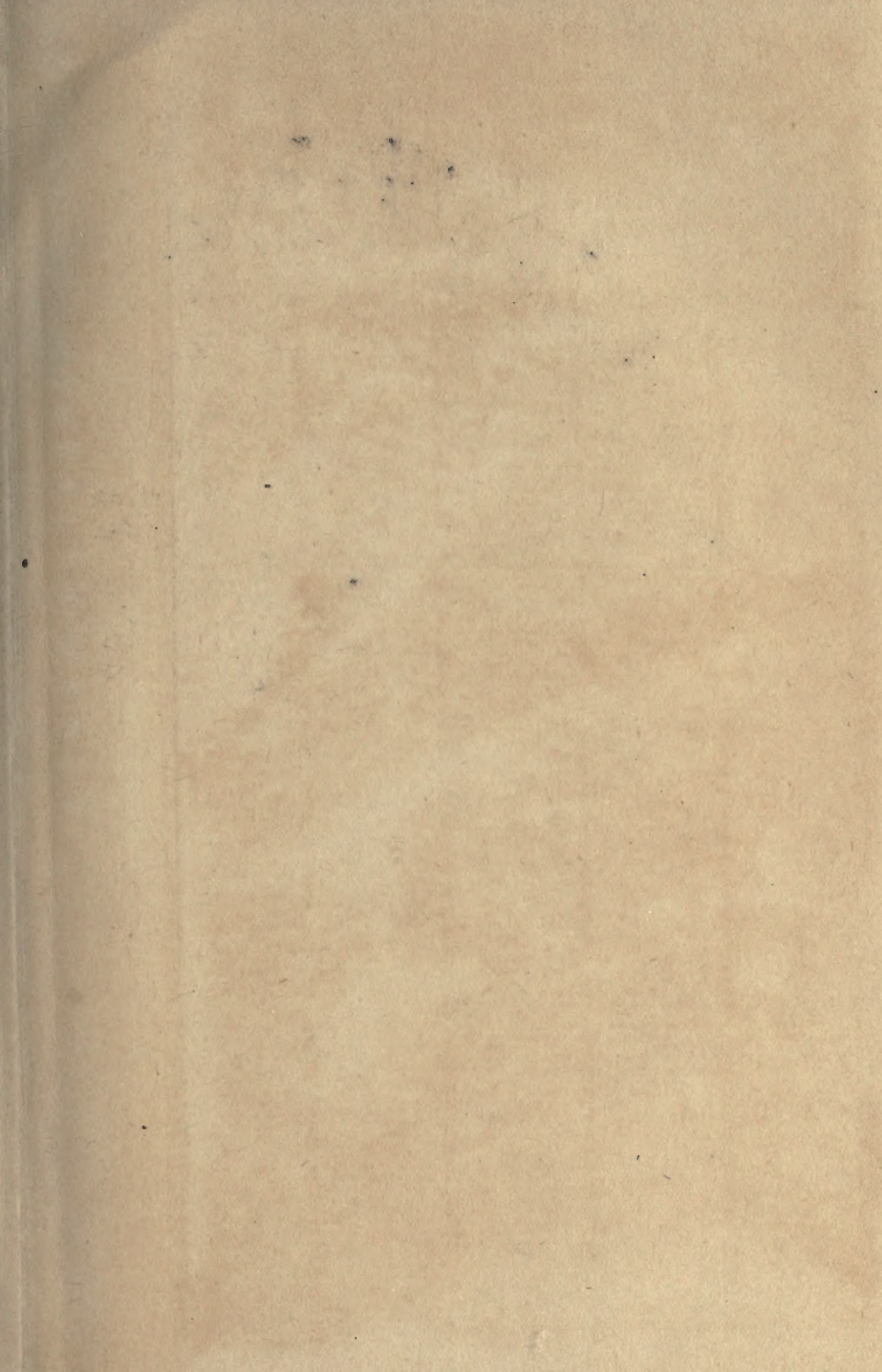
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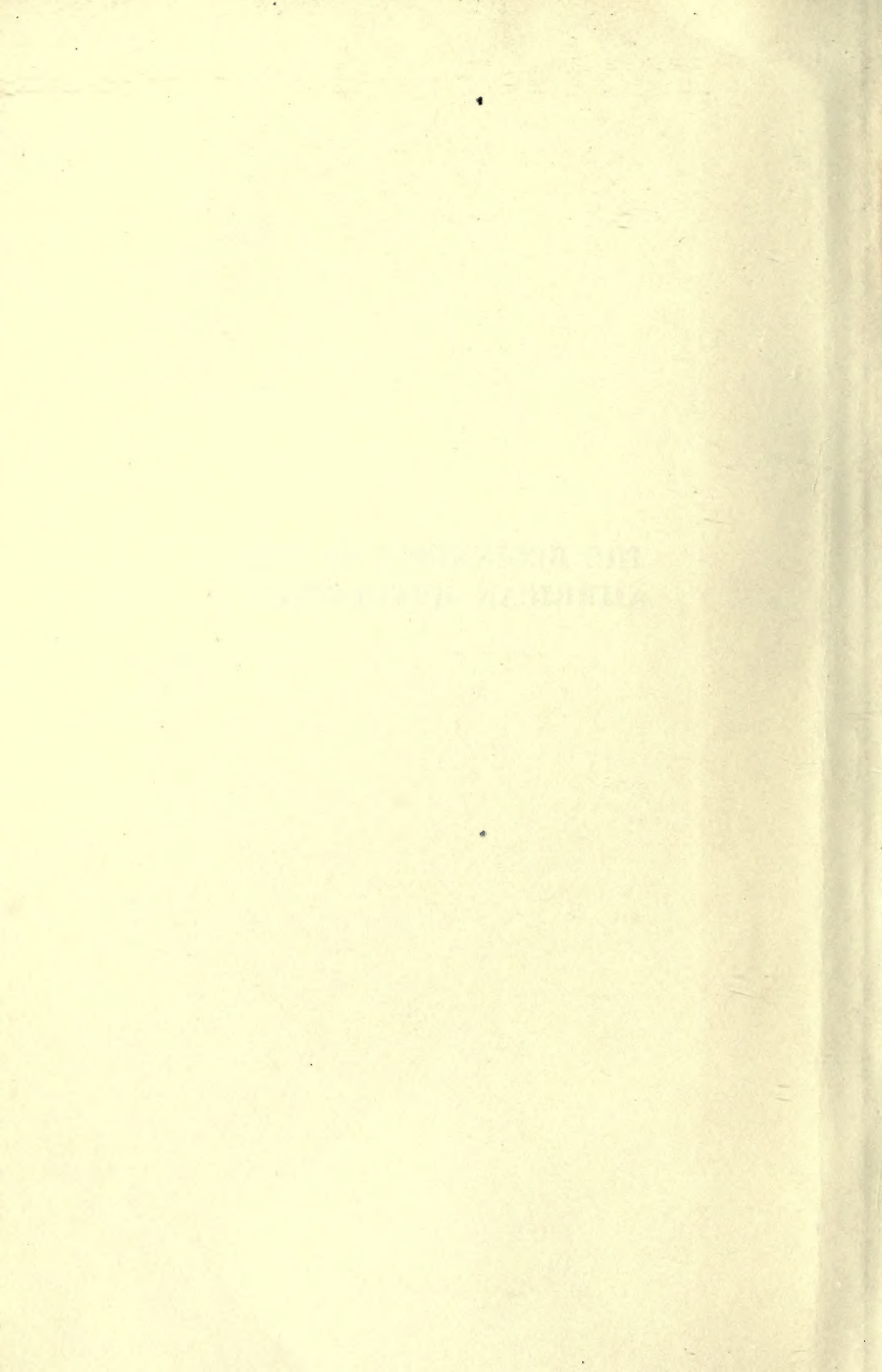
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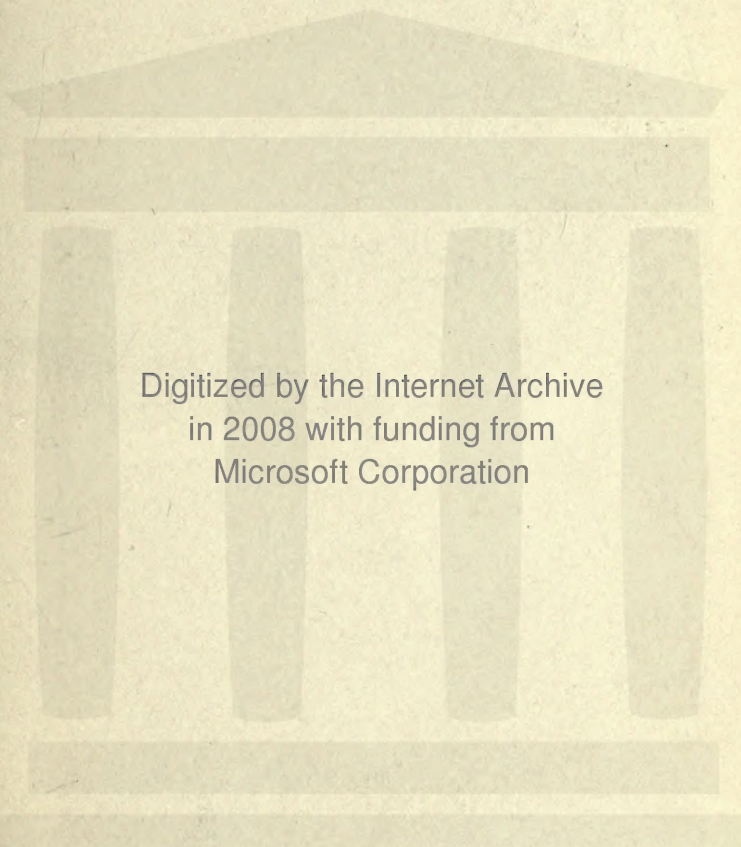
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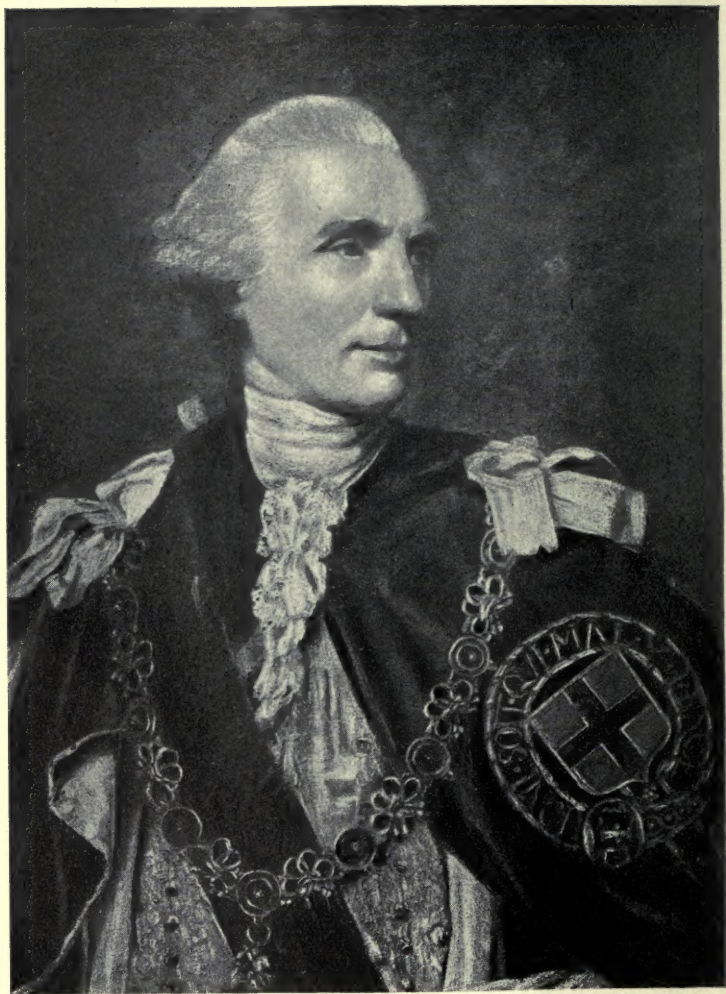


**THE BEGINNINGS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION**





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THE EARL OF BUTE

CAB

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BASED ON CONTEMPORARY
LETTERS, DIARIES AND
OTHER DOCUMENTS

By
ELLEN CHASE

VOLUME I

119681
22/11/11

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

"The story of the 18th and 19th of April (1775) may be made as inspiring as Thermopylæ, and as romantic as Bannockburn. Concord has her Barretts and Buttrick, Lexington her Parker, Acton her Davis, Brookline a Gardner."

S. ARTHUR BENT.

"Such men and their deeds are the precious treasures of every community. Their commemoration stimulates public spirit, and public spirit, not private wealth, is the main-spring of the American Republic."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

PREFACE

IN studying the beginnings of the American Revolution, the remark made by John Adams that there was a revolution in men's minds that preceded the years of battle, and that the result of the war but set its seal on a severance of interests already accomplished is more and more clearly pressed home. The successive incidents that bred discord between the mother country and the Colonies are singularly rich in detail and color. Time would fail to tell the story of the period between the Peace of Paris and April 19th in full. There were clashings with stamp masters, bickerings along the water front, tumults, and tea parties up and down the land. The priceless manuscript volumes in the State Archives and the zeal of the Massachusetts Historical Society in bringing to light numerous journals and letters of the day have given unusual facilities for following these years in their relationship to Boston. If the happenings elsewhere are passed by briefly here, they are none the less memorable.

The main purpose of the narrative has been to make the outline of events in this neighborhood live once more in all their wealth of humor and picturesqueness as they were known by the actors.

The interest, however, is more than local, more than contemporary, for the elements here shown at odds are capable of cropping out again. Taken seriously, the story of this book may well have a practical side, considered in relation to our newly-acquired Colonial possessions. We at home hear vaguely of these outlying parts being settled by some of ourselves; but the conditions into which the Colonists go are but little understood and less noted. Yet, carrying our name and traditions and pluck, we must believe that their day's work will tell as the years go by.

It is surely important that we learn from our past and become, both leaders and people, familiar with the spirit of the wise guidance offered to England by Pitt and Burke and St. Asaph. So enlightened, we may feel confident that any complications the future may have in store for us as a motherland will be readily set right.

I desire to thank the New England Magazine for the pictures of George the Third, Governor Hutchinson, and James Warren; the publishers of "The History and Traditions of Marblehead," by Samuel Roads, Jr., for that of Colonel Jeremiah Lee; and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Bryant and Gay's "Popular History of the United States," for that of the Liberty-Pole Festival.

Permission has also been courteously granted by the Lord Chamberlain of England and Viscount Dillon for the reproduction of the portraits of the Marquis of Rockingham and Sir Francis Dashwood. For those of Dr. William Aspinwall, by Stuart; Henry Barnes, Esq., and his wife; the Copley Family group; William Dawes; and Charles Paxton, I am indebted to Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, Miss Susan B. Willard, the Museum of Fine Arts, Miss Julia Goddard, and the Massachusetts Historical Society, to all of whom appreciative thanks are returned.

For the courtesies shown by Mr. Tracy of the State Archives, Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Mr. Greenlaw of the Historical and Genealogical Society, and Mr. Charles K. Bolton of the Boston Athenæum, grateful acknowledgment is made. In especial, warm thanks are returned for the constant encouragement offered by the Hon. George Sheldon of Deerfield.

E. C.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

WAR DEBT MAKES ENGLAND SEEK A COLONIAL REVENUE STAMP ACT CAUSES RIOT

THE self-reliant spirit with which the settlement of Boston in the Massachusetts Bay was begun cannot be better expressed than in the words of George E. Ellis:¹ "For more than a half of its first hundred years the Town and the Colony had been substantially independent of all foreign control; pursuing industry and trade on its own resources; choosing its own magistrates and holding them to account; making and administering its own laws; fighting its own battles with Indians, Dutch, and Frenchmen; never, even in poverty or distress or peril, asking, but rather repudiating, public aid from abroad." In short, unlike some of the later settlements, the Colonists were here, by the terms of the Charter of King Charles I., allowed full powers so long as they submitted to no foreign prince and made no laws running counter to the laws of the mother country. These rights, held as sacred and irrevocable by the Colonists, were at first unquestioned. After the Restoration, however, the affairs of the Province were placed in the hands of a standing committee of the Privy Council² who viewed the Colony as a mere corporation whose privileges could be revoked at the royal pleasure. Sundry attempts to

¹ *Siege and Evacuation Memorial, Oration and a Chronicle of the Siege.* George E. Ellis. Boston, 1876, printed by order of the Council.

² *Memorial History of Boston, I.* Justin Winsor. "The Charter of King Charles I.," by Charles Deane. Boston, 1880: James R. Osgood and Company.

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control the independence of the Legislature having failed, the Court of Chancery, with scant intimation of its purpose, passed judgment against the Colony and declared (1684) the letters-patent "vacated," intimation to this effect being forwarded to the Colony's secretary, Edward Rawson. Before it came to hand, Charles II. had died (February, 1685) and James II. was proclaimed as his successor.

The following year Sir Edmund Andros arrived as Royal Governor. Zealous in the interest of the Crown, he was bound to give offence. All land deeds he reckoned as rendered void by the loss of the Charter, and fresh ones were granted only upon payment of large fees. As for the Indian deeds, he deemed them of as little account as "the scratches of a bear's paw."

When murmurs arose, the freedom of the press was tampered with. At length the Governor, supported by a few of his Council, went so far as to lay an assessment on the whole body of the people.

The little village of Ipswich in Essex County made a notable resistance at this time, under the leadership of Parson John Wise¹ and five more, John Appleton, John Andrews, Robert Kinsman, William Goodhue, and Thomas French. When they were brought before the Star Chamber judges, Dudley, Stoughton, Usher, and Randolph, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was denied Wise; Dudley saying, roughly, "they must not think the laws of England followed them to the ends of the earth," and, as for Wise, he had "no more privileges than not to be sold as a slave." With their condemnation, all opposition ceased. Recognizing the influence of the free discussion of affairs in the Town meetings, the following March (1688) an act was passed by the Council limiting the Towns to one yearly meeting for the purpose of election.²

¹ *American Biographies, Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence.* Introduction: Rev. Charles A. Goodrich. First edition, 1829. See Sabin's Dictionary for various editions.

² *Memorial History of Boston*, II. Justin Winsor. "The Inter-Charter

At this juncture (December), happily for the Colony, Andros was involved in the downfall of the Stuarts, and recalled. Through the mediation of the Rev. Increase Mather, already in England as the Colony's agent, steps were taken to secure from King William and Queen Mary, upon their accession, a confirmation of the old charter. The Council, however, was of a different mind, and insisted upon drawing up a new charter, which hampered the Legislature by making it subject to the veto of a Governor appointed by the Crown. Mather, ill pleased, said he "could never think of agreeing to such an infringement of his country's liberties." Observing dryly, that "nobody expected or desired his consent, that they did not look on the agents from New England as plenipotentiaries from another sovereign State,"¹ the Lords of the Council submitted the charter, but little modified, to the King for his approval. This being granted, it went into effect 1691, and, to quote Ellis² once more, "Boston became in miniature a vice-royalty, with Court and Church."

There had long been restrictions on the Colonists' trade, but at first this pressed but slightly. In the early days they had no wish or skill to enter into forbidden competition with British manufactures. Neither did they count it a hardship that the carrying must be done in English bottoms. If they stopped to think, they would recall that these Navigation laws, passed under the leadership of Sir Harry Vane in the Commonwealth days, were aimed at the Dutch who were friendly to the Stuart interest,³ but it is more than likely they thought little about it, the ties between the two countries still being of the closest.

For the rest, they had a sure market for all the furs,

Period," by William H. Whitmore. Boston, 1881: James R. Osgood and Company.

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, II. "The Inter-Charter Period."

² *Evacuation Memorial Oration*.

³ *The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay*. James K. Hosmer. Boston, 1896: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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lumber, iron, sugar, and tobacco they could send "home," and when, by exchange, their own needs in the way of English wares had been met, the countries south of Cape Finisterre were assigned to them for the disposal of the surplus.¹ Since the French in the West Indies were great consumers of fish and afforded a nearby market, much trading turned their way. Unhappily this roused the jealousy of the English planters in that region, and occasioned the Importation Act of 1733 with an almost prohibitive tariff on foreign molasses.

It was peculiarly unfortunate that this curbing of a practically free commerce should coincide with a growing consciousness of power and consequence on the part of the Colonies.

The life of the frontier and the resources of a virgin soil had bred a buoyant, vigorous people to a degree little realized abroad. When, however, the Peace of Utrecht was broken in 1744 and the War of the Austrian Succession broke out in Europe, New England had a chance to show her mettle. Governor Shirley had conceived the bold project of capturing Louisburg, the Gibraltar of America, and brought the matter privately before the Legislature at Boston. While the chances of success were yet being weighed, it happened that one of the country members, a zealous deacon, referred to the subject during family prayer. His household gave him no peace until the allusion was explained,² and so the proposition came to the ears of the public and met with enthusiastic support. On the following seventeenth of June the Provincial troops entered the fortress, their commander, William Pepperell of Kittery, New Hampshire, hitherto known only as a merchant, receiving in acknowledgment knighthood from King George II., while the English naval commander, Sir Peter

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, I, 306. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

² *Ibid.*, II, 115. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives Hawthorne as source.

Warren, was promoted to be an Admiral. England was busy at this time defending herself from the forces of the Young Pretender, and no other event marked the war on this side. This drew attention all the more keenly to the exploit of the New Englanders, whose temper and self-confidence, it must be owned, waxed higher than ever. It was a matter of chagrin when, in 1748, by the terms of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, they saw their conquest returned to France; still, there had been one permanent benefit — Parliament had somewhat tardily granted Massachusetts £183,649 2s. 7½d. in compensation for her outlay; and this sum, under the wise advice of Thomas Hutchinson, the Speaker of the House, had been used to place the Province on a sound financial footing.¹ Since 1690, when paper money had been issued to meet the expenses of an unsuccessful expedition against Canada, the Colony had been handicapped by a load of irredeemable currency. With the extinction of these worthless bills a tide of prosperity set in. Hosmer¹ says: "The shipyards teemed with fleets, each nook of the coast was the seat of mercantile ventures; in all the shore towns the fine mansions of the traders in buff and square comeliness rose along the main streets. Within the houses, bric-a-brac from every clime came to abound . . . glowing reports of the gayety and luxury of the Colonies reached the Mother Country." Without considering that wealth in the Colonies must eventually react to the advantage of the home markets, the English traders pressed upon Parliament the need of a strict enforcement of the old and well-nigh forgotten law against manufacturing in the Colonies anything that could be made in Great Britain. Twenty-nine Restraining Acts were accordingly passed denouncing all existing iron works as nuisances² to be levelled, and insisting upon raw material, such as lumber,

¹ *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, 26-8, 51. Hosmer.

² *Our Country*, I, 500. Benson J. Lossing. New York, 1895: Johnson & Bailey.

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travelling twice across the Atlantic¹ before it reached the customer in the form of furniture or even barrels.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. For the moment, however, injustice and resentment were alike stayed in the presence of the again strained relations with France. In the year following the Peace, the Ohio Land Company had been formed in territory claimed by the French. This led to continual bickering amongst the trading parties as they met in the wilderness. Each nation prepared for a grapple to the death, the French stringing a chain of sixty forts along their marches, following the St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, linking Canada to the Gulf, while the Royal Governors and leading men of the several Provinces gathered at Albany² to consider some form of union by which measures of defence, and the expenses incident, could be met without the tedious and perilous delays of special Provincial appropriations. The danger threatened a wide range of territory. The Provinces, to meet it ably, needed to act as a unit with a Continental treasury to draw from.

But the time was not yet ripe for joint action, and meanwhile the storm broke. Moved by the representations of George Washington, a lad of twenty-one, sent by Governor Robert Dinwiddie to mark the French encroachments, the Virginia Assembly resolved to establish an English post at the fork of the Alleghany and Monongahela. Before this could be achieved, the advance forces were repulsed, and the last French war, known in Europe as the Seven Years War, opened. A few months later the news of General Braddock's defeat surprised the country, although those who had witnessed his impatience of suggestion from the Colonial officers, as one contemporary letter³

¹ *The Story of American History*, 143. Alfred F. Blaisdell. Boston, 1900: Ginn & Company.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, Chap. 3. Jedidiah Morse. Hartford, 1824.

³ *Letters of James Murray, Loyalist*, edited by Nina Moore Tiffany, assisted by Susan I. Lesley. Printed, not published, Boston, 1901. Copyright by Susan I. Lesley, 1901.

puts it, "saw him by council and conduct a bird ready for the snare."

This year the Acadians were expelled under the supervision of Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield, Massachusetts, because their disaffection was held to be a menace to the English rule;¹ it also brought the rank of knighthood to General William Johnson of Johnstown, New York, for successfully repelling the French near Fort Edward and securing the northern frontier.

The following year Lord Loudon was sent out as Commander-in-chief. His character may be inferred from the clever description comparing him² to St. George on the Sign, "always on horse back and never rides on." The French Commander Montcalm was more than his match, and took Oswego, the key of Lake Ontario, a day after the English relief column left Albany.

Loudon's subsequent conduct was of a piece with this beginning; indeed he accomplished little beyond creating bad blood by his contemptuous treatment of the Colonial officers. It is said that on one occasion Brigadier Timothy Ruggles, Commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts troops, was held subordinate to a British ensign.³ He also gave deep offence by forcibly billeting his officers in free quarters in New York and Philadelphia. The Bostonians were given forty-eight hours to reflect upon their refusal to meet his pleasure in this respect, Loudon informing Governor Pownall that, upon the messenger's return, if things were not settled, he should instantly order into Boston the three battalions from New York, Long Island, and Connecticut; and if more were wanted, he had two in the Jerseys, besides three in Pennsylvania.⁴ The troops were actually

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, II, 122. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

² *A Popular History of the United States*, III, 289. William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. New York, 1889: Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 209, quoting John Adams. Morse.

⁴ *Our Country*, I, 569. Lossing.

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in motion when, happily, Pitt was placed at the helm and Loudon recalled.

Pitt undertook that England should find arms, ammunition, and tents, calling upon the Colonists for twenty thousand men, and promising that the King should desire Parliament to make fit return for expenditure in pay and clothing for the troops, at the same time recognizing the rank of the Colonial officers.¹ An excess of levies was swiftly ready; New England alone furnishing fifteen thousand men, Pennsylvania three thousand, New York twenty-seven hundred, New Jersey one thousand, Virginia two thousand, besides others from the South. Massachusetts also supplied by public and private advances more than one million dollars during the year 1758, the Colony taxes, although often equal to two-thirds of the tax-payer's income,² being cheerfully met.

Writing to Pitt of the Province's exertions, Governor Pownall said,³ "It is certain that the Country has been . . . preserved by the efforts which this Province has made. It ever did, ever will, and ever must take the lead when any spirited measure is expected." The campaign now opening was to carry out Shirley's plans, brought to naught in 1756 by Loudon's inefficiency.

July 26, Louisburg fell before the forces of Sir Jeffrey Amherst and Admiral Boscawen. Earlier in the month Viscount Lord Howe had been killed in an unsuccessful attempt upon Ticonderoga made by Abercrombie. A monument erected to his memory by Massachusetts may be seen to this day in Westminster Abbey, representing the Genius of the Province mourning his early loss. From this time onward victory followed upon victory, not the least of the gains being the insight the Colonial soldiers were getting into disciplined war.

In November, Fort Du Quesne was taken, and renamed

¹ *Our Country*, I, 569. Lossing.

² *The History of the American Revolution*, I, 137-9. Rev. William Gordon.

³ *The Thirteen Colonies*, I, 275. Helen Ainslie Smith. New York, 1901: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Pitt (now Pittsburg), thus securing the Ohio basin; the control of the Lakes and capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point speedily followed. September 13, 1759, after clambering 300 feet above the St. Lawrence to the Plains of Abraham, the British took Quebec; Wolfe dying at the early age of thirty-three in the hour of victory. The news travelled slowly back to New England, and Parson Bridge of Chelmsford records, October 25, the letting off of six sky-rockets¹ as a modest expression of joy. In less than a year Montreal had likewise fallen and France was no more to be feared in the New World. In October, 1760, George II. died suddenly at the age of seventy-seven. His namesake and heir, born in London, 1738, son of the late Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Saxe-Gotha, was riding with his tutor, Lord Bute, near Kew Palace when told of his grandfather's death.

We have Thackeray's word for it² that the young King's "moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of his Court and purify the whole nation." He and his wife, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, "had the simplest pleasures . . . little country dances, to which a dozen couples were invited, and where the honest King would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed . . . and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the Queen would play on the spinet . . . or the King would read to her a paper out of the Spectator. . . . As long as his mother lived, a dozen years after his marriage . . . he was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the tutelage of that hard parent. . . . 'George, be a King' were the words which she was forever croaking in the ear of her son; and a King the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be." Some auto-

¹ *Beside Old Hearth-Stones*, 253. Abram English Brown. Boston, 1897: Lee & Shepard.

² *The Four Georges*. William Makepeace Thackeray. "George the Third."

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biographical notes¹ let us most curiously into the state of his mind. "The times certainly require," says he, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions, therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects. I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel."

Unhappily for England, the King's absoluteness of temper, combined with his limited judgment, led him to reject the help of Pitt's wise counsel and trust to his own inspiration, under the guidance of his unpopular mother and her Scotch favorite.

In order to break the power of the great Whig families² who had held office uninterruptedly since the House of Brunswick came to the throne — now stronger than ever in these days of victorious war — the King, his mother, and Lord Bute bent all their energies toward accomplishing a peace with France, careless of England's loss of prestige, so a spirit of faction should be roused that would play into their hands.

Pitt, who had carried the country triumphantly forward to its then high pitch, noted the growing disunion; "some," said he, "are for keeping Canada; some Guadeloupe; who will tell me which I shall be hanged for not keeping?"² Spain, meanwhile, accounting herself secure through a family compact with France, — after years of negotiation regarding the acquisition of fishery rights on the Banks and the enforced abandonment of an English settlement for securing logwood in Honduras, — seized on this moment of dissension to press for an immediate compliance with her demands. Pitt could ill brook the affront and would have declared war forthwith; but lacking the King's support and

¹ Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North, see *The Four Georges*. Thackeray.

² *Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third*. Horace Walpole, re-edited by G. F. Russell Barker. I, Preface, xxi, 42, 26. London, 1894: Lawrence and Bullen.



KING GEORGE THE THIRD

opposed by Bute, he was compelled to resign, and accordingly retired to his country seat at Hayes, Kent, in the fall of 1761, accepting the honorary title of Baroness Chatham for his wife, and a pension of £3000 a year.¹

The "imbecility of a few more last words"² was now apparent, since in the interval the Spanish treasure ships had safely made port and a golden opportunity to replenish the exchequer, without expense to the Colonies, had been lost.

The King's mother lived at this time in Carlton House, Lord Bute sometimes taking tea with her in its beautiful grounds, conferring possibly upon the botanical gardens at Kew, recently founded by the Princess at his suggestion. Lord Bute was fond of botany, and published a work on English plants in nine quarto volumes at his own expense. Mrs. Delaney³ writes to her brother, "I don't know if you are acquainted with Lord Bute but by publick character, which is little to be depended on and seldom just in praise (or dispraise)." And Thackeray says of the Princess Dowager,⁴ "The grave, lean, demure woman was, I dare say, as good as her neighbors," but this did not save Bute from being taunted as "Lothario," and "Impeach the King's mother" was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, while notices were even posted upon the Royal Exchange, "No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no Lord George Sackville!"⁵ Here were elements of danger, supposing the country in a heyday of prosperity instead of laboring under the burdens of a prolonged war.

In August, 1760, Bernard had succeeded Pownall as Governor in Massachusetts, with Thomas Hutchinson for

¹ *Memoirs*, I, 65. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *A Complete Collection of the Genuine Papers, Letters, &c. in the Case of John Wilkes, Esq.*, 226, 266, 241, 260, 250; à Paris, MDCCCLXVII.

³ *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, II, 229; 347, note. Edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. Boston, 1898: Little, Brown and Company.

⁴ *The Four Georges*. "George the Third."

⁵ *Memoirs*, I, 13-4. Walpole, ed. Barker.

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Lieutenant-Governor. Intercourse having reopened with the French West Indies, — indeed, having been maintained, so it was alleged, by smuggling, to the advantage of the New Englanders and sustenance of the enemy, during the late war,¹ — England renewed her attempt to enforce the laws of trade, notwithstanding, to quote² John Adams, “there never had been a time when they would have been or could have been obeyed;” the customary practice having³ been to entertain the revenue officer on making port, and send him contentedly away with a half pipe of Madeira and no questions asked. To help in the collection of the home revenue the Court of Exchequer had recently granted Writs of Assistance empowering any custom officer at pleasure to issue search warrants commanding all sheriffs and constables to attend and aid the holder in breaking open,² at any and all hours, both warehouses and private houses, stores, shops, cellars, ships, bales, trunks, chests, casks, or packages in search of smuggled goods and articles. With a brisk trade and strictly enforced laws, the scheme promised well upon paper. Foreseeing, however, there might be some difficulties at first, the collector of customs, Charles Paxton, a Boston man, was empowered by Parliament to demand, without oath, Writs of Assistance as he saw occasion.

November, 1760, an application was accordingly made² by Mr. Cockle, deputy collector in Salem, to the Supreme Court there in session. Chief Justice Stephen Sewall, a good Whig, had grave doubts of the Court’s power to grant such writs; but, as the application came from the Crown, ordered the case to be argued at the February session in Boston.

In the interval Sewall died and Lieutenant-Governor

¹ *The American Revolution, being the Chapters and Passages Relating to America from the History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 47. William Edward Hartpole Lecky; edited by James Albert Woodburn. New York, 1898: D. Appleton & Sons.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, 224. Morse.

³ *Proceedings Bostonian Society*, January 10, 1893.

Hutchinson was appointed in his room,¹ despite the late Governor having promised the appointment to James Otis, Sr.

In bringing the case to trial the point made was: Shall the persons employed in enforcing the Acts of Trade have the power to invoke generally the assistance of all the executive officers of the Colony? It will be easily seen what extraordinary power was demanded when it is remembered that an ordinary search warrant could only be granted in open court and used to claim specified goods at a definite place. If, for example, one was made out for No. 10 Griffen's Wharf, and it was seen through chinks in the warehouse that the cargo had been shifted next door, a fresh warrant must be made out, making the chances of seizure small. The innovation was of so dangerous a nature, no less than fifty-eight eminent merchants petitioned against the measure. Finding this of no avail, they tried to get Benjamin Pratt to defend their side. When he declined, the younger Otis and Thatcher were applied to and agreed to act, Otis, and it is thought, Thatcher as well, scorning a fee.

James Otis, Jr., a native of West Barnstable, fifth in line from John Otis of Hingham, Norfolk, England, was now thirty-six years of age, and in the heat of his zeal did not hesitate to resign his office of Advocate-General.

This memorable trial was held in the Old State House, still standing in Boston at the head of State, then King, Street. Five judges,² Benjamin Lynde, John Cushing, Chambers Russell, and Peter Oliver sat in the Council Chamber near a great fire; Chief Justice Thomas Hutchinson presiding. They were robed in scarlet broadcloth, with large cambric bands and immense wigs. All the barristers-at-law of Boston and Middlesex County were also attending, seated at a long table in gowns, bands, and tie wigs. "In a corner of the room must be placed Wit, Sense, Imagination, Genius, Pathos, Reason, Prudence, Eloquence,

¹ *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, 47-8. Hosmer.

² *History of Boston*, 248. Caleb Hopkins Snow. Boston, 1825.

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Learning, Science and immense Reading, hung by shoulders on two crutches, covered with a cloth greatcoat, in the person of Mr. Pratt (husband of old Judge Auchmuty's daughter), who had been solicited on both sides, but would engage on neither, being about to leave Boston forever, as Chief Justice of New York." Elsewhere Adams says of him, he had "looked with wonder to see such a little body hung upon two sticks send forth such eloquence and displays of mind."

Two portraits at more than full length of King Charles II. and King James II., in splendid gold frames, were hung up on the most conspicuous side of the apartment. The "colors of their long flowing robes and their royal ermines were most glowing, the figures noble and graceful, the features distinct and characteristic. I believe they were Vandykes."

John Adams, who preserves this scene for us,¹ had been admitted barrister that term and tells us that "short and thick" he was, "seated at the table pen in hand lost in admiration." Attorney-General Jeremy Gridley, who opened the case for the Crown, was at this time a resident of Brookline, where he died, 1767, aged sixty-five, in the house opposite the Old Reservoir on Warren Street, later known as Commissioner Hulton's.

In 1755-56 Gridley was the town's representative. At this time he was one of its selectmen. His plea was temperate and made to depend on this consideration — "If the Parliament of Great Britain is the sovereign legislator of Great Britain."

Oxenbridge Thatcher, forty-one years of age, a man universally beloved, of slight build and a delicate constitution, followed with the "softness of manners, the ingenuity, the cool reasoning, which were peculiar to his amiable character."

Otis spoke next, "treating his Master (Gridley) with all

¹ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 223-5. Morse.

the deference, respect,¹ esteem, and affection of a son to a father, and that without the least affectation, while he baffled and confounded all his authorities, confuted all his argument, and reduced him to silence." The fine wall decoration in the State House, by Robert Reid, which has added a fresh distinction to Boston, shows Otis passionately protesting: "I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me all such instruments of slavery on the one hand and villainy on the other as this Writ of Assistance is. Whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court, may inquire. I am determined to sacrifice estate, ease, health, applause, and even life to the sacred calls of my country, in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which cost one King his head and another his throne." He spoke for five hours² and at the close, "Every man of an immense crowded audience," writes John Adams, "appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against Writs of Assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the Child Independence was born." A decision was, however, withheld by Hutchinson, who deferred to the judgment of the home government. And at the final hearing³ before the Superior Court, although all the arguments told against the Writs, judgment was immediately given in their favor.

Otis by his bold stand had won many friends, and no time was lost in making him a member of the House of Representatives. This was felt to be a blow to the Tory interests, and John Adams, who was in attendance at a Court of Common Pleas in Worcester, tells us, when the news came Chief Justice Ruggles (Brigadier-General Timothy)

¹ *Life of James Otis*, 50. Jared Sparks. Boston, 1847: Charles C. Little & James Brown.

² *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 5, note. Justin Winsor. "The Beginning of the Revolution," by Rev. Edward G. Porter. Boston, 1881: James R. Osgood and Company.

³ *History of Boston*, 251. Caleb Hopkins Snow. Boston, 1825.

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exclaimed, "Out of this election will arise a damn'd faction, which will shake this Province to its foundation."¹ He was indeed a man to be reckoned with, tenacious of popular rights and stout in opposition.

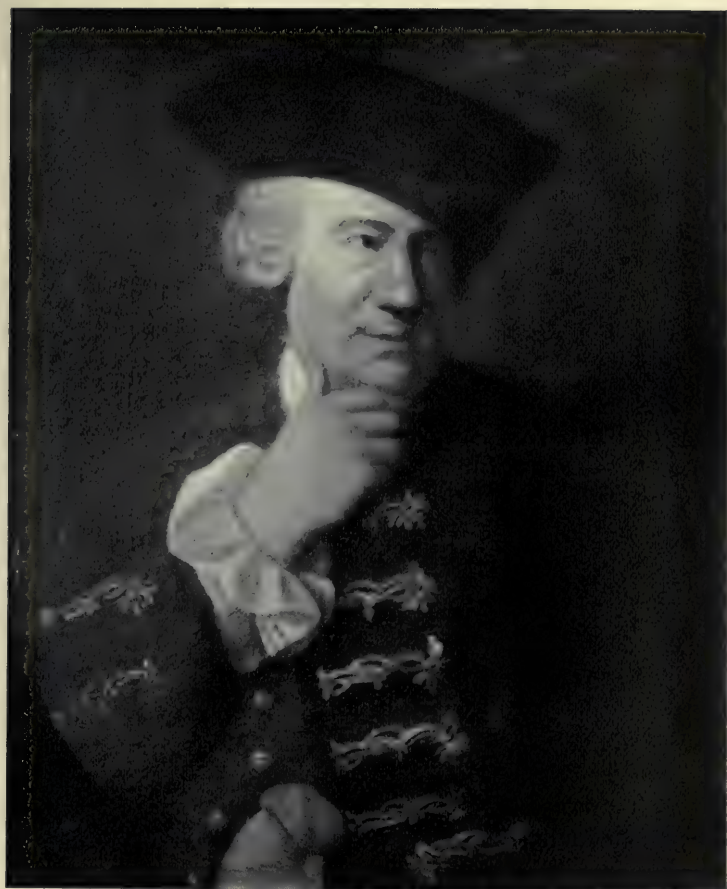
In 1762 he took exception to the Governor and Council having made a small appropriation² (£72) for the Colony's armed sloop to cruise off Newfoundland and observe some reported French ships, without first consulting the Assembly. "No necessity can be sufficient," he remonstrated, "to justify a House of Representatives giving up such a privilege; for it would be of little consequence to the people whether they were subject to George or Louis, the King of Great Britain or the French King, if both were arbitrary, as both would be if both could levy taxes without Parliament." "Treason! treason!" cried Timothy Paine, member for Worcester.² But Otis was no whit abashed, and on the adjournment of the Legislature published "A Vindication of the House of Representatives," wherein he argued sarcastically, "No government has a right to make hobby horses, asses and slaves of the subject; nature having made sufficient of the two former for all the lawful purposes of man . . . but none of the last, which infallibly proves they are unnecessary."

Since the war with Spain opened, Manila had been seized in the East and Havana taken in the West Indies by the allied British and Colonial forces. These extended operations called for great skill on the part of the Parliamentary leaders, and confidence from their following. Unluckily Sir Francis Dashwood, at this time Chancellor of the Exchequer, had the name of being unable to cast sums of five figures,³ and from puzzling all his life at tavern bills found himself compelled to administer the finances of a kingdom above £100,000,000 in debt. However this may

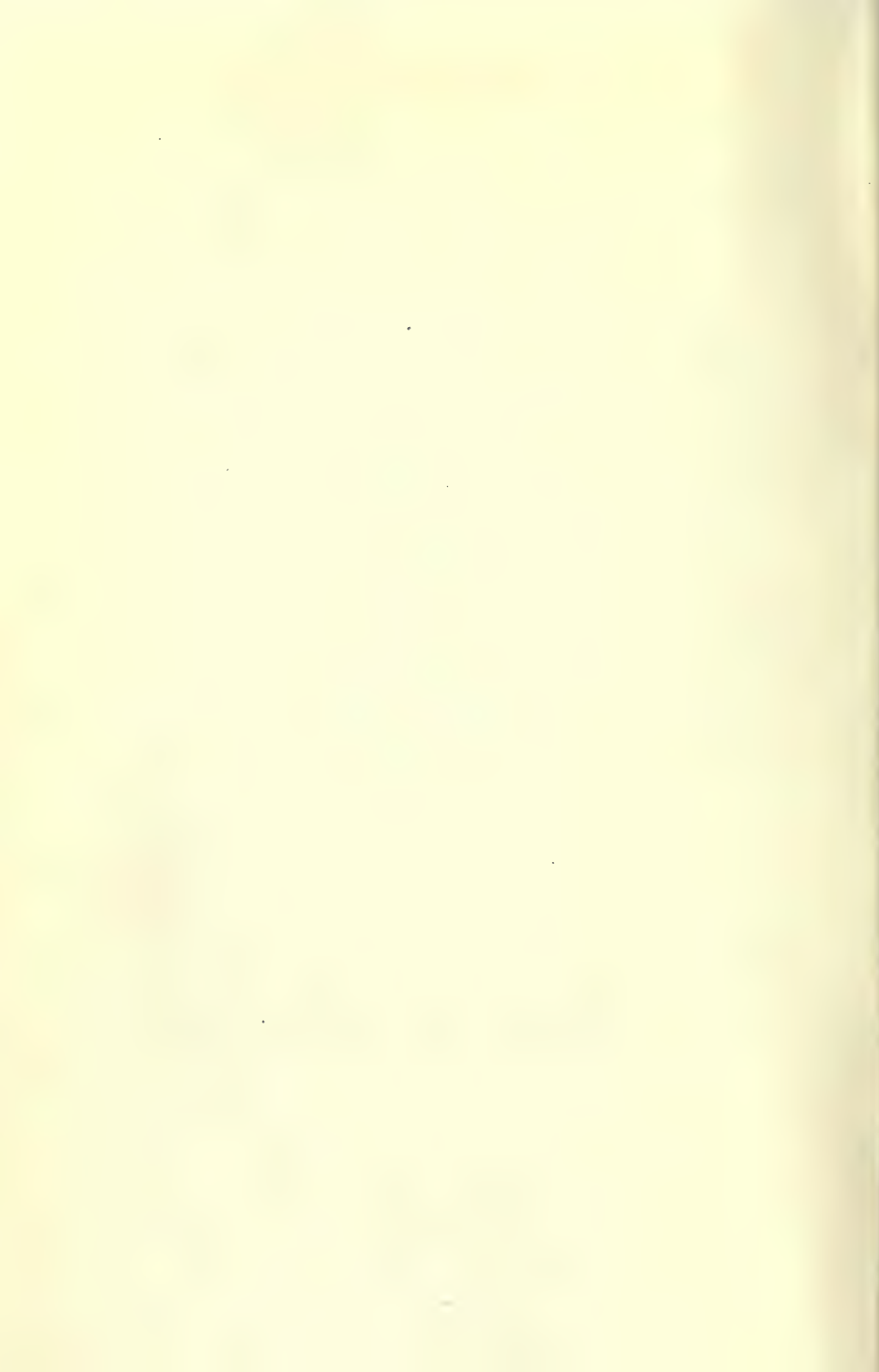
¹ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 226. Morse.

² *History of Boston*, 252-3. Snow.

³ *Early History of Charles James Fox*, 26, quoting Wilkes. George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. New York, 1880: Harper & Brothers.



SIR FRANCIS DASHWOOD



be, his confused financial statement, when presented in 1762, was received by the House with roars of laughter. Dashwood, in a comical fit of despair, said: "What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, 'There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever was.'" George Grenville, Secretary of State, came to his rescue at this point, harping on the necessity of a tax — and where would they have it? Gazing on the Opposition, he droned, "Let them tell me where, I say, sir, tell me where, I repeat it, sir, I am entitled to say to them, let them tell me where."

His brother-in-law, Pitt, much diverted, hummed a popular air of the day:

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where . . ."

and left the House,¹ creating a great stir.

Grenville shortly after superseded Dashwood and associated with him the Duke of Bedford as Lord President of the Council, looking for support to the Bloomsbury crew. He was a bit better than his following: at least "could he have enforced the payment of the Manila ransom," said Johnson, "*he* could have counted it!"² As Pitt pointed out, the recent conquests had carried away from France four¹ considerable trades: the slave trade in Africa; the exclusive trade of the Indies; the fishery off the Banks; and, save for the trifling exception of San Domingo, the West Indian sugar trade. Notwithstanding which a peace was proposed which left the fishery question where it was in the beginning; returned Havana, Guadeloupe, and Manila, while retaining Canada and Florida; acquisitions which Beckford was pleased to compare to Bagshot Heath¹ for barrenness. Well might the Princess Dowager¹ exclaim at the signing of the preliminaries, "Now is my son indeed King!" The vote had stood 319 to 65; a¹ shop having been publicly opened at the Pay Office and as much as £25,000 admittedly

¹ *Memoirs*, I, 198, 179, 174, 184. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² "A Forgotten Friend of America." Henry Seymour Conway. *New England Magazine*, October, 1898.

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disbursed in one morning to secure a majority.¹ The terms were distasteful to the Whigs, who did not scruple to say Bute had been bribed. "If you order a mason to build an oven," writes Mrs. Montague, "he immediately inquires about the progress of the Peace, and descants on the preliminaries. A Carpenter, instead of putting up a shelf to a cupboard, talks of the Princess Dowager . . . the mortar dries and the glue hardens while the persons who should use them are busied with dissertations on Government."² Already Bute's alleged partiality in promoting the Scotch had made him the subject of caricature, and at length his fate was sealed by a tax laid on cider.

He was hooted in the streets and mobs gathered to burn a jackboot in punning reference to his title John Stuart, Earl of Bute, or a yellow petticoat and a boot, in allusion to the Princess Dowager's supposed influence. "Behold," read the label on an effigy displayed near Honiton in Devonshire:³

Behold the man who made the yoke
Which doth Old England's sons provoke.
And now he hangs upon a tree
An emblem of our liberty.

Now Britons all join hand in hand
His sly-schemed project to withstand,
That all our sons, as well as we,
May have our cider go Scott free.

Forced to resign, he abandoned Lansdowne House, then in process of building, to Lord Shelburne and in April, 1763, was succeeded by George Grenville. In the same month John Wilkes, member for Aylesbury, attacked the King's speech in No. 45 of the *North Briton* — so called in opposition to Lord Bute's organ, *The Briton*, conducted by Smollett.⁴

¹ *Memoirs*, I, 157. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *A Lady of the Last Century*, *Lady Elizabeth Montague*, 125. Dr. Doran, F. S. A. Second edition. London, 1873: Richard Bentley and Son.

³ *History of Boston*, 259. Snow.

⁴ *Memoirs*, I, 140-1. Walpole, ed. Barker.

Dwelling severely on the inglorious peace; expressing the resentment of the cider counties at the new excise, and justifying lawful resistance, it glanced at the ill results of the encroachments of the Stuart line, and closed by drawing a distinction between the "present amiable sovereign" and his odious favorite. This plain speaking caused Wilkes' arrest by a general warrant, granted without oath, containing neither his name nor description, by means of which he was confined in the Tower, sarcastically desiring, "if such a chamber could be found," he might not be lodged where any Scotchman had been a prisoner.¹ Released by writ of habeas corpus, in the end Wilkes left the country rather than await sentence from the King's Bench, and was outlawed for "contumacy."

Colonel Barré² and General Conway³ were at the same time deprived of their commissions in the army, for upholding the constitutional liberty of the subject, thereby infringing.

The people, as might have been expected, were strongly on Wilkes' side, and when a copy of the *North Briton* was publicly burnt in Cheapside, snatched it from the flames, despite Sheriff Harley, and in an opposition bonfire at Temple Bar consumed a jackboot, an epigram of the day stating:

Because the *North Briton* inflamed the whole Nation
To flames they commit it to show detestation:
But throughout Old England how joy would have sped
Had the real *North Briton* been burnt in its stead.⁴

In a letter to his constituents, writing of the anonymous author of No. 45, Wilkes subsequently observed:⁵ "He consider'd the *liberty of the press* as the bulwark of all our

¹ *Memoirs*, I, 219. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *Caricature History of the Georges*, 297. Thomas Wright. London, 1898: Chatto & Windus.

³ *Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, VI, note, 53. Oxford, Clarendon Press, MCMIV.

⁴ *Caricature History*, 297. Wright.

⁵ *Complete Collection of the Genuine Papers, Letters, &c., in the case of John Wilkes, Esq.*, 118.

liberties, as instituted to open the eyes of the people, and he seems to have thought it the duty of a political writer to follow *truth* wherever it leads. In his behalf I wou'd ask even *Lord Mansfield*, can TRUTH be a LIBEL? *Is it so in the King's Bench?* . . . though it has through life prov'd much more his enemy than his friend, yet surely he has not been used to treat it as a *libel*."

The wholly accidental circumstance of the number of Wilkes' magazine coinciding with the year of the Scotch Rising lent fury to the prosecution and enthusiasm to the defence.

Meanwhile the new Prime Minister was beset with difficulties. The National Debt — though partaking,¹ to be sure, of the nature of mortgages on newly acquired estates — had reached the huge proportions of £148,000,000, the annual interest alone was close on £5,000,000,² and to cap all, provision must be made for garrisoning the added territory ceded by the terms of peace. How was all this to be met? England was already groaning under her burden of taxes; something, it was clear, must be done for her relief. Why not turn the Colonies directly to account, it was reasoned. They had been ready enough heretofore when a requisition was presented through their Colonial legislatures, there were no tithes to pay in the New World, and their total civil establishment before the war amounted to little more than £70,000.³ Let the attempt be made!

This was not the first time a scheme of the kind had been broached. In 1739 the great financier, Robert Walpole, later Earl of Orford, was urged to lay a direct tax on the Colonies, but true to his motto,⁴ "Let sleeping dogs lie," had declined to act.⁴ Pitt, likewise, had refused "to burn his fingers."⁵ The attempt at this juncture was peculiarly

¹ *Social England*, part 41, 440. A. L. Smith. London and New York, MCMII: Cassell & Company.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, 93. Morse.

³ *The Warwick History of England*, 116. London, 1896. Blackie & Son.

⁴ *History of the American Revolution*, I, 109. Gordon.

⁵ *Our Country*, I, 609. Lossing.



Field Marshal Conway.

FIELD MARSHAL HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY

ill-timed as the Colonies had spent \$16,000,000 in defence and had received but a bare \$5,000,000 in repayment from the mother country.¹ Massachusetts alone looked to Parliament² for £490,000.

Charles Townshend, late Secretary of War, was now First Lord of Trade. With utter disregard for Colonial susceptibilities, he proposed to do away with charter rights and govern wholly by royal authority, making a redivision of the Provincial boundaries.³ As a first step, he purposed making the Crown officers independent of the Assemblies for their pay, and the maintenance of a standing army, with all expenses covered by an exacted tax.⁴ One John Huske, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, then a member⁵ of Parliament for Malden, Essex, to curry favor asserted that a tax of \$2,500,000 would never be felt in the Colonies. Grenville,⁶ North and Hunter, Lords of the Treasury, accordingly met to consider the proposition at the treasury office, 10 Downing Street. After some debate it was felt that a tax levied in the form of a revenue stamp upon necessary papers would be at once easy to collect and hard to evade. Secretary Jenkinson was therefore desired to ask the commissioner of stamps to draft a bill extending stamp duties to the Colonies.⁶ The coming spring Grenville acquainted Parliament with his plan of levying \$1,000,000 in this manner, and the Opposition was asked if the right to tax could be questioned.

Mr. Beckford alone responded, saying: "As we are strong, I hope we shall be merciful." No immediate action had been urged and the matter was left open for discussion.

Since the Colonies had come to be regarded by the Tory leaders primarily as a source of revenue, it colored all their acts. This self-same year the old trade regulations in the

¹ *History of the United States*, I, 254. J. A. Spencer, D.D. New York, 1858: Johnson, Fry and Company.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, 89. Morse.

³ *The History of the American Revolution*, I, 145. Gordon.

⁴ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 102. Morse.

⁵ *Our Country*, I, 610. Lossing.

⁶ *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 9. Rev. Edward G. Porter.

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West Indies lapsed and came up for reconsideration.¹ The trading restrictions having been so loosely interpreted, the Colonies had gone on as if they did not exist, and for years had carried ² wood for builders and coopers, horses, and cattle to the Islands, and received indigo, cotton, sugar, cocoa, molasses, medicinal drugs, and specie in exchange, the bullion being accounted of special value since it enabled them to pay their English correspondents in cash. Under the reorganization, trade in the West Indies was made legal, but with new and heavy duties laid on clayed sugar, coffee, Madeira wine, indigo, and other chief imports. Moreover, the duties were to be paid in specie only, and, further, it was declared paper bills of credit for internal use amongst the Colonies were to be deemed valueless after a specified date and no like bills in future permitted.

Inevitably coin became so scarce³ the year showed a shortage of £10,000 in the customary orders from England. The Colonists had their own difficulties at this time from the diminishing vigor in the virgin soil and their increased numbers, leaving a small margin of spare crops for purposes of trade. What with freight-charges and commissions, even under the most favorable conditions half of the profit was lost in vending the rest. To check any attempt at smuggling, Grenville, while Lord of the Admiralty, had already introduced a new naval regulation by which commanders of ships were expected to act as revenue officers. Unluckily the Navy men were fresh from overhauling Dutch ships engaged in carrying arms to France, and set roughly about the business. This, coupled with a very natural ignorance of the limits of their new duties,⁴ led to constant friction from wrongful seizures and detention.

Throughout the summer there was wrangling between

¹ *Popular History of the United States*, III, 335. Bryant and Gay.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, 95. Morse.

³ *History of the War of Independence of the United States*, I, 37-8. Charles Botta. Philadelphia, 1820.

⁴ *History of the War in America*, I, 13. Rev. James Murray. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1782.

the Newporters and officers under Rear-Admiral Colville's command, which served little purpose beyond embittering public sentiment.' When Grenville's measures became known in Boston, the citizens gathered in protest, with Otis for chairman, and voted to send a copy of his new pamphlet entitled, "The Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved," to the Colonial agent in London, Mr. Mauduit. This made some little stir on its arrival, for though Lord Littleton made light of its influence, Lord Mansfield remarked,² "No man on such a subject is contemptible. It has been said, 'The man is mad.' What then! One madman often makes many."

The exception was not taken to the tax in itself.³ In Shirley's time taxes had been laid for two years on public papers without comment. The objections rose solely from Parliament's assumption of supremacy in the Colonies' internal affairs. For, as Sam Adams wrote:⁴ "If taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having a legal representation where they are laid, are we not reduced from the Character of Free Subjects to the miserable state of tributary Slaves? We claim British rights not by Charter only! We are born to them."

Samuel Adams, the "Cato of New England," who from this time stands in the forefront of the contention, was born in Purchase Street, Boston, 1722, and graduated at Harvard, 1740. Three years later, on receiving his degree of M. A., he wrote affirmatively on the thesis, Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved? He was now forty-two years of age. It is told⁵ of him that on one occasion, having

¹ *Historical Address of the City of Newport*, 30-2. William P. Sheffield. Newport, 1876, published by the City Council.

² *Our Country*, I, 612. Lossing.

³ *History of Massachusetts*, II, 255. John Stetson Barry. Boston, 1856: Phillips, Sampson & Company.

⁴ *Our Country*, I, 611. Lossing.

⁵ *Life of Samuel Adams*, I, 167. William V. Wells. Boston, 1865: Little & Brown.

drawn up a petition to the King, his daughter Hannah exclaimed, "Only think of it, that paper will soon be touched by the royal hand!" "My dear," remarked Sam Adams dryly, "it will more likely be spurned by the royal foot." In 1764 he had married for his second wife Elizabeth Wells, the daughter of an English merchant, but whatever Mrs. Adams' feelings may have been as the din of the growing strife rose round her, she never faltered as a worthy helpmate, caring for her husband's private interests, which he utterly neglected.

In order that the Stamp Act might be prepared understandingly, about midsummer the Earl of Halifax wrote to all the Royal Governors¹ asking for lists of the legal documents in use. As a counterstep Benjamin Franklin, F. R. S., already famous for his discoveries, a member of the French Academy, and bearing honorary degrees from Oxford, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews,² left Pennsylvania to represent the Colonies' interests in London.

Eventually, by the efforts of the Colonial agents, some features of the proposed act were omitted,³ in particular those affecting marriage licenses, notes of hand, and the registration of vessels. With the meeting of Parliament, arguments multiplied. The Opposition would have cited Locke and others; the Tories clamored, "No attention whatever is due to these subtile opinions and vain abstractions of speculative men." The Opposition cited next the experiences of Greece and Rome with their Colonies. "Tilly vally! a useless display of learning," again clamored the Tories. The Opposition retorted: "It is absurd for the people of Great Britain to domineer over the Colonies in a way they would never stand themselves."

"As for representation," replied the Tories, "among nine

¹ *Popular History of the United States*, III, 337. Bryant and Gay.

² *Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence*, 271. Goodrich.

³ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 102. Morse.

millions of English, eight of them have no voice in electing members."

"Two wrongs do not make one right," protested the Opposition. "Beside, if Leeds and Halifax elect no members, they bear a burden shared by represented boroughs, and are secure of remedy."

"The Colonies have had the benefit of English credit, and the specie paid by the tax will be put in circulation in defraying expenses for their protection.¹ They can bear it well enough," sulked the Tories. "Aye, but they owe the merchants here \$4,000,000 and so do not own as much as would appear.² Beside, in the suppression of local manufactures to the advantage of Great Britain, all taxes are comprised in one," retorted the Opposition.¹ All the Whig leaders, the Duke of Newcastle, Bute's predecessor, General Conway, Sir William Meredith, Mr. William Dowdeswell, and Alderman Beckford exerted themselves. In particular Colonel Isaac Barré, a Trinity graduate, born 1726 in Dublin, of Huguenot descent, won lasting remembrance in New England by a speech delivered in the House of Commons, February 27, 1765. Charles Townshend, commenting on the advantages to the Colonies from the conquest of Canada, had said, "And now will these American children, planted by our care, nourished up to strength and opulence by our indulgence, and protected by our arms, grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy burden under which we lie?" Colonel Barré had served in America with Wolfe and had a fuller understanding of the Colonies than most of his fellow members. He now³ sprang to his feet and objected strenuously:

"They *planted by your care!* No; your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated, unhospitable country. . . . Yet,

¹ *History of the War of Independence of the United States*, I, 49, 55, 57-8, 52, 61, 63-4, 53. Botta.

² *Annals of the American Revolution*, 103. Morse.

³ *History of the United States*, I, 261. Spencer.

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actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

“They *nourished up by your indulgence!* They grew up by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them in one department and another, . . . men whose behavior on many occasions has caused the blood of those *Sons of Liberty* to recoil within them.

“They *protected by your arms!* They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me — remember I this day told you so — the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still. This people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has; but the people are jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violent. But the subject is too delicate; I will say no more.”

We are indebted for this report to Mr. Jared Ingersoll, one of the agents for Connecticut, present in the gallery, who wrote to Governor Thomas Fitch,¹ “The whole House, for a time, seemed to sit in a state of amazement, intently looking without replying a word.” From that time the phrase, “Sons of Liberty,” as well as Otis’ “Taxation without representation is tyranny,” was on every tongue.

Unfortunately the Commons, uplifted by their recent military triumphs, were more affronted than convinced by the burst of opposition. They could not endure to be gainsaid and cast a heavy vote, 294 to 42, in favor of the bill.² At its first reading, by a division³ they again voted

¹ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 105. Morse.

² *Popular History of the United States*, III, 338. Bryant and Gay.

³ *History of the War in America*, I, 22-3. Murray.



COLONEL BARRÉ

245 to 49 that they would not receive petitions from Virginia and Connecticut. At the second reading they refused to admit the protest of the London merchants. The bill then went up to the Lords, where it passed easily, and March 22d was formally approved by the King. The following day Franklin wrote to his friend Charles Thompson of Philadelphia:¹ "The Sun of Liberty is set; the Americans must light the candles of industry and economy."

The first copy of the act was received in Boston May 26th, and soon Edes and Gill had printed copies on sale in Court Street. "We . . . the Commons of Great Britain, . . ." so it opened, "have therefore resolved to give & grant unto your Majesty the several rights and duties hereinafter mentioned"² — fifty-five specific items followed in sums ranging from a ha'penny to six pounds. A ream of common blank bail bonds which had formerly been sold for £15, with stamps affixed, could not be had under £100. Letters of administration must have 5s. stamps attached, each bill of lading called for a 4d. stamp, and a summons for a shilling. A university degree required a £2 stamp, and in contracts with apprentices a 6d. was exacted in the pound up to £50, and above that a shilling. Land deeds, insurance policies, even newspapers, must bear stamps. All persons who should sign, write, or seal, neglecting to stamp as required, were subject to a fine of £10. No unstamped instrument was held valid. To enroll an unstamped deed entailed a fine of £20; moreover, any counsellor neglecting to file or record in due time matter for which duty was payable must forfeit £50. The counterfeiting of stamps was punishable by death. Offenders against the act could be prosecuted in the Courts of Admiralty and obliged to prove their innocence or suffer the penalty. By this means a client's case was subjected to the decision of a single man, a creature of the Crown, whose salary was to be paid out of the very forfeitures

¹ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 107. Morse.

² *History of the War in America*, I, 20-3. Murray.

adjudged by himself. It was even legal to bring an action in a distant court without the defendant being entitled to damages even though the case was so trivial as to be dismissed.¹

Objections poured in from all sides. The people of Wrentham² wrote: "To pass sentence without benefit of jury, in our opinion is contrary to the very expression of Magna Charta — that no freeman shall be amerced [fined] but by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage, . . . this act puts it in the power of Mr. Informer or Prosecutor to carry the subject more than one thousand miles' distance for trial. Who, then, would not pay a fine rather than be thus harassed, guilty or not? What can be worse?" In the instructions drafted by John Adams for the town of Quincy,² we read: "What can be wanting after this but a weak or wicked man for a judge to render us the most sordid and forlorn of slaves? We mean the slaves of a slave of the servants of a minister of State." Little Medfield² exhorted her representative to "Honor the King, but save the country."

When Government laid a tax which pressed slightly on all, a strong motive was unconsciously offered for united action. The Virginia House of Burgesses was sitting at Williamsburg when the news arrived. Patrick Henry, a young lawyer of twenty-nine, was so fired at the tidings that he brought forward five resolves to the effect that the General Assembly of the Colony had the sole right and power of laying taxes in the Colony; and followed with a speech³ in the course of which he exclaimed: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third —" Here he was interrupted by the Speaker,

¹ *Pictorial History of the Western World*, 515. S. G. Goodrich. Hartford, 1852.

² *History of Norfolk County, Massachusetts*. D. Hamilton Hurd. "Wrentham," 648, Hon. Samuel Warner. "Quincy, North Precinct," 331, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr. "Medfield," 444, W. S. Tilden. Philadelphia, 1884: J. W. Lewis & Company.

³ *History of the United States*, I, 262-3. Spencer.

Robinson, with cries of "Treason! treason!" Pausing a moment, he calmly concluded — "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." Thomas Jefferson, a Williamsburg student at the time, was present, and heard Peyton Randolph, the King's Attorney, swear he'd have given five hundred guineas for a single vote.¹ The next day, after great searchings for precedent, it was thought wiser to cancel the last and most pronounced resolve, which had been only carried by a majority of one. All five, however, were immediately printed and received with great enthusiasm in Boston.²

Not long after, John Adams dropped in to see Oxenbridge Thatcher, who was in failing health, and asked if he had read them. "Oh yes, they are men! they are noble spirits!" Thatcher answered. "It kills me to think of the lethargy and stupidity that prevails here. I long to be out. I will go out. I will go out. I will go into Court and make a speech which shall be read after my death as my dying testimony against this infernal tyranny which they are bringing upon us."³ Adams changed the subject, thinking within himself if his old friend had not been so long housed he would have felt that Massachusetts was shoulder to shoulder with Virginia. In fact, at the instance of the Otises, father and son, who had hit upon the project while visiting their kinsman, James Warren, in Plymouth,⁴ Massachusetts proposed, within a fortnight of the resolves being published, that a Continental Congress should be held the coming autumn in New York. The new law did not take effect before November, and much might happen first.

Matters meanwhile were in a bad way in England. A few days after signing the Stamp Act, King George was threatened with consumption and Grenville, by his Regency

¹ "Jefferson a Student of Law." James Parton, *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1872.

² *History of the United States*, I, 262-3. Spencer.

³ *Annals of the Revolution*, 221. Morse.

⁴ *The History of the American Revolution*, I, 172. Gordon.

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Bill ¹ excluding the King's mother from the list of possible regents as first drawn, earned the ill-will of the Princess Dowager and Bute. At the earliest hint of a change in the ministry, the people in dismay clamored for Pitt. Assured of the repeal of the Stamp Act and the local cider tax, he was at first tempted to resume the Premiership. But he continued in retirement on failing to secure the coöperation of his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, in the Treasury, who flinched,² notwithstanding his repugnance to Government measures, at mounting on the downfall of his own brother. The temper of the public is reflected in the caricatures of the day,³ which show the Duke of Cumberland riding post to Hayes, and a gouty foot, lettered W. P., projecting from an Inn labelled "Popularity." At length, in July, a new Cabinet was formed with the Marquis of Rockingham as Prime Minister and Conway, Secretary of State, a hopeful change for America. Soon after, in compliment to Pitt, Lord Chief Justice Pratt was advanced to the peerage as Lord Camden, where his abilities acted as a wholesome check on Lord Mansfield.

Early in August Ingersoll arrived in Boston bearing the stamp masters' commissions, and a few days later their names were made public, the list running:⁴ For New Hampshire, George Meserve; Massachusetts, Andrew Oliver; Rhode Island, Augustus Johnson; Connecticut, Jared Ingersoll; New York, James McEvers; New Jersey, William Coxe; Pennsylvania, John Hughes; Maryland, Zachariah Hood; Virginia, Colonel George Mercer.

On the 12th, the Prince of Wales' birthday,⁵ a general holiday, large bodies of men wandered up and down the streets shouting, "Pitt and Liberty!" and at night lit a bonfire in King Street. Two days later ⁶ the people of Boston

¹ *Memoirs of King George the Third*, II, 69, 108. Walpole, ed. Barker.

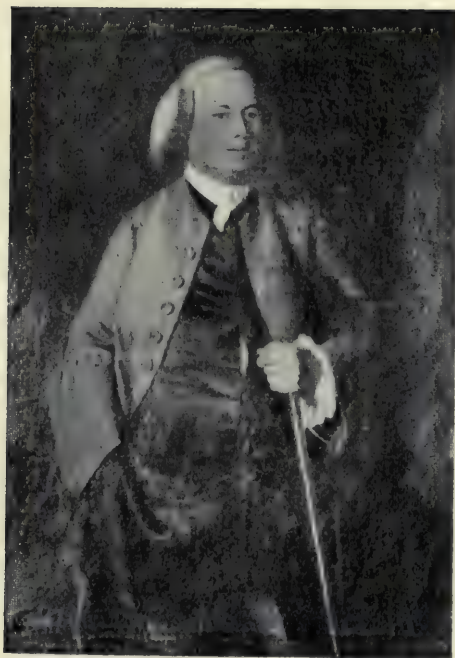
² *Ibid.* 132-3.

³ *Caricature History*, 303. Wright.

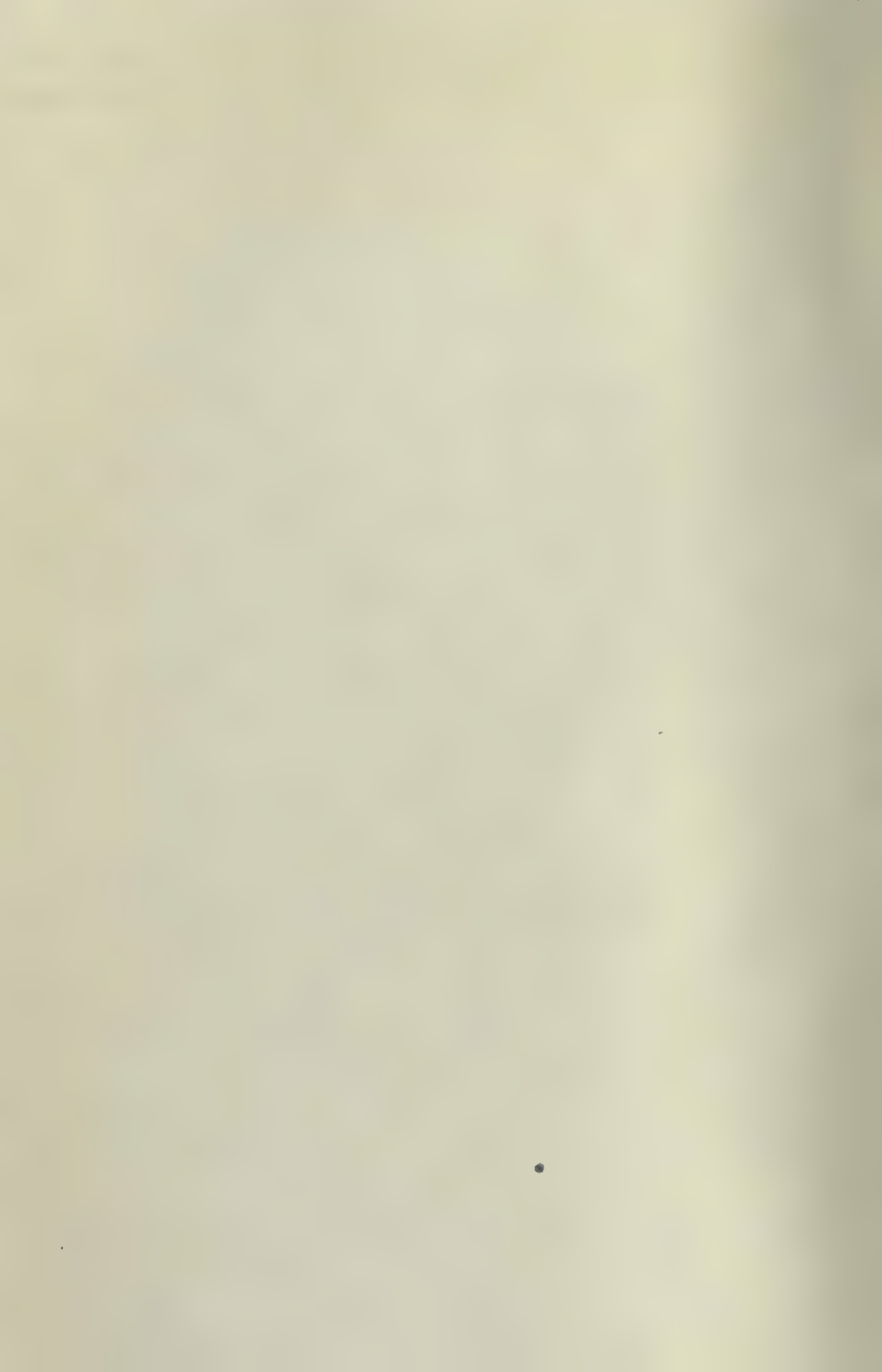
⁴ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 119. Morse.

⁵ *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 12, 13. Rev. Edward G. Porter.

⁶ *War of the Independence of the United States*, 86. Botta.



GEN. JAMES WARREN



woke to find Lord Bute and Andrew Oliver, Hutchinson's brother-in-law, the proposed stamp distributor for Massachusetts, hung in effigy from the Liberty Tree. This tree, an elm, stood near the southern entrance to Boston, not far from the corner of Washington and Essex Streets. Thomas Chase, a Son of Liberty, whose distillery was in the neighborhood, is said to have had a hand in the matter, aided by Thomas Crafts, Benjamin Edes, and others. An attempt was made at first to remove the figures, but the crowd told the Sheriff they would see to the removing themselves in the evening. The new Governor, Bernard, a rather pompous man, called his Council in the afternoon, but to no better purpose since they advised non-interference. Of these doings, John Rowe, a merchant, whose name still lives in Rowe's Wharf, writes: ¹ "A great number of people assembled at Deacon Elliot's corner to see the stamp officer hung in effigy, with a libel on his breast, on Deacon Elliot's tree, and alongside him a boot"—"green-soled," by another account ²—"stuffed with a horned head representing the Devill coming out of Bute." At dusk the effigies were cut down, laid out, and carried on a bier in triumph, from the South End along Washington Street, a throng following, stamping and shouting as they went, "Liberty and Property forever, no Stamp!" On reaching the Town-house the crowd tramped noisily through the building, entering by the west door and leaving by the eastern, passing directly below the Council Chamber out into King Street. From here they went on toward Oliver's dock in the direction of Fort Hill, and near the corner of Kilby Street destroyed a new brick stamp office. Brandishing pieces of the timber, the mob pressed on to Oliver's own house, where they dashed in the windows and beheaded his effigy, afterwards climbing Fort

¹ *Diary of John Rowe. Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, March, 1895.*

² *Deacon Tudor's Diary, 17. Edited by William Tudor. Boston, 1896: Press of Wallace Spooner.*

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Hill, eighty feet higher then, to build a bonfire and burn the remaining effigy.

Not content to stop here, some of the more turbulent spirits again visited the house in search of the collector and set about destroying the fence and beating in the doors on the garden front. Not finding Oliver, they next visited two nearby houses, in one of which he lay concealed, but being told he had fled to the Castle, they went off and no more might have come of it had not the Lieutenant-Governor and sheriff¹ gone to his house about eleven o'clock, one of whom by an imprudent remark brought the mob indoors, where the men ran wild, wrecking the furniture on the lower floor, while the Governor and sheriff sought safety in flight.

August 15th a proclamation was issued by the Governor and his Council offering £100 L.M. reward for the discovery of any person concerned in this outrage. Oliver at the same time took pains to have it known that he had written over to England resigning his appointment. Upon hearing this the people built a second bonfire on Fort Hill and cheered at his door.²

The month, however, was not to close without another undisciplined outburst, regretted alike by the King's party and the leaders among the Patriots. The 26th of August, at twilight, noticing some boys playing about a bonfire in King Street, one of the firewards went up to put it out, when he was first asked to "hold!" in a whisper, and then struck on the arm and hustled aside. Almost at once a particular whistle was piped, and innumerable cries of "Sirrah! sirrah!" followed, upon which a long train of figures in disguise carrying bludgeons³ came up and surrounded the house in Tilley's Alley — Pearl Street — occupied by Charles Paxton, Marshal of the Court of Admiralty

¹ *History of Boston*, 259. Snow.

² *History of the War of the Independence of the United States*, I, 87. Botta.

³ *Ibid.* 88.

and Superintendent of the Port. Paxton had time to make his escape, warned by the noisy approach of such a numerous body. And before any damage was offered to the property, the owner, T. Palmer, came forward and blandly invited all present to be his guests at a neighboring public house,¹ where they consumed a barrel of punch. Rendered reckless by drink, the mob surged on to attack the house and office of William Story, Esq., Deputy Registrar of the Court of Admiralty, which stood opposite the north side of the Court-house. After breaking the windows, they burst into the office on the ground floor and fed a big bonfire in King Street with the files and records. They then took their way to Hanover Street and drew up before the new house occupied by the Comptroller of the Customs, Benjamin Hallowell, Esq. Some shattered the windows, others tore down the fences, and others again forced the doors, and the house was immediately overrun, to the great injury of the furniture, wainscoting, and china, to say nothing of the loss of £30 in coin.

"This brought it to the dusk of the evening," Deacon Tudor tells us,² "though it was a moonlight Night near the full Moon. Then the Monsters, being enflam'd with Rum & Wine which they got in sd. Hallowell's cellar, proceeded with Shouts to the Dwelling House of the Hon.^l Thos. Hutchinson, Esq., Lieut. Governor [on Garden Court Street off of North Square] & enter'd in a voyalent manner." Joshua Henshaw, writing³ on the 28th to his cousin David, says: "At Dusk as I was setting in our front Room I observed that Numbers went by in Gangs, which made me mistrustful that there was something going forward, my reading the Paper kept me in till I heard one and another in their Return Home telling some very extraordinary Things, for Instance, that there were two Houses laid flat and that they were about a third. I could no longer tarry

¹ *History of the American Revolution*, I, 176. Gordon.

² *Deacon Tudor's Diary*, 19. Ed. Tudor.

³ *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1878.

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in but thought I wou'd go at least as far as I might get a true Information, which I did soon after I went out, it being late I return'd."

Hutchinson's house ¹ was of painted brick, three stories high and as finely appointed as any in the Province. The entrance hall was spanned by a gilded arch and dignified with busts and statuary. The arches of the parlor were surmounted by the British Arms and the lamplight glanced on rich San Domingo panelling. The stateliness of the library was enhanced by a tapestry hanging, picturing the Coronation of George II. At the back, the grounds extended to Hanover and Fleet Streets. The evening had been close and sultry and the Lieutenant-Governor was sitting ² at dinner with a thin camlet surtout over his waistcoat when a friend brought him warning of the disturbances outside. The younger children were hurried away and some attempt was made at barricading the doors and windows, which had been open to catch every breath of air. Before much of a defence could be effected, however, the main door was split open by axes. Hutchinson, bearing his eldest daughter, who had returned to share his fate, in his arms, fled as the mob entered, and his son stopped only to hear the words, "D— him, he is upstairs, we'll have him!" before following his example.³ Reverend Samuel Mather, a brother-in-law of the Lieutenant-Governor, lived nearby on Moon Street, and toward his house,⁴ Hutchinson bent his way. But the search after his person appeared to him to be so active he could not take any ease until, guided 'cross lots through the neighboring gardens by his little niece Hannah, he was respectfully received by Thomas Edes and ensconced in his bakery for the night.

Meanwhile the rioters wreaked their vengeance on the house; fences, windows, partitions, all were smashed, even

¹ *Old Landmarks of Boston*, 167. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1900: Little, Brown and Company.

² *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, 93. Hosmer.

³ *Ibid.* 92.

⁴ *Old Landmarks of Boston*, 166. Drake.



THE HUTCHINSON HOUSE.
THE HUTCHINSON HOUSE

the balcony on the top of the house was wrenched off and a "large Cupola or Lanthorn" thrown down, leaving it a mere shell. "So great a piece of Cruilty (I believe)," exclaims Deacon Tudor,¹ "on so good, so inocent a Gentleman was never committed since the Creation. . . . T'was supposed that several Contrey Fellows & saylors was concerned in this Mob, as there was but few of them known. There was a number of Boys from 14 to sixteen years of age, some mere Children which did a great deal of damage in breaking the Windows &c. But what is surprising there was some hundreds of people looking on as spectators, I was one, that had they known each others minds they mite have prevented the Mischief. . . . But there was such a Universal obhorance of the Stamp Act which [had] past in England & was soon to be put in execution in America [as to be] the cause of the Mob's riseing . . . ; thinking [the Governor] had some hand in the Act."

In the rough humor of the mob, delicate china or polished wainscoting when trampled under foot and dented by blows was held to be merely "stamped" according to law. Henshaw, who had been over the ruins the day before, tells us in his letter, they did not spare the mahogany tables, but stamped on them as well as on some "very handsome large gilt framed Pictures, the Peices of which lay in Piles in the Street." The beds were slit open and the feathers let out; worse than all, historical data that the Governor had been thirty years in collecting was swept away in one night. The fruit trees were broken "down to the ground," not even the garden-house was spared. Glancing over the contemporary inventory² of losses, we realize how overwhelmed the family must have been. The list includes portraits of Hutchinson's grandfather and grandmother; books, such as a Universal History costing £5, Harleian's Miscellany, Cicero's Works, etc.; mahogany, walnut and cane furniture, upholstered with striped satin, morocco

¹ *Deacon Tudor's Diary*, 19. Ed. Tudor.

² *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, Appendix A. Hosmer.

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leather, and crimson damask; a large Turkey carpet, delft bowls, a "rich India cabinet" with three stands of wax-work in glasses, a spinet, microscope, silver-hilted swords, a riding whip, ivory fans, tortoise shell and carved ivory toilet-brushes, "very neat and curious;" a topaz necklace, green-stone and purple-stone earrings, a crimson satin hat, sealskin trunks, a french grey suit "wrought with gold," a laced crimson cloth waistcoat, the same of crimson velvet, an India paduasoy gown, a Red Genoa damask robe, Mecklenburgh lace, caps and stomachers, silk cloaks "with Ermine," £900 in specie, over £100 worth of "good Western Islands" wine, and other sorts, and all the daily fittings of a house. The "Great Room" and "Hall," the buffet, the Governor's chamber, Peggy's, Billy's, and Tommy's, all are named. No one escaped; the housekeeper and maid, Moses Vose the coachman, and Mark the negro, even a poor widow who had been allowed bed and board several years in the family, had their rooms plundered with the rest.

Early the next day before any were stirring Hutchinson returned to the Mathers' and took breakfast. After which, as the Assizes were being held, with borrowed clothes, without wig or robe, he took his place as Chief Justice on the bench, "his look big with anxiety," says Josiah Quincy,¹ then a youth of twenty-one. Making apology for his clothing, Hutchinson went on: "Destitute of everything, — no other shirt; no other garment but what I have on; and not one in my whole family in a better situation than myself . . . sensible that I am innocent, . . . I call my Maker to witness, that I never, in New England or Old, in Great Britain or America, neither directly or indirectly, was aiding, assisting, or supporting — in the least promoting or encouraging — what is commonly called the Stamp Act; but, on the contrary, did all in my power, and strove as much as in me lay, to prevent it. This is not declared through timidity; for I have nothing to fear. They can

¹ *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, 95. Hosmer.

only take away my life, which is of but little value when deprived of all its comforts, all that was dear to me, and nothing surrounding me but the most piercing distress. I hope the eyes of the people will be opened. . . . This destroying all peace and order of the Community, — all will feel its effects; and I hope all will see how easily the people may be deluded, inflamed and carried away with madness against an innocent man. I pray God give us better hearts!”

That evening, he tells us,¹ “I intended [going] with my children to Milton, but meeting two or three small parties of the ruffians, who I suppose had concealed themselves in the country, and my coachman hearing one of them say, ‘There he is!’ My daughters were terrified and said they should never be safe, and I was forced to shelter them that night at the Castle.” Castle Island (Fort Independence), where Bernard likewise took refuge, is about eight acres in extent and lies four miles out in the harbor, southwest of the town. It could mount one hundred and twenty guns and had been known as Castle William since King William the Third’s reign. Writing in after-years little Julia Bernard, then a child of six, relates:² “While the family was in residence at Castle William my father came one night in his barge from Boston and brought Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson, his sister [*i.e.*, wife’s sister, Mrs. Secretary Oliver, presumably] and two daughters, whom he had rescued from the fury of the mob. They had forced the house; the family fled for their lives: my father’s barge was in waiting for him, and he took them under his protection. The house was stripped of everything and . . . they had nothing but what they had on; I can remember my mother getting them out clothes and ordering beds to be prepared. Terror and distress sat upon their countenances.”

The same day a town meeting had been held and a

¹ *Life of Thomas Hutchinson*, 93. Hosmer.

² *The Bernards of Abington and Nether Winchendon*, II, 10. Mrs., Napier Higgins. London, 1903: Longmans, Green & Company.

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unanimous vote of disapprobation of "the bad proceedings" placed on the records. Returning to Henshaw's letter, we find all the first of the night, a "great number of Gentleⁿ. were in the Town-House attended with the Cadets, 3 cos. of the Militia, & 2 cos. of Engine Men who were there all night. [Among the rest, as we learn from another ¹ source, was the Governor's son John, a youth of twenty, as a volunteer.] In the Beginning of the Evening there was a Number collected and opposed the Cadets, knock'd one of them down with a stone. Colo. [Leonard] Jarvis order'd them to advance and level their Peices, which they did and soon scatter'd them, they broke a few Squares in the Town House Windows but were Peaceable the Remainder of the Night. This military Watch will be kept every Night for sometime, their being a Number of Houses allotted for Ruin by the Mob. It is really a very melancholy Affair but I hope there is a Stop put to it." He then concludes rather ceremoniously, "I desire you to make my Duty and Love acceptable where due, and am a Well-wisher, to the Colony and to you as an Individual. Joshua Henshaw."²

Parson Gordon ³ of Roxbury tells us a story was circulated by the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew's enemies that the riot could be traced to his sermon the Sunday last past, on Galatians v. 12-13. This drew from Mayhew the following letter, in which, after condoling with the Governor "on account of the almost unparalleled outrages, committed at his house the preceding evening," he continues: "God is my witness that, from the bottom of my heart, I detest these proceedings; and that I am sincerely grieved for them, and have a deep sympathy with you, and your distressed family on this occasion. I did, indeed, express myself strongly, in favor of civil and religious liberty, as I hope I shall ever continue to do; and spoke of the Stamp Act as a great grievance, like to

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 13. Higgins.

² *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1878.

³ *History of the American Revolution*, I, p. 178. Gordon.

prove detrimental, in a high degree, both to the Colonies and the Mother Country; and I have heard your honor speak to the same purpose. But, as my text led me to do, I cautioned my hearers, very particularly, against the abuses of liberty; and expressed my hopes that no persons amongst ourselves had encouraged the bringing of such a burden on their Country, notwithstanding it had been strongly suspected. In truth, Sir, I had rather lose my hand, than be an encourager of such outrages as were committed last night. I do not think my regard to truth was ever called into question by those that knew me; and therefore hope your honor will be so just as to give intire credit to these solemn declarations."

The Governor and Council at once proclaimed a reward¹ of £300 L.M. to any one who should discover the leader or leaders in the affair, and £100 for the discovery of any of the actors; but beyond a little suspicion attaching to Peter McIntosh,² a blacksmith, and a youth named William More,³ nothing was revealed.

¹ *History of the War of the Independence of the United States*, 91. Botta.

² *Tea Leaves: being a collection of letters and documents relating to the shipment of Tea to the American Colonies in the year 1773, by the East India Company*, Introduction, cxxvii. Francis S. Drake. Boston, 1884: A. O. Crane.

³ *Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson*, II, 228. Peter Orlando Hutchinson. London, 1886: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.

CHAPTER II

THE COLONIES UNITE SUCCESSFULLY FOR REPEAL

NO sooner were the names of the stamp distributors published in the neighboring Provinces than similar disturbances followed. August 27th a cart with three haltered effigies was dragged noisily about the streets of Newport¹ until at length it came to a standstill before the Town-house on the Parade, where the figures were thrown out, hung on gallows, and afterwards burned. It was well understood that the effigies represented the stamp master for Rhode Island, Augustus Johnson; Dr. Thomas Moffit who lived on Broad Street; and an able advocate, Mr. Martin Howard of Spring Street. Next day Moffit and Howard were driven aboard a British armed vessel in the harbor, their houses were pillaged, and Johnson's would have suffered a like fate had he not intimated his readiness to resign. The Newport¹ sailors were especially incensed at this time because a sloop seized by the *Cygnets* had been condemned before the Court of Admiralty in Halifax. Stricken with panic, two days later the Collector, Comptroller, and Searcher of Customs, in their turn hurried aboard the man-of-war. When the news of this outbreak reached England the Government is said to have refused to make good the Rhode Island war loan until Moffit and Howard were amply compensated.

September 10th, the stamp paper reached Boston, and Hutchinson wrote to ask the House of Representatives, then in session, what should be done. They replied, shrewdly, it was "not within their competency to advise,"

¹ *Historical Address of the City of Newport*, 32-4. Sheffield.

and for the moment the bales were lodged in the Castle.¹ George Meserve,² the New Hampshire stamp commissioner, appears to have arrived by the same ship. He may have heard from the pilot which way the wind blew; at all events, he bent gracefully before the storm and on landing at Long Wharf made the following declaration: "As I am the unhappy man who personally accepted of an office odious to my Country, I freely resign it, and will never act in that capacity." After which he was greeted with a round of cheers.

Jared Ingersoll, the stamp distributor for Connecticut, did not escape so easily. His effigy was burnt in sundry places, the ceremony being preceded in Lebanon³ by a mock trial and formal sentence, but still he clung to his appointment. As the time drew near for the autumn session of the Legislature, mounted men watched the roads leading to Hartford. September 19th, Ingersoll was surrounded by a numerous body in the Great Street of Weathersfield and after a short parley compelled to resign, throw up his hat, and huzza three times for Liberty and Property. The company was formed partly of militia officers, in scarlet with laced hats, partly of farmer boys, riding four abreast, and preceded by four trumpeters. Having entered Hartford in state, they drew up in a semi-circle about the tavern, where Ingersoll was obliged to repeat his resignation.⁴ His deputy, a Wyndham man, was likewise compelled to resign. This would have ended the matter had not Ingersoll published a letter⁵ to the effect that if the public saw fit or were forced to change their minds he hoped he might resume the appointment. A crowd at once gathered about his door and demanded to know, once for all, if he meant to handle the stamps. This was more than Ingersoll was prepared to promise, for as

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 96. Botta.

² *History and Antiquities of Boston from 1630 to 1770*, 702. Samuel Gardner Drake. Boston, 1856: Luther Stevens.

³ *History of the American Revolution*, I, 184. Gordon.

⁴ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 117. Morse.

⁵ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 92. Botta.

he pointed out, they might be delivered into his keeping. With growing impatience he was asked, if the stamps were put in his hands, would he give them up or must they pull his house about his ears. Ingersoll, in this strait, promised if the stamps were not shipped directly back to England, his doors should be left open and they could take what steps they pleased. This same stirring September an effigy swung all day at the foot of King (Federal) Street in Newburyport and at night by the parting of the rope was plunged into the flames of ten blazing tar barrels. Back and forth along the by-ways of the little town, meanwhile, roamed parties of lads who challenged all wayfarers with the words, "Stamp, or no stamp?" One mystified stranger is said to have saved his pate by the readiness with which he exclaimed, "I am as you are."¹

About four, one afternoon in October, the expected ship with the stamps for Pennsylvania² was sighted rounding Gloucester Point. At once the Philadelphia shipping ran up their colors half-mast high, muffled bells spread the news, and thousands flocked about the State House. The stamp master, John Hughes, had not as yet resigned; by the advice of William Allen, son of the president of the Court of Justice, a deputation now waited upon him, and, after a momentary struggle, he too threw up his commission. The Old North State was notably firm at this time. When Governor Tryon asked John Ashe, Speaker of the Legislature, what resistance might be expected from the Province concerning the Stamp Act, he had replied³ the measure would be "resisted to blood and death." Accordingly, by a policy of adjournment, the House was prevented from representation at the Congress in New York, although individual members passed resolutions of like tenor. November 16th, William Houston, stamp

¹ *History of Newbury*, 231. Joshua Coffin. Boston, 1845: Samuel G. Drake.

² *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 95. Botta.

³ *The Stamp Act on Cape Fear*. Colonel Alfred Moore Waddell. Raleigh, N. C., 1901: Capital Printing Company.

master for North Carolina, was forced to resign his office at the Court-house in Wilmington in the presence of Mayor Moses John De Rosset and the Aldermen. November 28th, the *Diligence*, Captain Phipps, twenty guns, and the *Viper*, Captain Lobb, bearing the stamps, arrived in the Cape Fear River and lay off Brunswick just below the city of Wilmington, but were prevented from landing them owing to an armed force led by Col. Hugh Waddell and Col. John Ashe. In February, 1766, the *Viper* seized two vessels arriving without stamped clearance papers; but again, by a spirited remonstrance and timely show of force, H. M. Comptroller, Mr. Pennington, and his subordinates, the county clerks, bethought them to take oath that no stamped papers would be issued, and the crisis was past.

It is Bernard's due to state that in his official correspondence, while recognizing the difficulties of the situation through the rapid growth of the Empire, and recommending ¹ the time as perhaps come for a maturer form of government with an independent Civil list, he strongly advised that the taxes be raised as heretofore and reminded the home government that Massachusetts, "as beforehand ¹ as any," raised a tax of £37,500 each year to sink the debt of the last war and must continue so to do for four years to come. Finally he expresses a hope that without compromising the dignity of Parliament, the act may be set aside; for ¹ "at present by artifice, prejudice and passion, good men and bad men are unaccountably confounded together; a little time and management will separate them and bring them under their proper arrangement." At the same time he told the House firmly, as to the act, he had not felt it his business to study its nature; it was enough that it was an act of the Parliament of Great Britain and as such to be obeyed by the subjects of Great Britain. The Legislature, in a reply thought to have been drafted by Sam Adams, flatly refused to use the stamps; whereupon Bernard ² declared he "hap-

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, I, 340, 338; II, 22, 23. Higgins.

² *Ibid.* II, 19.

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pened" to be Governor when a distasteful Act was made; he did not make it, and could not avert it; they should then wreak their resentment wholly on the office, not on his person, adding:¹ "If I could have dispensed with my duty perhaps I might have pleased you; but then I must have condemned myself, and been condemned by my Royal Master."

The time set for the holding of the Stamp Act Congress, the first Tuesday in October, had now arrived; and members from nine Colonies² gathered at City Hall in Wall Street and organized, Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, being chosen president, by a majority of one, over James Otis.

The Congress remained sitting two weeks whilst John Cruger of New York drew up a Declaration of Rights; Judge Robert R. Livingston, father of the Chancellor, a petition to the King, and James Otis a memorial to both Houses of Parliament. The general ground taken was that no taxation was legal without representation and that the distance from England put representation out of the question. The taxes must, therefore, be raised, as of old, through appropriations by the several Assemblies. Ruggles, a singularly inflexible man, but supposed to be honest in his opinions, when the members were about to sign moved the petitions should be referred back to the Assemblies for action at a later date. Thomas McKean, a delegate from Delaware, rose and with deep feeling requested him to assign his reasons. Ruggles brusquely replied he was not bound in duty to state his reasons. McKean pressed for an explanation and Mr. Ruggles, put in a corner, said it "went against his conscience." "Your conscience!" exclaimed McKean, "conscience!" and pushed the attack so warmly, Ruggles then and there challenged him to fight, an offer instantly accepted. By the next day, however, his temper had cooled and he slunk off home without affording McKean a meeting; to receive the reprimand of his constituents.

Robert Ogden, Speaker of the New Jersey Assembly,

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 19. Higgins.

² *Our Country*, I, 622-3. Lossing.



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON



the only other member who persisted in withholding his signature, was burnt in effigy and removed from the speakership.¹

As for the petition itself, it was in due course presented by the Colonial Agent for Massachusetts, Dennis De Berdt, a British merchant of Flemish descent, now seventy years of age, who writes:² "I think myself very happy that I introduced the Congress Petition before the House without offending the Ministry, notwithstanding the Congress itself was deemed illegal, which had its full weight by Mr. Pitt's taking it up, and declared that the greatest defect he saw in it was that one of the petitioners' names was 'Oliver,'" i.e., Oliver Partridge, a Massachusetts delegate. A glimpse at young John Hancock's business correspondence shows what an anxious period this was for the merchants.

Writing to his London agents, Barnards & Harrison, October 14th, he says:³

"The Ruin of this people must be the Consequence of this Act's Taking place. Our Trade here will entirely Stagnate, for it is the united Resolution & Determination of the people here not to Carry on Business under a Stamp, we shall be in the utmost Confusion here after the 1st. Novr. & nothing but the Repeal of the act can retrieve our Trade again. Persons who have Vessels here may now Clear them before the 1st. Novr. but those that may arrive after, must lay up till the Resolutions of Parliamt. be known, if not Repeal'd you may bid Adieu to Remittances for the past Goods, and Trade in future, your Debts cannot be Recover'd here for we shall have no Courts of Justice after the 1st. Novr. & I now Tell you, & you will find it come to pass that the people of this Country will never Suffer themselves to be made slaves of by a Submission to that D—d act. . . . I have come to a Serious Resolution not to send

¹ *Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence*, 325–6. Goodrich.

² *Boston Evening Transcript*, July 17, 1902.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 86–8. Abram English Brown. Boston, 1898: Lee and Shepard.

one Ship more to Sea nor to have any kind of Connection in Business under a Stamp; . . . & I am Determin'd as soon as I know that they are Resolv'd to insist on this Act to Sell my Stock in Trade & Shut up my Warehouse Doors. Thus much I told our Govr. the other day. . . . We are a people worth a saving . . . I now tell you the whole Continent is so Rous'd that they will never suffer any one to Distribute the Stamps, — a Thousand Guineas, nay a much Larger Sum, would be no Temptation to me to be the first that should apply for a Stamp." After urging a repeal he adds a "P.S. This Letter I propose to remain in my Letter Book as a Standing monument to posterity & my children in particular, that I by no means consented to a Submission to this Cruel Act, & that my best Representations were not wanting in the matter."

A week later he wrote to the same firm:¹

"*Gentlemen:* We are now groaning under a Load of Debts the consequence of our great exertions in the late Warr, . . . and to comfort us we must have the heavy Burthen of a Stamp Act to grapple with; we are amazingly tax'd here. . . . What would a Merchant in London think of paying £400 stlg. ann. which my late uncle paid to this Province & county; his Taxes from the year 1757-63 amotd to £2600 stg, and I now pay yearly to this Province and county near £300 sterlg., besides all duties, Imposts, Ministers & many other which are additional Taxes, and pray do you think we ought to be further Taxed? . . . No, Gentlemen, there is not cash enough here to support it, and pray where are we when our Cash is gone or indeed where will you obtain your remittances, . . . Next week the first of November comes, . . . Grievous and inhuman act . . . I never will carry on Business under such great disadvantages & Burthen. . . . I have a Right to the Libertys & Privileges of the English Constitution, & I as an Englishman will enjoy them. . . . Do exert yourselves for us. It is your own Interest as much as ours."

¹ *John Hancock's His Book*, 89-90. Brown.

Driven partly by the scarcity of specie, partly by the desire to force their cause upon the notice of the British people, the day before the act took effect some two hundred merchants met at Burns's Coffee House in New York and agreed not to import certain English goods after January 1st without the act was repealed. November 1st was a Friday, a "black Friday." Copies of the act, surmounted with a death's head and the motto "The Folly of England and the ruin of America," were hawked about the streets. The bells were tolled and the shops closely shuttered as a sign that Liberty was dead. Flags drooped at half mast from the idle shipping along the water fronts, and notices ¹ were posted here and there, "Let him that shall first distribute or employ stamp paper, look well to his house, his person and his furniture." VOX POPULI.

In Boston two immense effigies dangled from the Liberty Tree; one of Lord George Grenville, the chief promoter of the act, the other of John Husk, with the following paper ² attached to his breast:

Question. What, Brother Huske? Why this is bad!

Answer. Ah, indeed! but I'm a wicked lad;

My mother always thought me wild;

"The gallows is thy portion, child,"

She often said; behold, 'tis true,

And now the dog must have his due;

For idle gewgaws, wretched pelf,

I sold my country, d—d myself;

And for my great, unequalled crime,

The d—l takes H—e before his time.

But if some brethren I could name,

Who shared the crime should share the shame,

This glorious tree, though big and tall,

Indeed would never hold 'em all.

About three in the afternoon they were cut down, laid in a cart, trundled about, and hung from the gallows on the

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 102, 94, 96, 97. Botta.

² *Our Country*, I, 610. Lossing.

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Neck, near Dover Street. Here they were once more cut down and rent limb from limb. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of minute guns, the people bore to an open grave a coffin inscribed, *LIBERTY* aged CXLV; muffled drums sounded as the procession passed slowly along. At the grave an oration on Liberty was closely followed, and just as the coffin was about to be lowered, someone cried, "There are signs of Life," upon which it was drawn up and re-labelled, "*Liberty Revived*," the people cheering themselves hoarse.¹

One of Revere's earliest caricatures bears reference to this date. The odious Stamp Act is represented by a Dragon confronted by Boston with a drawn sword. In the background Husk is seen hanging from the Liberty Tree. The accompanying lines appear in explanation:

America! see thy free born sons advance
And at thy Tyrant point the threat'ng Lance!
Who with grim Horror opes his Hell-like Jaws,
And MAGNA CHARTA grasps between his Claws,
Lo BOSTON brave! unstain'd by Placemen's Bribe
"Attack the Monster and his venal Tribe."
See loyal Hampden to his Country true,
Present his Weapon to the odious Crew;
See 'fore him prostrate treacherous PYM doth fall
And A-Sejanus loud for Mercy call!
Whilst brave RHODE ISLAND, & NEW YORK support,
HAMPDEN and FREEDOM, in their brave Effort:
Front to VIRGINIA, bold NEW HAMPSHIRE stands
All firmly sworn to shake off slavish Bands
And each United Province faithful joins
Against the Monster and his curst designs,
Mounted aloft perfidious H—K you see,
Scorned by his Country, fits the Rope & Tree;
This be the real Fate! a fittest Place
For Freedom's Foes a selfish scornful Race!

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 265. Spencer.

"Above behold where Spite & Envy squirt
Their VENOM on the Heads they cannot hurt;
But lo MINERVA with her Spear and Shield"
Appears with Hopes to make the Harpies yield.¹

The stamps for New York reached that city during the sitting of Congress and the stamp master, James McEvers, implored they might be lodged in Fort George at the foot of Broadway. This did not suit the populace and the coffee houses buzzed with plans for getting the papers into the keeping of the city. Finally² Captain Isaac Sears, an ex-privateersman, told some bold fellows to follow him, and waited upon the acting-Governor, Cadwallader Colden, an old Scotchman of eighty, and asked him to turn the papers over. In the absence of the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, Colden replied, he must be excused from action.

Hearing this, a mob broke into Colden's stable, dragged out his coach, and seated a dummy inside with a bill of lading in its right hand and a demon in its left. The whole was then paraded before the counterscarp of the fort. In his indignation, it is said, Colden³ would have fired into the crowd, but was restrained by Gage. A bonfire had been prepared on the Bowling Green, and coach and all were speedily consumed. The mob then marched to the corner of the present Worth Street and West Broadway and demolished the house occupied by Major James, who had threatened to cram the stamps down the peoples' throats with his sword if necessary, and had boasted that with four and twenty more he could drive all the Sons of Liberty out of town "for a pack of rascals."³ But discretion appears to have been accounted the better part of valor and next day the stamps were surrendered. To avoid excesses on the part of the rabble the New York

¹ *Life of Colonel Paul Revere*, I, 31-2. Elbridge Henry Goss. Boston, 1891: Joseph George Cupples.

² *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 97-8. Botta.

³ *Popular History of the U. S.*, III, 344-5. Bryant and Gay.

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leaders now called a meeting in the Fields and proposed carrying on a correspondence with the other Provinces, Isaac Sears and four others¹ accepting the dangerous post. This led to the definite organization of the Sons of Liberty, men pledged to march at their own cost, at once, wherever needed because of peril to opposers of the Stamp Act, pledged to watch the promoters of the act, exposing them to notice and annoying them by all lawful means, and lastly, pledged to defend the liberty of the press, and protect the judges and their subordinates against all fines incurred by conducting the courts in defiance of the act.¹ Most of the judges in Massachusetts Colony issued writs, as heretofore, without stamps. But Hutchinson, as chief justice and probate judge of Suffolk County, would not hold court without them. Hence no wills were proved, no administration granted, no deeds or bonds executed, while he had control.

December 18th,² John Adams, in commenting on the situation, writes: "The stamps are in the castle. Mr. Oliver has no commission. The Governor has no authority to distribute or even to unpack the bales; the Act has never been proclaimed nor read in the Province; yet the probate office is shut, the custom-house is shut, the courts of justice are shut, and all business seems at a stand. Yesterday and the day before, the two last days of service for January Term, only one man asked me for a writ, and he was soon determined to waive his request. I have not drawn a writ since the first of November. How long are we to remain in this languid condition, this passive obedience to the Stamp Act, is not certain. But such a pause cannot be lasting. Debtors grow insolent; creditors grow angry; and it is to be expected that the public offices will very soon be forced open, unless such favorable accounts should be received from England as to draw away the fears of the great, or

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 99. Botta.

² *Works of John Adams*, II, 155. Charles Francis Adams. Boston, 1850: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

unless a greater dread of the multitude should drive away the fear of censure from Great Britain."

At length, when the condition became unendurable, it was met by Hutchinson's resignation; Governor Bernard appointing in his room his brother, Foster Hutchinson,¹ who at once conformed with the Patriots' wishes.

In some of the Colonies, owing to the resignation of the stamp masters, the royal governors were forced ² to grant letters of dispensation to those requesting them, and especially for ships about to sail. Writing to a London correspondent, December 21, 1765, Hancock ³ explains that the Boston packet with oil, John Marshall, commander, had been cleared, "the officers certifying that no stamps are to be had, which is actually the case. . . . I apprehend there will be no risque on your side, here. I am under no apprehensions. Should there be any Difficulty in London as to Marshalls clearance, You will please to represent the circumstances that no stamps could be obtained and we cannot obtain a more Regular Clearance. In which case I think I am to be justified, & am not liable to a seizure, or even run any risque at all, as I have taken the Step of the Law, & made application for clearance, & can get no other. I refer the matter to you, if any Difficulty You will please to make proper Representations, & I have no doubt we shall be justified. The Custom Houses to the Southward are open & vessels clear as usual, the officers certifying that no stamps are to be had."

December 5th, the *Speedwell*, Captain Fanshaw, brought the stamps to Fort Halifax, Georgia. The president of his Majesty's Council here, James Habersham, had observed that through the Stamp Act's provisions more coin would be called for than the Province had in circulation.

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 149. Hosmer.

² *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 105. Botta.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 99. Brown.

A determined spirit of opposition was aroused and the following 2d of January, 1766, Governor Wright was warned that two hundred Liberty boys purposed seizing the stamps. He accordingly ordered them to be loaded on a cart and removed under arms to the guard house. At the same time a guard of forty men was set about his own house. The following day Mr. Agnus, the stamp distributor, arrived, but he felt his position so insecure he did not remain above a fortnight, leaving for Savannah. Toward the end of January the stamps were again removed, this time to Fort George on an island, under guard. Finally, February 3d, they were returned to the keeping of the man-o'-war *Speedwell*. This occasioned so much vexation the Governor was burnt in effigy next day, holding Secretary Conway's circular of October 24th, 1765, in his hand; and an open collision between the rangers and populace was narrowly averted. In the end the sixty or seventy vessels in port were allowed to sail using stamps, but all judicial business was suspended.¹

The accompanying letter from Lady Sarah (Lennox) Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien in America throws a little side light on these demonstrations.

Do you know that I feel quite frightened about these rebellions at New York. . . I don't to this minute understand anything about the cause of it all, I am so far from a politician, that I never should have ask'd if you had not been there, & when I did, I was not the wiser for it. . . . February 5, I was in hopes Sr. Charles would have made me a visit, but your nasty American business has kept him in town till now, . . I am very much troubled, my love, to find that the right of taxing America is thought so certain that it was not even put to the vote, Mr. Pitt, Col. Barré, & a few others only being against it; & the House of Lords was divided 125 against 5, viz., Lds. Campden, Shelburne,

¹ *History of Georgia*, II, 46-7. Rev. William Bacon Stevens. Philadelphia, 1859: E. H. Butler & Company.

Cornwallis, Powlet, & Torrington, which I *suppose* determines the Act being put in execution, & of course will make a riot. . . . I have got an Angora cat. . . . I am distractedly fond of her etc. etc.¹

The temper of Massachusetts continued high despite the stagnation in business. The population of Boston at this time was about² fifteen thousand, and there were only some two hundred and forty thousand souls in the whole Province;³ a small muster to defy Old England, but they were bred of her bone and proud of their Pilgrim traditions. Ben Franklin voiced a general sentiment when he said:⁴ "I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend my right of giving or refusing the other shilling; and after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger."

A hardy spirit of contentment and self-reliance spread over the land. Men and women everywhere banded together to render the act as ineffectual as possible. Non-importation associations spread from city to city. Mutton ceased to be an article of food⁵ that there might be more wool for homespun. Daughters of Liberty were not behind the Sons, and the whir of the wheel and the thud of the loom were heard on all sides. Within eighteen months, according to a Newport paper, the family of James Nixon⁶ spun no less than four hundred and eighty-seven yards of cloth and knit thirty-six pairs of hose. On one occasion,

¹ *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, I, 184-87, edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. London, 1901: John Murray.

² *Our Country*, I, 656. Lossing.

³ *Tudor's Diary*, 24. Tudor.

⁴ *Hints for a Reply to the Protest of the Lords against the Repeal of the Stamp Act*. Quoted by Rev. H. Hewitt. *The New England Magazine*, April, 1886.

⁵ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 104. Botta.

⁶ *Our Country*, I, 625. Lossing.

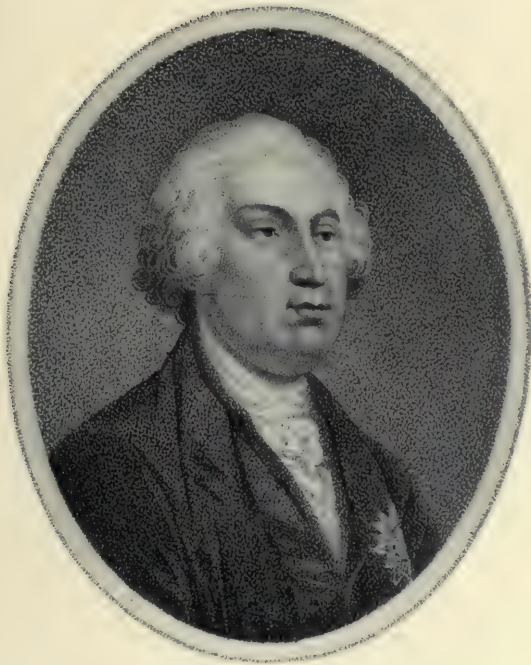
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the *Mercury*¹ reports, twenty Daughters of Liberty held a spinning bee at Bristol which continued from a quarter of an hour after sunrise until sunset, a half hour's rest only allowed at noon, when they made merry with the toasts "Wheels and Flax " and "A fig for the Stamp Act and its abettors." At the day's end they had seventy-four skeins, fifteen knots to a skein, of good linen yarn to show for their toil. The account closes: "A resolve was proposed among the ladies; that none would admit the addresses of any Person that favored the Stamp Act, but dismissed, supposing there is no such person among us. I flatter myself there is such a spirit of generosity prevailing among the true Sons of Liberty that none of the twenty ladies will ever have occasion to lament with Japhthali's daughter. Philo Patria."

To keep the interest alive, toward the close of winter several of the Massachusetts towns agreed upon a day for the simultaneous burning of stamp papers with every expression of indignity. Accordingly, February 20th, in Boston² effigies of Grenville and Bute in full court dress were paraded about the streets in a cart and finally burnt at the gallows-foot, together with the detested stamps; after which the Sons of Liberty returned to headquarters "and coolly drank his Majesty's health." A few days later, Captain Elisha Thatcher arrived from Jamaica. Supposing him to have a quantity of stamped clearances aboard, one of the Sons was deputed to ask for these "marks of creole slavery" with the intent of burning them in King Street, at 1 P.M. No other clearance than that of Thatcher's own vessel was found. This was fixed to a pole and set in the stocks, and finally burnt by the executioner, who proclaimed solemnly, "Behold! the smoke ascends to Heaven, to Witness between the Isle of Britain and an injured people."²

¹ *American Monthly Magazine*, notice dated April 10, 1766, contributed by Alice Morse Earle, from the *Newport Mercury* of the 17th April, 1766. Washington, D.C. November, 1896. Published by the National Society D. A. R.

² *History of Boston*, 266. Snow.



DUKE OF BEDFORD

At about this time we learn through Hutchinson of a high-handed evasion of customs. During March he writes: "Upon a seizure of molasses and sugar at Newbury, half a dozen boats, well-manned, went after the officer, took the goods from him, and the boat he was in, and left him all night upon the beach. A proclamation, with promise of reward on discovery, is nothing more than the show of authority: no man will venture a discovery, and I imagine a few more such instances will make it settled law, that no act but those of our own Legislature can bind us."¹ The 11th, John Adams in his diary² refers to the chief justice as evading attendance at the Supreme Court on the pretence of a journey he must take; adjourning it meanwhile for several weeks. "So," comments Adams, "Hutchinson is to trim, and shift, and luff up, and bear away, and elude the blame of the Ministry and the people." March 29th, on coming together and no cause being ready for the jury, Hutchinson suggested adjourning to the first week in June, adding uneasily: "He wanted to be at home; he was never so easy as when he was there; he did not love to spend his time idly; if there was business to be done, he was for being where he could be employed."²

Although the Whigs were in power, the change of government brought no immediate relief to the Colonists, since all action was deferred until the sitting of Parliament. Meanwhile the non-importation agreement began to make itself felt and merchants complained that their warehouses were full of perishable goods for which they had no market. During May three or four thousand unemployed weavers and glove-makers paraded the streets of London with black banners, and then in sullen ranks stood before the royal palace and the Parliament Houses;³ ending by an attempt on the Duke of Bedford's house in Bloomsbury,

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 104. Hosmer.

² *Diary*, II, 189, 193. C. F. Adams.

³ *Annals of the American Revolution*, 130. Morse.

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he having thrown out a bill for a prohibitory tariff on Italian silks.¹

Sir George Saville, M.P. for Yorkshire, wrote to Rockingham in words that could not be misunderstood: ² "Our trade is hurt: What the devil have you been a doing? For our part, we don't pretend to understand your politics and American matters, but our trade is hurt; pray remedy it, and a plague of you if you wont." Clearly Grenville's policy must be reversed. Pitt had been long disabled with gout, but happily at this time felt somewhat restored and wrote to his wife from Bath, where he had been taking the waters, "I have been airing in the coach to-day for the second time: nearly three hours, and come [back] untired, wanting nothing but dinner, and the sight of my love and of my children. I can stand with the help of my crutches, and hope soon to discard one of them."³ A few weeks later the House sat and became immediately engrossed in the consideration of the Stamp Act. With regard to this measure Grenville assured the members, if he conceived his views biassed by conceit or mere party interests he should forbear speaking in its defence, and then continued:

MR. GRENVILLE'S SPEECH ON THE TAXATION OF AMERICA ⁴

A solemn law has been enacted in Parliament, already a year since. It was, and still is, the duty of ministers to carry it into effect. The constitution declares, that to suspend a law, or the execution of a law, by royal authority, and without consent of Parliament, is felony: in defiance of which, this law has been suspended, . . . Your delegates are insulted, their houses are pillaged . . . Your ears are assailed, from every quarter, with protestations that obedience cannot, shall not, ought not, to be rendered to

¹ *Memoirs*, II, 110-12, 114. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² "A Forgotten Friend of America, Henry Seymour Conway." Edward Mortimer Chapman. *New England Magazine*, October, 1898.

³ *Our Country*, I, 627. Lossing.

⁴ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 121-7. Botta.

your decrees. Perhaps other ministers, more old-fashioned, would have thought it their duty, in such a case, to lend the law the aid of force; thus maintaining the dignity of the Crown, and the authority of your deliberations. But these young gentlemen who sit on the opposite benches, and no one knows how, look upon these principles as the antiquated maxims of our simple ancestors, and disdain to honor with their attention mere acts of riot, sedition, and open resistance. With a patience truly exemplary, they recommend to the governors lenity and moderation; they grant them permission to call in the aid of three or four soldiers from General Gage, and as many cock-boats from Lord Colvil; they commend them, for not having employed, to carry the law into effect, the means which had been placed in their hands.

Be prepared to see that the seditious are in the right, and that we only are in fault: such, assuredly, is the opinion of the ministers. . . . It is but too apparent, that, much against their will, they have at length laid before you the disorders and audacious enormities of the Americans; for they began in July, and now we are in the middle of January; lately, they were only *occurrences* — they are now grown to disturbances, tumults and riots. I doubt they border on open rebellion, . . . Occasion is fleeting, the danger is urgent; and this undisciplinable people, the amiable object of their fond solicitude, of their tender care, are forming leagues, are weaving conspiracies, are preparing to resist the orders of the King and of the Parliament: continue then, ye men of long suffering, to march in the way you have chosen: . . . In a word, if you would shiver all the springs of government, repeal the law . . . I would freely listen to the counsels of clemency, I would even consent to the abrogation of the law, if the Americans had requested it in a decent mode: . . . It is a thing truly inadmissible, and altogether new, that, at any moment, whenever the fancy may take them, . . . these men should set about starving our manufacturers, and refuse what they owe to the subjects of Great Britain. . . .

When I proposed to tax America, I asked the House if any gentlemen would object to the right. I repeatedly asked it; and no man would attempt to deny it. . . . Let not gentlemen deceive themselves, with regard to the rigor of the tax: it would not suffice even for the necessary expenses of the troops stationed in America: but a peppercorn, in acknowledgment of the right, is of more value than millions without. . . . There has been a time when they would not have proceeded thus: but they are now supported by ministers more American than English. Already, by the artifice of these young gentlemen, inflammatory petitions are handed about, against us, and in their favor. . . . Resistance to the laws is applauded, obstinacy encouraged, disobedience extolled, rebellion pronounced a virtue! Oh more than juvenile imprudence! . . .

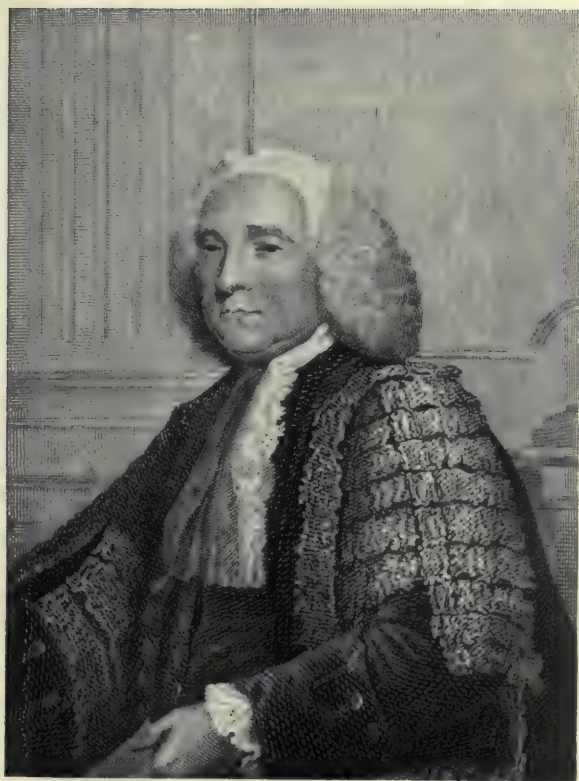
When I had the honor of serving the Crown, while you yourselves were loaded with an enormous debt, you have given bounties on their lumber, on their iron, their hemp, and many other articles. You have relaxed in their favor, the act of navigation, that palladium of the British commerce; and yet I have been abused, in all the public papers, as an enemy to the trade of America. . . . I discouraged no trade but what was illicit, what was prohibited by act of Parliament. . . .

Of myself I will speak no more: and the substance of my decided opinion, upon the subject of our debates, is briefly this: let the Stamp Act be maintained; and let the governors of the American provinces be provided with suitable means to repress disorders, and carry the law into complete effect.¹

Pitt had a clear, rich voice that rang through the lobbies and drew all loiterers to the spot whenever he took the floor.² His speeches, it is said, were unstudied, and spoken in the tone of a man gravely advising his friend in a matter

¹ *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 127-8. Botta.

² *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, 113, 115. George Henry Jennings. New York, 1882: D. Appleton & Company.



RT. HON. GEORGE GRENVILLE

of moment. Now, as his brother-in-law resumed his seat, he slowly rose, and leaning on crutches, his legs swathed in flannel¹ against the January cold, exclaimed:

MR. PITT'S REPLY

Would to heaven that my health had permitted my attendance here, when it was first proposed to tax America.² . . . It is now an act that has passed; I would speak with decency of every act of this house, but I must beg the indulgence of the house to speak of it with freedom. Assuredly, a more important subject never engaged your attention, that subject only excepted, when, near a century ago, it was the question whether you yourselves were to be bound, or free. Those who have spoken before me, with so much vehemence, would maintain the act because our honor demands it. If gentlemen consider the subject in that light, they leave all measures of right and wrong to follow a delusion that may lead to destruction. But can the point of honor stand opposed against justice, against reason, against right? Wherein can honor better consist than in doing reasonable things? . . . The colonists are the subjects of this kingdom, equally entitled with yourselves to all the natural rights of mankind, and the peculiar privileges of Englishmen. Equally bound by its laws, and equally participating of the constitution of this free country. The Americans are the sons, not the bastards, of England. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the commons alone . . . now this house represents the commons, as they virtually represent the rest of the inhabitants: when, therefore, in this house, we give and grant, we give and grant what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? We, your majesty's commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your majesty, what? . . . the property of your commons of America. It is an absurdity in terms. . . .

¹ *Our Country*, I, 628. Lossing.

² *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 127-8. Botta.

The commons in America, represented in their several Assemblies, have invariably exercised their constitutional right of giving and granting their own money; they would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it.¹

At the same time this kingdom has ever possessed the power of legislative and commercial control. The colonists acknowledge your authority in all things, with the sole exception that you shall not take their money out of their pockets without their consent.²

These words were received in profound silence, broken finally by Grenville's pettish protest: "Protection and obedience are reciprocal; Great Britain protects America, America is therefore bound to yield obedience. If not, tell me when were the Americans emancipated?" Then, glancing at Pitt, he went on: ² "The seditious spirit of the Colonies owes its birth to the factions in this house!" and sat down. Struggling again to his feet, Pitt broke out vehemently:

MR. PITT'S SECOND REPLY

Sorry I am to observe, that we can no longer express our opinions in this house, without being exposed to censure: we must prepare for a disastrous futurity, if we do not oppose, courageously, with our tongues, our hearts, our hands, the tyranny with which we are menaced. I hear it said, that—America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of ourselves.³ "When,"² said the honorable gentleman, "were the Colonists emancipated?" At what time, say I, in answer, were they made slaves? I speak from actual knowledge when I say that the profit to Great Britain from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, is two millions per annum. This is the

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 129. Botta.

² *History of the U. S.*, I, 268-270. Spencer.

³ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 130. Botta.

fund that carried you triumphantly through the war; this is the price America pays you for her protection; and shall a miserable financier come with a boast that he can fetch a peppercorn into the exchequer at the loss of millions to the nation? I know the valor of your troops, I know the skill of your officers, I know the force of this country; but in such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like a strong man: she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution with her. Is this your boasted peace? not to sheath the sword in the scabbard, but to sheath it in the bowels of your countrymen? The Americans have been wronged, they have been driven to madness by injustice. . . . I will beg leave to tell the house in a few words what is really my opinion. It is that the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately. At the same time let the sovereign authority of this country over the Colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatever; that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise any power whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent.

The pressure from without grew steadily stronger. Manufacturers and sailors were alike idle. No rice, indigo, tobacco, naval stores, oil, whale fins, furs, or potash came to hand.¹ Colonial merchants of high standing failed. In February Franklin was called to the bar of the House, and asked what in his estimation had occasioned so much opposition to the Stamp Act. He explained¹ there were taxes at every hand's turn already — with a real and personal estate tax of eighteen pence in the pound, an income tax of half a crown in the pound, and many more besides; in sober truth there was not specie enough to meet the fresh tax for a single year. He further pointed out that while an external tax on imported articles was optional, the

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 118–20. Botta.

Stamp Act was obligatory, and meant extortion or ruin to all. As the debate continued, petitions poured in from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Glasgow.¹ Every trading town in the realm would have petitioned² but for fear of causing delay where there was such a crying need for action. Lord Camden³ lent the weight of his name, affirming: "My position is this — I repeat it; I will maintain it to the last hour — taxation and representation are inseparable. The position is founded in the law of nature. . . . For whatsoever is a man's own it is absolutely his own." Wm. Blackstone,⁴ the commentator, was of the same opinion.

The position taken by the Whig leaders had its logical end in Parliamentary reforms at home, and their words created prejudice or won a following according as men's minds were prepared or no for so radical a change.⁵ Rotten boroughs, from whose borders the stir of life had ebbed away—as for instance where five men returned two members⁶—and pocket boroughs that sold their corporate vote to the highest bidder, whether Nabob,⁷ "Carribee," or partisan, were the order of the day; while thriving young towns like Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, incredible as it sounds, had no voice in the counsels of the nation. Election dinners and bribery were an open scandal. We read of one small borough where 980 stone of beef, 315 dozen of wine, 72 pipes of ale, and 365 gallons of spirits for punch

¹ *Pictorial History of the American Revolution*, 119. Robert Sears. New York, 1845: Robert Sears.

² "A Forgotten Friend of America, Henry Seymour Conway." Edward Mortimer Chapman, quoting Edmund Burke. *New England Magazine*, October, 1898.

³ *Our Country*, I, 629. Lossing.

⁴ *Memoirs*, II, 198. Walpole, ed. Barker.

⁵ "Massacre Oration." John Fiske. *Boston Evening Transcript*, March 5, 1899.

⁶ *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, I, 172. William Connor Sydney. London, 1892: Ward & Downey.

⁷ *George Selwyn*, 48. Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. London, 1899: T. Fisher Unwin.



AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT AT BRENTFORD

were furnished to the ¹ voters, besides a £750 breakfast. It was felt that a man could not spend £1000 a year more "pleasantly" than by buying a borough and sitting in Parliament, let him be as young and as silly as he pleased;² and unscrupulous holders of votes held it no shame to drive sharp bargains with rival candidates for their favor.

The young King, for his part, cherished the existing conditions as more calculated to render Parliament a tool in his hands. Even in the Colonies the incorporation of new towns was opposed,³ since it increased the size of the House of Representatives and made it harder to control. In view of the many powerful interests involved, Pitt had no warrant for expecting immediate success. None the less it is worthy of remembrance that the impetus for reform had its rise in the Colonists' agitations at this period.

No pains were spared on the part of the ministry before bringing the question of repeal to a vote. Convinced by the representations of the Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Shelburne that bloodshed would result if the act remained in force, the King withdrew his opposition.⁴ The support of the apple-growing counties was insured by a promise that the cider tax should be removed.⁵ And at length, on the night of February 21st, General Conway, Secretary of State and leader of the House, ventured to make the motion. He was seconded by Edmund Burke, secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, a young man of thirty-six, just coming into notice. Eight merchants alone, he reminded the members, had had £400,000 worth of orders countermanded in consequence of Parliament's delay in acting. Nottingham had dismissed one thousand hands; Leeds and other towns in proportion. It was much feared that the Colonists would be unable to discharge their huge outstanding debt of £950,000 if they did not receive speedy

¹ *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, 377. Jennings.

² *Charles Fox*, 97. Trevelyan.

³ *The Bernards of Abington*, I, 306. Higgins.

⁴ *American Revolution*, I, 204. Gordon.

⁵ *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 133. Botta.

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relief. He had a piece of cloth in his pocket, made at Philadelphia as cheap as in England. Would the House risk the whole¹ for so trifling an object as this act modified? At 1.30 A.M. a division was taken. We learn from Hutchinson that Judge Blackstone would have preferred to make the repeal contingent on the erasing from the Colonial Records all acts derogatory to the authority of Parliament. Mr. Grenville, however, was so vexed he said he did not care how bad they made the act,² and at 4 A.M. the motion was carried, 275 to 167, for repeal.¹ In the Lords,³ the vote stood 105 yeas to 71 nays, and on March 18 the King granted his consent.

Great were the rejoicings, the warehouses were illuminated, the shipping in the Thames made gay with flags,⁴ and couriers sped along between the hedgerows, carrying the news to Falmouth and the waiting skippers. The Colonists had hoped for the best from the outset. John Adams tells us of a meeting he attended in January, held by the Sons of Liberty at their own apartment, a counting-room in Chase & Speakman's distillery, Hanover Square, near the Liberty Tree. Edes was present, and punch, wine, pipes, tobacco, biscuits, and cheese⁵ abounded, while a committee was being chosen to make preparations for grand doings upon the arrival of the news of the repeal. During April rumors reached Boston in quick succession that the repeal was all but assured. On the 21st, it was voted⁶ that when the report was confirmed a celebration should take place, "to be held," wrote the Town Clerk, "Under the deepest Sense of Duty and Loyalty to our Most Gracious Sovereign King GEORGE, and in respect and Gratitude to the Patriotic Ministry, Mr. PITT, and the glorious Majority of both Houses of Parliament, by whose Influence, under Divine

¹ *Memoirs*, II, 194, 210, 211. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *Diary and Letters of Hutchinson*, I, 325. Hutchinson.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 202, 204. Gordon.

⁴ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 133. Botta.

⁵ *Diary*, II, 178. C. F. Adams.

⁶ *Tudor's Diary*, 23. Tudor.

Providence, against a most strenuous Opposition, a happy Repeal of the Stamp-Act, so unconstitutional as well as grievous to His Majesty's good Subjects of AMERICA, is attained; whereby our incontestible Right of Internal Taxation remains to us inviolate."

May 16, Shuball Coffin, master of the brigantine *Harrison* of which Hancock was part owner, "arrived from London, about 11 of the clock, and brought," continues John Rowe,¹ exultingly, "the glorious news of the total repeal of the Stamp Act, which was signed by his Majesty King George the 3d. of ever glorious memory, which God long preserve and his illustrious house." The New England countryside was decked with apple bloom and needed no further array, but Boston hung out flags, even on the churches, "set the Bells a Ringing," and fired salutes.

On the official date for celebrating, the little town was almost beside itself. The bells of Christ Church answered those of Hollis Street. "Joy smiled in every Countenance. Our Gaol was freed of Debtors by the Generosity of som Gentlemen;" says Deacon Tudor. At 1 o'Clock the Castle and Battery and Train of Artillery fired a Royal Salute.² In the afternoon twenty-five toasts were drunk in Faneuil Hall, one being to Barré. In the evening, the whole town was beautifully illuminated, notably The Bunch o' Grapes, Colonel Joseph Ingersoll's Tavern on the northwest corner of the present State and Kilby Streets; while full-size portraits of Pitt were exposed by Captain Dawes and Mr. Thomas Symmes in their front windows.³ The Sons of Liberty entertained in the lower rooms of the Workhouse, overlooking the Common. Nearby on the Common itself they had erected a "Magnificent Pyramid illuminated with 280 Lamps. The 4 upper Stories were Ornamented with the Figures of their Majesties & Fourteen of the Patriots

¹ *Diary of John Rowe*. Mass. His. Soc., March, 1895. Cambridge, 1895: John Wilson and Son.

² *Tudor's Diary*, 22. Tudor.

³ *Antiquities of Boston*, 723. Drake.

who had distinguished themselves for their love of Liberty; at the base were poetic inscriptions." The obelisk was designed by Revere and has been cleverly described ¹ by Lucius Manlius Sargent as follows:

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE REPEAL OBELISK

On the first side were portraits of D. Y-k, Duke of York; M-q-s R-m, Marquis of Rockingham; Q. C., Queen Charlotte; K. G. III, King George III. The lines ran:

O thou, whom next to Heav'n we most revere
Fair LIBERTY! thou lovely Goddess hear!
Have we not woo'd thee, won thee, held thee long,
Lain in thy Lap & melted on thy Tongue.
Thro Death & Dangers rugged paths pursu'd
And led thee smiling to this SOLITUDE.
Hid thee within our Hearts most golden Cell
And brav'd the Powers of Earth & Powers of Hell.
GODDESS! we cannot part, thou must not fly;
Be SLAVES! we dare to Scorn it — dare to die.

The illustration, entitled: America in Distress, apprehending the Total Loss of LIBERTY, shows America recumbent and dejected, in the form of an Indian chief, under a pine tree, the angel of Liberty hovering over; the Prime Minister advancing with a chain, followed by one of the Bishops, and others, Bute clearly designated by his Scotch plaid, and gaiters; overhead, flying towards the Indian, with the Stamp Act in his right claw, is the Devil, of whom it is manifest our patriotic sires had a very clever conception. On the second side are G-l C-y, General Conway; L-d T-d, Lord Townsend; C-l B-e, Colonel Barré; W-m P-t, William Pitt. Revere continues:

While clanking Chains & Curses shall salute
Thine Ears remorseless G—le [Grenville], thine O B—e [Bute],
To you blest PATRIOTS! we our Cause submitt
Illustrious CAMDEN! Britains Guardian PITT.

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 40-6. Goss.

Recede not, frown not, rather let us be
 Depriv'd of being, than of LIBERTY.
 Let fraud or malice blacken all our Crimes
 No disaffection stains these peaceful Climes;
 O save us, shield us from impending Woes
 The foes of Britain, only are our Foes.

In the sketch below, America Implores the Aid of her PATRONS. She is shown on one knee, pointing over her shoulder at a retreating group composed, as the chain and the plaid inform us, of Prime Minister Bute and company, upon whose heads a thunder-cloud is bursting. At the same time America, the Indian as before, supplicates the aid of others, whose leader is being crowned by Fame, with a laurel wreath. The enormous nose, a great help to identification, marks the Earl of Chatham; Camden may be known by his wig; and Barré by his military air. On the third side are L-d D-h, Lord Dartmouth; A-n B-D, Alderman Beckford; L-d D-l, [?]; C-s T-d, Charles Townshend.

Boast foul Oppression, boast thy transient Reign
 While honest FREEDOM struggles with her Chain;
 But know the Sons of Virtue, hardy, brave,
 Disdain to lose thro' mean Dispair to save
 Arrouz'd in Thunder, awfull they appear
 With proud deliverance stalking in their Rear
 While Tyrant-Foes their pallid Fears betray
 Shrink from their Arms, & give their Vengeance way.
 See in th' unequal War OPPRESSORS fall
 The hate, contempt, and endless Curse of all.

Beneath is the sketch: The Tree of Liberty, with an eagle feeding its young in the topmost branches, and an angel advancing with an ægis; and its title is, She endures the Conflict, for a short Season. The remaining side had likenesses of L-d G-e S-k-e, Lord George Sackville; Mr. De B-t, Mr. Dennis DeBert; J-n W-s, John Wilkes; L-d C-n, Lord Camden.

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Our FAITH approv'd, our LIBERTY restor'd,
 Our Hearts bend grateful to our Sover'gn Lord;
 Hail darling Monarch! by this act endear'd
 Our firm affections are thy best reward
 Sh'd Britains self, against herself devide,
 And hostile Armies frown on either Side,
 Sh'd Hosts rebellious shake our Brunswick's Throne
 And as they dar'd thy Parent, dare the Son,
 To this Asylum stretch thine happy Wing
 And we'll contend, who best shall love our KING.

The sketch is: George the Third in armor, resembling a Dutch widow in a long-short, introducing America to the Goddess of Liberty, who are, apparently, just commencing the Polka. Its title is, And has her LIBERTY restored by the Royal hand of GEORGE the Third.

It was intended the obelisk should find a permanent home by the Liberty Tree, but it was accidentally burnt up. There were many opportunities for fire. It was requested that each householder should¹ illuminate; a candle could be placed in the window, if nothing more, and we may be sure that the winding old streets were lit up for once. One hundred and eight lanterns — one still preserved in the custody of the Bostonian Society — swung triumphantly on the Liberty Tree itself, in memory of the first majority in the House for repeal.²

Before his house on Beacon Hill, John Hancock erected a platform, where a pipe of Madeira was broached for all comers. Mr. Otis and some other gentlemen who lived near the Common also kept open house, and it is said that "the multitude of gentlemen and ladies who were continually passing from one place to another, added much to the brilliancy of the night."³ The signal for uncovering the obelisk was a flight of twelve rockets let off on the Com-

¹ *Tudor's Diary*, 23. Tudor.

² *History of Boston*, 267. Snow.

³ *John Hancock His Book*, 129. Brown.

mon and answered from Hancock's platform. Immediately the sky was alive with rockets and the ground swarmed with "beehives and serpents." John Rowe enters in his diary:¹ "This day is the joyful day indeed for all America. . . . Dined at Colo. Ingersoll's with twenty eight gentlemen. We drank fifteen toasts; and very loyal they were, and suited to the occasion. . . . Mr. Hancock . . . treated every person with cheerfulness. I contributed as much to the general joy as any person; the whole was much admired, and the Day crowned with glory and honor." The "glory" came to a climax at eleven, when, at the signal of twenty-one rockets rushing skyward, a horizontal wheel on top of the pyramid was set whirling, and as it spun around, no less than sixteen dozen (192) serpents shot forth all alight! Among other tributes noted at this time is a complimentary poem to the King, said to have been written by Phillis, the young negro girl bought by Mrs. John Wheately, 1761, at the Boston slave market, still a child in years.² The festivities spread into the country by degrees, and four days later we find Rowe at Rutland, where the people "had a large bonfire and many sky rockets which," says he, "I put them in a way to fire." After a "genteel entertainment at the tavern," with others, Rowe returned to Colonel Murray's and had a "grand supper . . . many loyal healths drunk."³ For a brief period it was grateful to old friends to forget the recent friction and with common consent toast their King and the wise Pitt.

The pedestal of a Pillar of Liberty still³ stands near Dedham Court-house which was set up July 22d. It was originally surmounted by a bust of Pitt and the northerly face bears the inscription: "The Pillar of LIBERTY to the honor of WILL^M. PITT, Esq^r. and other PATRIOTS who saved

¹ *Diary of John Rowe*. Mass. His. Soc., March, 1895.

² *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 76. Higgins.

³ *Dedham Historical Register*. October, 1890: published by Dedham Historical Society. Also the *Town of Dedham*, 250th anniversary, 176. Cambridge, 1887: John Wilson and Son.

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AMERICA from impending Slavery, & confirm'd our most loyal Affection to Kg GEORGE III by procuring a Repeal of the Stamp Act, 18th. MARCH, 1766."

On Sunday, May 4th, returning from church at Quincy, John Adams first noticed a "likely young buttonwood,"¹ set out in the triangle of three roads, opposite the present Episcopal church. It was marked: "The Tree of Liberty, and cursed is he who cuts this tree!" Eight years later it is said to have died a natural death. The Boston Liberty Tree,² which had been inscribed: "The Tree of Liberty, August 14, 1765," was now, upon the first intimation of a change in the ministry, formally adopted by the Sons of Liberty, pruned by their order, and used as a rallying spot. Eventually it became notorious enough to be compared by Governor Bernard to Jack Cade's Oak of Reformation.

The King's birthday was kept in New York by a grand dinner at the King's Arms on the west side of Broadway opposite the Bowling Green, where General Gage had his headquarters. An ox was roasted whole in the Fields, twenty-five barrels of beer were broached, twenty-five cannon roared a salute, twenty-five tar barrels blazed gloriously. In the glow of good feeling which followed, the Sons of Liberty were allowed to raise a pole opposite Warren Street in the Fields, inscribed, "To His Most Gracious Majesty George III, Mr. Pitt and Liberty." Two weeks later, in a burst of loyalty, the Assembly voted a marble statue of Pitt to be placed at the corner of Wall and William Streets, and one of the King, mounted, to be placed on the Bowling Green.³ This last was made of lead and gilded, the people little foreseeing at that date they should run it into bullets. Away to the southward spread the rejoicings, Virginia⁴ and South Carolina³ joyfully voting statues

¹ *History of Norfolk County*, 332. Hurd.

² *History of Boston*, 266. Snow.

³ *Our Country*, I, 631-2. Lossing.

⁴ *Popular History of the U. S.*, III, 350. Bryant and Gay.



THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT

in their turn. An interesting caricature, by an unknown hand, has come down to us from this period. It represents¹ a procession approaching a family vault, inscribed to the memory of the Hearth and Ship monies, the Excise Bill, Jew Bill, and General Warrants, and decorated with the skulls of the Old and Young Pretender, 1715 and 1745. The burial service is being read, and a funeral sermon by Anti-Sejanus (the Rev. James Scott, a partisan against Bute)² pronounced. The coffin, carried by Grenville, is labelled "Miss Anne Stamp, B. 1765, died 1766." Lord Bute, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Temple, Lords Halifax, Sandwich, and two Bishops follow as chief mourners. The banners have an illustration of the stamps upon them. The bales at the right are labelled, "Black Cloth from America" and "Stamps from America." "A statue of Mr. Pitt" is being loaded from the largest of the warehouses, which has upon it: "The Sheffield and Birmingham warehouse. Goods now ship'd for America." The other buildings along the wharf are marked, "Liverpool," "Leeds," "Halifax," and "Manchester." The large vessels are named *Conway*, *Rockingham*, and *Grafton*.

Although the conditions were improved, none saw more clearly than Samuel Adams that all was not settled, and that friends and means were needful to success. That May, when the choice for a representative was gravitating toward John Rowe, he is said³ to have glanced in the direction of Beacon Hill, and asked, "Is there not another John that may do better?" thus skilfully attaching John Hancock to the Patriots' party. This meant much, since he had inherited (1764) from his uncle⁴ Thomas Hancock £70,000 — \$350,000 — the largest private fortune in the Province. John Hancock 3d, sometimes known as the Lucullus⁵ of New England, was born at Quincy, 1737;

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 48. Goss.

² *Memoirs*, II, 191. Walpole, ed. Barker.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 207. Gordon.

⁴ *John Hancock His Book*, 45. Brown.

⁵ *History of the U. S.*, I, 284. Spencer.

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left fatherless at seven, he spent much of his time as a child at Lexington, where his grandfather was fifty-four years minister. A Boston Latin schoolboy, he was graduated from Harvard 1754, and being in England at the time witnessed George the Third's Coronation, little suspecting the part he was to play against him. He was now twenty-nine years of age. While the Assembly was still in session that June, Otis received a letter from the Reverend Jonathan Mayhew of the West Church, Lynde Street, then lying at death's door. "You have heard," he writes, "of the *communion of churches*. While I was thinking of this on my bed, the great use and importance of a communion of Colonies, appeared to me in a very strong light, which determined me to set down these hints for you, not knowing but the house may be suddenly prorogued or dissolved. Would it not be decorous for our assembly to send circulars to all the rest, expressing a desire to cement union among ourselves? A good foundation for this has been laid by the Congress at New York; never losing sight of this may be the means of perpetuating our liberties."¹ A few days after making this fruitful suggestion the young parson died. John Adams tells us, up to this time Harrison Gray had been thoroughly "sound," but, deprived of his "oracle," notwithstanding his daughter had married Otis' brother, he was overcome by "ministerial monkery," and deserted his friends. Colonel Brattle, of the Cambridge militia, had likewise been outspoken on the Colonial side, but the "gudgeon," says Adams,² no sooner was proffered the newly created office of brigadier-general than he caught at the bait and followed Gray into the Government ranks. In order to put a check on the too free expression of Tory sentiments, the Town-house debates from this time forward were held with open doors and a gallery was provided for the use of visitors.³

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 20.

² *Annals of the Revolution*, 204. Morse.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 209. Gordon.

After achieving the Repeal, Conway turned his attention to securing a redress for the sufferers by the late disturbances, and despatched a circular letter to the several Colonies. In laying the matter before the Massachusetts Assembly, Governor Bernard displayed his customary want of tact and met with a scornful response: "If this recommendation," ran the message, "which your Excellency terms a '*requisition*,' be founded on so much justice and humanity that it cannot be controverted; if the authority with which it is introduced should preclude all disputation about complying with it, we should be glad to know *what freedom* we have in the case."¹ In the end, however, an indemnification bill was passed, subject to a proviso of free pardon to all concerned, Hutchinson² receiving for his share £3,194 17s. 6d. After some demur the New York Assembly consented to compensate everyone except Lieutenant-Governor Colden. Shortly after the repeal was granted, the Mutiny Act had been extended to America, by which means as many troops could be sent out to the Colonies, and quartered upon the inhabitants, as the ministers at any time saw fit. Nettled by the tone in which the indemnitory bill was received, a new clause was now added extending the military requisition, so that, in the end, it included firewood, candles, soap, bedding, cooking gear, vinegar, salt, cider, beer, and rum.³

Unhappily, the interests of the Colonists were too frequently treated as a mere party issue, and not considered on their own merits, so that opportunities for a peaceful solution of matters had no sooner been attained than some unconsidered act plunged all into fresh turmoil. The Stamp Act itself was only carried by Pitt's insertion of the so-called Declaratory Act. The Whigs made an arbitrary distinction between the power to tax and the power to legislate. Drawn on these lines, the bill might

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 279-80. Spencer.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 123. Hosmer.

³ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 139. Botta.

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have proved no stumbling-block, but this the Tories would not admit for an instant. To their thinking,¹ a charter from the Crown, unconfirmed by Parliament, was not enough to entitle the Colonists to a voice in the direction of their affairs. The law of England rested on the statutes of Parliament and the immemorial customs of the manors, or ancient courts of freeholders, where the lord, or his steward, sat as judge, and the freeholders, by virtue of their holdings, served as jurors. Since land in the New World was differently come by, they claimed, it carried no such privileges, and declared roundly:² "Whereas: several of the houses of Representatives in His Majesty's colonies and plantations in America, have . . . claimed to themselves . . . the sole and exclusive right of imposing duties and taxes, . . . be it declared . . . , that the said colonies . . . have been, are, and of right ought to be, subordinate unto and dependent upon the imperial crown and parliament of Great Britain; and that the King's Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the Colonists and people of America, subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, in all cases whatsoever."

A growing party in the Colonies, meanwhile, came to hold that the Provinces were independent of Parliament in every respect, although admitting allegiance to the King's person. So the quarrel went on interminably through one State paper after another, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson laboring in vain to bring his people to a sense of their duty as he conceived it.

Already the desirability of bringing a regiment or two into Boston was under the consideration of Governor Bernard and his allies, Hutchinson, Hallowell, Paxton,

¹ *The War in America*, I, 65-7. Murray.

² *Ibid.* I, 200.

and Judge Auchmuty; their meetings being held¹ with great privacy at Judge Auchmuty's own house in Roxbury. The friends of Government expected much from the quieting results of a garrison—a dream from which they were rudely awakened. The story of the departure of one of the regiments that found its way to Boston has been preserved in the following doggerel lines:²

The third day of June, in the year sixty-seven,
The Xth. in three transports, sail'd out of Cork-haven;
All jovial and hearty like soldiers so valiant
And Commodore Hale was quite top and top gallant.

But vain was the courage of fresh water sailors;
The next day they look'd like a parcel of tailors,
And, tho' the King's birthday the glass was rejected;
And Crampton and Parsons for once look'd dejected.

Sure never poor Gentlemen were in worse condition.
Poor Shaw, for a farthing would have sold his commission:
And Edwards, and Vernon, Taite, Parsons, and Kelly,
Were pictures of Jonas just from the whale's belly.

Now Thwaites grown a sailor, made use of such hard words,
His right was his starboard, his left was his larboard:
While Parsons, still using the soldier-like terms of war,
Tacking call'd wheeling, fore and aft, front and rear.

But such was their hurry, and such was their boozing,
In nine weeks, of wine they drank ninety-one dozen:
Of rum, shrub, and brandy, good twenty-eight gallons;
And fifty-six ditto of porter to balance.

At length out of spirits, and out of provision,
They arriv'd at Point Levi in doleful condition,
But the sight of Quebec soon with courage renewed them;
And the Spirit of Wolfe as they landed review'd them.

Broils followed hard upon the landing of the troops in New York. The Liberty Pole had stood in its glory barely

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, II, 343.

² *Littell's Living Age*, June 19, 1858.

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three months when a party of redcoats laid it low.¹ The next evening it was re-erected by the Sons of Liberty after a hand to hand struggle resulting in bloodshed. A month later it was again felled and again restored, this time bound with an iron girdle so it could not be cut. The soldiers thereupon fired at random into a house where the Liberty boys were gathered and the Governor was forced to interfere. Strife for precedence² between the Governor's wife, Lady Moore, and Mrs. Gage, the lady of the Commander-in-Chief, soon set in, and by spring had run such lengths a duel had nearly taken place and public assemblies were at a standstill.

¹ *Our Country*, I, 634. Lossing.

² *The Francis Letters*, I, 85-6. Sir Philip Francis. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary, quoting Alexander Mackrabie. London: Hutchinson and Co.

CHAPTER III

RESISTANCE TO CUSTOMS REGULATIONS. TROOPS QUARTERED ON BOSTON

MATTERS still continued difficult in England. While nominally representing Government, the Rockingham Cabinet was hampered by the King's party leaders¹ (Lord Eglington in the Upper House, Jerry Dyson, familiarly known² as "Mungo," after an unscrupulous slave in the "Padlock," in the Commons) continually undermining their effort, in the hope of reinstating Bute. Their liberal policy in repealing the Stamp Act was particularly vexing to the King, and early in July Lord Chancellor Northington,³ sure of support in secret, picked a quarrel with his colleagues and stayed from the Council. When the ministry met without him he vowed they should never do it more, drove to Richmond, and handed in his resignation. When the ministers saw the King in regard to this, he answered coolly, "Then I must see what I can do," and dismissed them out of hand, stating he had sent for Mr. Pitt. Pitt, unhappily for his fame, in the formation of the new ministry consented to accept the office of Lord Privy Seal, which entailed his elevation to the peerage. The great Commoner had wielded an influence never conceded⁴ to the Earl of Chatham, and orders for illuminations about the base of the Monument were countermanded in London. Grafton, the late Secretary, who had commended himself to the King by his compliant, indolent

¹ *Charles Fox*, 118. Trevelyan.

² *Memoirs*, III, 211. Walpole, ed. Barker.

³ *Ibid.* II, 237-8.

⁴ *Ibid.* II, 254-5.

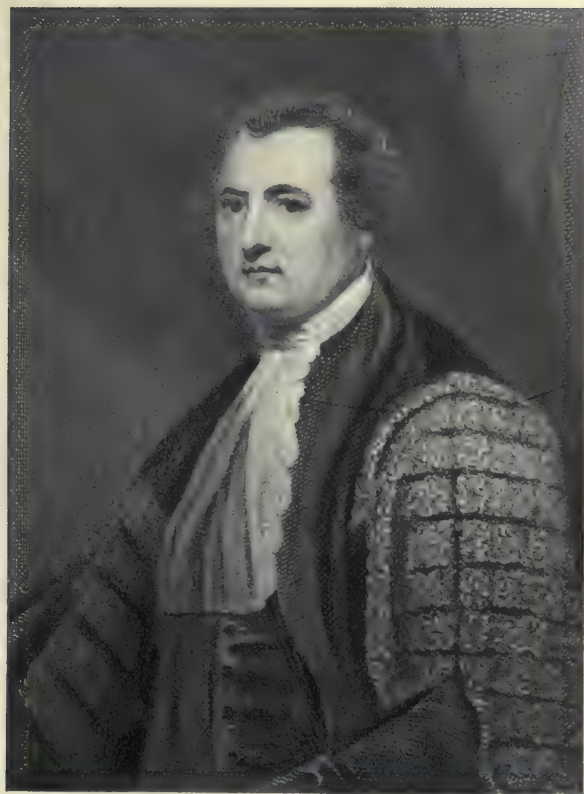
manner, now received a seat in the Council, being appointed head of the Treasury.

The Earl of Shelburne, twenty-nine years of age, succeeded the Duke of Richmond as Secretary of State, and Charles Townshend became Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whom Walpole writes,¹ on one occasion: "His speech of last Friday, made while half drunk, was all wit and indiscretion; nobody but he could have made it, nobody but he would have made it if he could. . . . He beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humor." He had been receiving £7000 a year as paymaster and was staggered upon receiving a line from Pitt. "Sir: You are of too great a magnitude not to be in a responsible place; I intend to propose you to the King to-morrow for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and must desire to have your answer to-night by nine o'clock." The latter post was worth but £2700 a year and Townshend in his dismay, it is said, sat at home in his nightgown, showing Pitt's note to all comers and running to the window at the rumble of a coach to see if his brother or the Duke of Grafton were come. At last he sought Pitt and begged to retain his paymastership, but no sooner was his wish granted than he changed his mind. Pitt told him it was too late and Mr. Dowdeswell would continue on, upon which Townshend wept. Pitt still refusing to take up the matter the Duke of Grafton interceded, and next day Townshend complacently told the King that Pitt had said so much, he had agreed to accept.² Such divergent natures went to the forming of the new Cabinet it could not be expected to work together harmoniously. "Sir, your name?" was asked on all sides,³ many being entire strangers to one another. The late Admiral Byng's daughter writes to her son, young Osborn, during the autumn: "'Tis in vain to

¹ *Letters*, VII, 105, note 106. Walpole, ed. Toynbee.

² *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, 131. Jennings.

³ *Our Country*, I, 633. Lossing.



RT. HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND

send you a red book, unless one was printed every month. The old saying was ¹ 'Those out — pout. Those in — grin,' but now, out or in all is pout . . . though I am seventy-three, I have never seen anything like it — they tye and untie every day as convenience and opportunity offer." Lord Chatham fell ill ² almost at the outset, and lay at an inn in Marlborough on his way up from Bath, unable to see callers. In his absence affairs ran utterly counter to his purpose. "Peace," writes Horace Walpole,³ "was not his element; nor did his talent lie in those details that restore a nation by slow and wholesome progress. Of the finances he was utterly ignorant. . . . The multiplication table did not admit of being treated in epic, and Lord Chatham had but that one style." This was the more unfortunate as with the repeal of the Stamp Act a means must be found for reducing the heavy home taxes. To those not in receipt of its enormous profits, the East India Company just then was an occasion of jealous suspicion. Chatham, far above private aims, was captivated by the theory that its immense revenues could easily meet all debts, including the Civil List, if, as some supposed, the company had exceeded its charter and laid it open to forfeiture.⁴ As early as August an inquiry into the company's affairs in Bengal was proposed in the House by his confidant, Beckford; the Chancellor, Townshend, taking advantage of the interim to raise and lower the stocks for his own advantage.⁵ The Opposition, by way of defence, dwelt on the cost of maintenance to the company; for example, some £5,000,000 had been spent in forts, to say nothing of the exaggerated⁶ notions of their revenue. Grenville even declaimed⁶ on the sacredness of charter rights. The debate

¹ *Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century*, 153-4. Edited by Emily F. D. Osborn. New York, 1891: Dodd, Mead & Company.

² *Memoirs*, II, 243, 295. Walpole, ed. Barker.

³ *Ibid.* 259, 307.

⁴ *Ibid.* 276-7.

⁵ *Ibid.* 278-9.

⁶ *Ibid.* II, 288-9.

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dragged on, developing as it went such crying abuses and inability on the part of the directors to control their subordinates, the more honest-minded in the Opposition felt that the Crown would be justified¹ in stepping in. While this was yet under discussion, Parliament met early in the new year, 1767. Townshend, assured that the East India Company's funds would soon be available, promised² that if he should still be Chancellor next year the land tax should be reduced to three shillings in the pound; for the moment it must continue at four shillings, to meet the war debt. The Opposition caught at the opportunity to badger the ministry and clamored for an instant reduction; and Dr. Hay plausibly suggested³ that a fresh tax laid in America could meet the deficit. Grenville had his fling⁴ at Chatham as a man who "would spend money but left others to raise it;" and on a division, much to their surprise, the vote stood 188 to 206 for the Opposition. Chatham arrived from Marlborough in March, but in quite a shattered state,⁵ holding aloof from public life; making the same answer to Conway, who sought his counsel, respecting the Colonies' tribulations as he had with regard to the East Indian difficulties:—that these problems would "*find their way through the House.*"⁶ Unhappily, with a Parliament so subservient, there was little or no check on a Government measure, however ill considered; especially when it concerned the transference of a burden to distant shoulders. Townshend accordingly without difficulty brought forward the Revenue Act which bears his name, which was passed during June, to take effect in November.⁶

This act laid an indirect tax⁷ on articles of trade, particularly on glass, 4s. 8d. a cwt., red and white lead, painters'

¹ *Memoirs*, II, 319. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *Ibid.* 298–9.

³ *Ibid.* 300.

⁴ *Ibid.* 302, 320.

⁵ *Ibid.* 307.

⁶ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 143. Botta.

⁷ *War in America*, I, 197–9. Murray.

colors, note paper, wrapping paper, wall paper, and tea, — the receipts to form a fund for the payment of the governors' and judges' salaries, and other expenses of a Civil List.¹

The Colonists at once took alarm. If the governors had no personal interest in the calling of the Legislature, they felt it was a chance if it were called at all. Again, since the judges, once appointed, by the law of the land,¹ could not be removed except of their own motion, they foresaw the condition of things might easily become intolerable. At the same time an act was passed legalizing the Writs of Assistance. A new² Board of Customs was formed, and five commissioners appointed, one of whom, Henry Hulton, Esq.,³ arrived in Boston the following November, and soon after purchased the Jeremy Gridley house in Brookline for a country seat.⁴ The ministry had expected that the new regulations would meet with little or no opposition, but they mistook the people's spirit. In Newton, a vote was immediately passed for the encouragement of local manufacture, and it was resolved to discontinue, as far as possible, the use of the following imported articles: "Loaf sugar, cordage, anchors, coaches, chaises, and carriages of all sorts, horse furniture, men's and women's hats, men's and women's apparel readymade, household furniture, gloves, men's and women's shoes, sole leather, sheathing, duck, nails, gold and silver, and thread lace of all sorts, gold and silver buttons, wrought plate of all sorts, diamonds, stone and paste ware, snuff, mustard, clocks and watches, silversmiths' and jewellers' ware, broadcloths that cost above ten shillings per yard, muffs, furs, tippetts, and all sorts of millinery ware, starch, women's and children's stays, fire engines, chinaware, silk and cotton, velvets, gauze, pewterer's hollow ware, linseed oil,

¹ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 142-3, 147. Botta.

² *History of the U. S.*, I, 286. Spencer.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 216-17. Gordon.

⁴ *Historical Sketches of Brookline*, 293. Harriet F. Woods. Boston, 1874.

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glue, lawns, cambrics, silks of all kinds for garments, malt liquors, and cheese.”¹

A letter written by John Hancock at this juncture states:² “I will sooner shut up my windows or undergo many inconveniences before I will Import a single Box [of glass].” This practical way of uttering a protest was systematically organized, other towns in Massachusetts following on the lines marked for them by Boston in October, until the non-importation agreement became well-nigh universal. The manner in which the movement spread is illustrated in the action of a town meeting held in the meeting-house of the First Parish Church on Walnut Street, in Brookline, Isaac Gardner moderator, where it was³ “Voted: Unanimously That this Town will take all prudent and Legal Measures to promote Industry, Oeconimy & Manufactures in this Province & in any of the British American Colonies and will likewise take all Legal Measures to Discourage the Use of European Superfluities. Voted to choose Five Persons Viz. William Hyslop, Esq’r., Capt. Benjam. White, Isaac Gardner, Esq’r, Mr. John Goddard and Mr. Samuel Aspinwall be a Committee to prepare a form for Subscription against Receiving of those European Superfluities and make Report.” When it was, December 29th, “Red” “Voted To Choose a Committee of Three Persons, Viz. Mr. Sam’l Aspinwall, Mr. William Ackers and Mr. John Goddard to View the Committees Report to the Freeholders & other Inhabitants of Said Town in order for them to Signe if they think proper.”

Already sides were being taken with some heat. Those who did not sign were marked men, and it is said the following notice⁴ was affixed to the shop door of a Boston merchant:

¹ *History of Newton*, 322. S. F. Smith, D.D. Boston, 1880: The American Logotype Company.

² *John Hancock His Book*, 141. Brown.

³ *Muddy River and Brookline Records*, 1634-1838, 218-19. 1875: J. E. Farwell & Company, printers.

⁴ *American Monthly Magazine*, 228, February, 1896.

"Wm. Jackson, an Importer, at the Brazen Head, north side of the Town House and opposite the Town Pump, in Cornhill, Boston. It is desired that the sons and daughters of Liberty will not buy anything of him, for in so doing they will bring Disgrace upon themselves and their Posterity forever, and ever, Amen."

A certain Mr. Mac[Masters] about the same time brought himself into prominence by stubbornly withholding his signature, and was referred to by name at a stirring non-importation meeting. Some two thousand men were present and harsh measures were threatened when Sam Adams quietly proposed¹ they should resolve themselves into a committee of the whole house to wait on the gentleman and urge compliance and in the meanwhile proceed with their business. Suddenly a little figure in a reddish smoke-dried wig popped up from a corner and piped out with a strong Scotch accent, "Mr. Moderator, I agree! I agree!" This timely interruption was received with thunders of applause and the merchant was restored at once to favor.

The commissioners found their position anything but easy, as may be inferred by the following letter² from Mr. Bollan to Hutchinson:

HENRIETTA STREET, August 11, 1767.

Mr. Paxton has several times told me, that you and some other of my friends were of opinion, that standing troops were necessary to support the authority of the government at Boston, and that he was authorized to inform me this was your and their opinion. I need not say that I hold in the greatest abomination such outrages that have taken place among you, . . . yet we must remember how often standing forces have introduced greater mischief than they retrieved.

He then adds, he recently informed an influential gentle-

¹ *Samuel Adams, The Patriot Series*, 96. Samuel Fallows, D.D., L.L.D. Chicago, 1898: The University Association.

² *Annals of the Revolution*, 167. Morse.

man in England that he had the highest reason to believe that whoever should be instrumental in sending over standing troops to America would be cursed to all posterity.

The commissioners, directly they arrived, made common cause with the Governor, even, it is said, to the length of discharging an under officer, Captain Timothy Folger,¹ whose vote in the House was "contrary to their mind." The press was busy at this time. Jonathan Sewall wrote on the Government side under the name of Philaethes, and was made² sole Judge of Admiralty in reward by Bernard. The "Letters from a Farmer," by John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, of the opposite party, brought out during the summer, made a great stir and were republished in Paris.³ The French from the outset had kept a keen watch on the growing friction, and now⁴ the chief minister, Choiseul, sent Baron De Kalb over to inform himself as to the Colonists' earnestness and resources with the intention of lending aid by and by should a fit time offer. Early in 1768, Franklin wrote a letter on "The Causes of the American Discontents," in which he observes:⁵ "Scotland has had its rebellions, and England its plots against the present royal family, but America is untainted," and then complains, "a new kind of loyalty seems to be required of us, a loyalty to Parliament." London was thrown in a tumult about this time by Wilkes standing an election for Westminster. This attempt was unsuccessful, but with the aid of Parson John Horne (Horne-Tooke), vicar of the shiretown Brentford, he was returned at the top of the polls for Middlesex; and before Parliament assembled, upon his voluntary surrender, had the former sentence of banishment commuted to two years in the King's Bench prison and a heavy fine.⁶

¹ *The London Magazine or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer*, 249. May, 1770.

² *Annals of the Revolution*, 144. Morse.

³ *Our Country*, I, 636-7. Lossing.

⁴ *Ibid.* 635-6.

⁵ *Annals of the Revolution*, 194-5. Morse.

⁶ *Caricature History*, 309-312. Wright.

The Massachusetts Legislature during December drew up a letter to their London agent reiterating their equality with their fellow subjects in Great Britain and their right to local self-government. They next addressed a circular letter, signed by the Speaker, to the other Colonies, stating the ground they had taken and suggesting that the various protests would meet with surer success if a similar tone was taken by each in turn;¹ a copy of this letter was then laid before the Governor, who forbade further proceedings. The New York Assembly meanwhile signified its readiness to adopt the views expressed by the Massachusetts members, and after a dark night people woke to find hand-bills posted right and left which read:² "Let these truths be indelibly impressed on our minds, that we cannot be *free* without being *secure in our property*; that we cannot be secure in our *property* if without our consent, others may, as by *right*, take it away; that taxes imposed by Parliament do thus take it away; that *duties* laid for the sole purpose of raising money are *taxes*; that attempts to lay such, should be instantly and firmly opposed." Already, in Boston trouble was brewing between the customs officers and the townsmen. A slanting old gravestone on Copps Hill bears the inscription:³

"Here lies buried, in a
stone grave ten feet deep,
Captain Daniel Malcom, mercht.
who departed this life
October 23, 1769,
aged 44 years.

A true son of Liberty,
A friend to the Publick,
An enemy to Oppression;
And one of the foremost
In opposing the Revenue Acts
in America."

Governor Bernard refers to him, in a letter to Lord Shelburne (March, 1768), as already "notorious" for the searching of his house, eighteen months before, for uncus-tomed goods. Expecting a schooner the past month to

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 288. Spencer.

² *Our Country*, I, 650. Lossing.

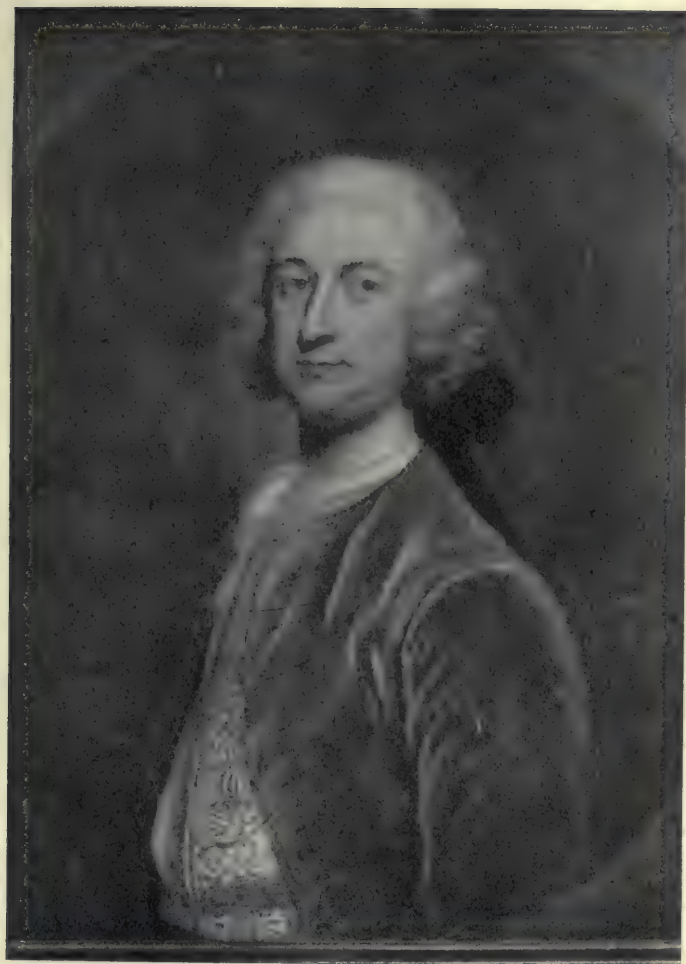
³ "Ye Ancient Burial Grounds of Boston." Albert Scott Cox. *New England Magazine*, January, 1893.

arrive with Fayal wine aboard, he took occasion to ask an officer of the customs what "indulgence he might expect as to duties;" being answered "none," he replied "he was glad to know what he had to trust to." Some days later the schooner anchored five miles out, among the islands in the harbor, and from there sixty pipes of wine were landed and under cover of night taken by drays to different cellars, guarded by men with clubs. When the schooner came up, the sea-marks showed plainly she had been lightened, but Malcolm swore she came from Surinam in ballast.¹

Two or three days later, Malcolm and others called a meeting for March 4th, when many of the Boston merchants "agreed for one year to send for no European commodities excepting salt, coals, fishing lines, fish hooks, hemp, duck, bar lead, shot, wool cards, and card wire."² And further, that in all occasions for trade, preference should be shown to their fellow subscribers. This same March 4th, the night was disturbed by a little mob of one hundred lads with drums and horns passing the Town-house while the Governor¹ was in the Council Chamber, and afterward gathering before Commissioner Paxton's with a huzza. A few days later, some sixty lusty fellows are said to have beset Burch's house, causing his wife and children to escape¹ by the back way; the noise was kept up all night but treated as trivial by the townspeople. The commissioners, however, were by no means reassured, understanding that personal threats had been made against the Board. On the anniversary of the repeal, March 18th, the sheriff brought word that Paxton and Williams, the inspector-general, had both been hung in effigy from the Liberty Tree, but cut down by the neighbors. The Governor thereupon reproached the Council, who showed small concern and continued unmoved by a letter from the commissioners¹ manifesting much alarm. The day, meanwhile, was celebrated in an orderly manner, by bells ringing at dawn, flags flying on

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 110, 111-12, 112-14. Higgins.

² *Diary*. Rowe.



CHARLES PAXTON

the shipping, and dinners at two of the taverns, where toasts¹ were drunk to "Paoli and the Corsicans," "The Freedom of the Press," "The joint freedom of America and Ireland," and "The immortal memory of Brutus, Cassius, Hampden, and Sydney." Owing to the selectmen's efforts, no serious outbreak marred the day. The dinners broke up early and many gentlemen kept about one of the coffee houses and succeeded in preventing the lighting of a bonfire in King Street,¹ although the crowd continued roaming the streets, making yells and outcries which were "quite terrible." Mr. Burch, with his wife and children, was at the Province-house, having taken shelter with the Governor the previous day. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson and the sheriff were also of the party. No steps had been taken to fortify the house, but one terrifying yell from the mob going by made the Governor "apprehend they were breaking in, but it was not so." Mrs. Burch was quite overcome with dread, and felt the ill-effects for days. The crowd, moving along, next stood whooping before Williams' door, who went to the window and said he was prepared for them, upon which they moved on; twice they paraded by Paxton's with outcries calculated to terrify the inmates. Altogether it was a frightful night to the Tory faction, but the whole was lightly dismissed by the townspeople as revelry and rejoicings natural to the day. Julia Bernard, then eight, tells¹ of the crowd filling the court before the Province-house and demanding Burch, and, on her father's positive refusal to give him up, their threatening to break in; but after an interval of terror it appears they were left alone, when she and her sister were hurriedly removed to a friend's house, where they stopped some days. A wild legend seems to have grown up out of this distressing period that in confronting a mob and declining to disclose her husband's whereabouts, Mrs. Bernard was deprived of her ears, ever after wearing her hair draped low to conceal their loss! A

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 114, 86. Higgins.

descendant, who has lately published an interesting account of the Bernard family, never doubted the story as a child, but now thinks it a little "odd" it should be unsupported by any evidence whatever.

At the ensuing spring elections feeling ran so high Captain John Hancock of the Cadets, understanding that the commissioners dined that day with the Governor, declined¹ to order his men out. Owing to the disturbed conditions,¹ toward the end of the month the *Romney*, man-o'-war, fifty guns, Captain John Corner commander, arrived at Nantasket and, encouraged very likely by her presence, the customs officers determined upon making an example of the next evader of duty.

Early in the previous November, Hancock had written to his correspondents, Messrs. Hill, Lamar & Bissett, to forward by his sloop *Liberty*² "Four pipes of the very best Madeira Wine that you can possibly procure for my own table. I don't stand for price, If it be good, I like a Rich wine. & if you can ship a Pipe of Right Sterling old Madeira, Pale & good, you will add it. I like pale wine, but I need say no more than that they are for my own use, & I beg that they may be the very best that can be purchased. Mark them I *H. I pray distinguish them from any other on board, by some private mark, acquainting me thereof in your letter. I am also to desire you will please to ship me by the same vessel six pipes of good salable Madeira wine for our market. I would have them good & such as will answer for our Public houses here, where the best company resorts, these you will mark HK, and do let them be good, of their kind. . . . You will also ship by my sloop Two pipes more of the best Madeira, consigned to me, in separate Memo. & Bill of Invoice Mark them to H. G. T. They are for the Treasurer of our Province & you will please to let them be good." On the 10th of June the *Liberty*³ came up the harbor, about sunset, with the long expected cargo

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 115. Higgins.

² *John Hancock His Book*, 149. Brown.

³ *Antiquities*, 735. Drake.

and made fast at Hancock's wharf, opposite the foot of Fleet Street. The north side of Lewis' wharf now covers its site. Here she was boarded by the tide waiter, Thomas Kirk, acting for the commissioners of customs, and by Captain James Marshall, one of Hancock's skippers, a young man of thirty-two, and half a dozen of his friends. Crowding into the cabin, they all fell to drinking punch with the master of the ship, Captain Nat Barnard. About nine o'clock Captain Marshall asked Kirk if he objected to a few casks being set ashore that evening. "Not by my lieve," replied Kirk, and was straightway "hove down the companion" into the cabin and the cover secured. He broke through a door into the steerage, but was driven back and held close prisoner three hours longer. There was great trampling on deck meanwhile and a noise of tackle. At last, when all was quiet once more, Kirk was called out, told to hold his tongue or he'd be sorry, and dismissed. Great would have been the rejoicing over this exploit but for the untimely loss of young Marshall, who died before morning from over-exertion and excitement. Next day Barnard returned a short¹ entry at the Customs. His statement was very naturally discredited and the officials, bent on making an example, caught at the opportunity to claim the *Liberty*, valued by Hancock at £1000, as forfeit for evading the law. Accordingly the return cargo of oil was only partly in when a group of high officials appeared on the dock. This was between six and seven on the evening of the 11th. The Collector, Harrison, felt rather nervous at the thought of proceeding to extremities at an hour when so many sympathizing work-people were abroad going to their homes, and considered it would be quite sufficient to brand the sloop with the broad arrow² as Government property, and leave her for the night. The Comptroller was of another mind, and thought the only safe way of securing the sloop was to place her in the safekeeping of the *Romney*. While this was under discussion a mob of

¹ *American Revolution*, 231. Gordon.

² *Antiquities*, 735. Drake.

boys and idlers rallied about Malcolm, and no sooner had the signal been made to the man-o'-war than an angry scene¹ followed. "You had better let the vessel be at the wharf," protested Malcolm, as the armed boats drew near. "I shall not," cried Hallowell; "cut the fasts!" None of the wharf hands came forward; on the contrary, several made the appeal, "Stop at least till the owner comes." "No, d— you," blustered Hallowell; "cast her off." The master of the *Romney*, losing his temper, shouted, "I'll split out the brain of any man that offers to receive a fast or stop the vessel. Marines, fire!" One of the people on the wharf, looking sharply at the boats, exclaimed, "What rascal is that who dares to tell the marines to fire?" He then turned to Harrison and added soberly: "The owner is sent for. You had better let her lie at the wharf till he comes down." But Hallowell would not suffer temperate counsels and retorted: "No, she shall go. Show me the man who dares oppose it." To which the *Romney's* captain responded, "Aye, kill the d—n scoundrel!" The crowd hung back, irresolute and awed. Malcolm's threat, "We will throw the people of the *Romney* overboard," was of no avail.¹ Shorn of her mast, the sloop was speedily taken in tow and with each sweep of the oars borne further from her friends. With the departure of the marines the wrath of the mob was visited on the imposing little band of officials. A brick hit Harrison² in the breast, but keeping his feet, he escaped down an alley. However, it sent him to bed for a time; his son, Richard Acklom Harrison, doubtless made a spirited defence, for he was thrown and dragged by the hair. Mr. Hallowell was left on the ground bleeding and subsequently confined to the house, likewise, from the bruises he received; while the inspector of exports and imports, Irving, had his sword broken and only escaped, through the connivance of two of the mob, by running into a house near by. Late in the evening, John Williams,

¹ *Our Country*, I, 644. Lossing.

² *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 118. Higgins.

Inspector-General, had one hundred panes of glass broken, the mob only stopping when Mrs. Williams said her husband was gone away on a journey and she was alone.¹

They next proceeded to break Comptroller Hallowell's windows, but stopped on being told he was almost killed and had been taken elsewhere.¹ Then, since² no man-o'-war's boat came to hand, a beautifully appointed pleasure-boat belonging to Harrison was dragged to the Common and burnt. Soon after this last demonstration, toward midnight, Sam Adams, Warren, and Hancock succeeded in inducing the rabble, by this time inflamed with rum and numbering above five hundred, to disperse. It is interesting³ to recall that the Collector, Harrison, was a brother of Peter, the architect of King's Chapel, Christ Church, Cambridge, and Redwood Library, Newport. At this time Governor Bernard had retired to his country seat on Pond Street (east of May Street), at Jamaica Plain. Here he was waited upon a few days later by a committee of twenty-one gentlemen, who drove out in eleven chaises¹ to request that the *Romney* be removed. The Government party entertained quite different views. On the 11th, the commissioners and the Governor dined with Paxton. The next day, Sunday, two of them, Mr. Burch and Mr. Hulton, with their families took shelter on the *Romney*, where they were joined by Mr. Robinson and Paxton on Monday. Temple about this time withdrew¹ from his fellow commissioners. Even when they were subsequently transferred to the Castle their constant cry was that the *Romney* might anchor near at hand, and, lest their retreat should seem precipitate, letters were scattered far and wide¹ to the Governor, to Commodore Hood, to Gage, and Colonel Dalrymple, and, finally, to the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury, complaining of the temper of the town and the need of troops, since they would find quarters at the Castle

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 118, 119, 135. Higgins.

² *History of Boston*, 271. Snow.

³ *Memorial History of Boston*, IV, 469.

too bleak for their comfort after frost set in. Unfortunately ill-feeling had been intensified by the presence of a press gang aboard the *Romney*, and, in direct violation of the act¹ (6th Anne) forbidding impressment of American seamen, several were now seized, one being subsequently set free. The day following Nat Waterman went aboard to procure the release of another and offer a substitute; Captain Corner not only refused, but swore² it was a black-guard town ruled by mobs and he'd make the people's hearts ache before he left. This last seaman appears to have been rescued by his mates and the very same evening came the struggle over the *Liberty*, leaving naturally each side sorer than ever.

We have a fuller account of the *Romney* incident and subsequent events in the following letter:³

JOSHUA HENSHAW, JR., TO WILLIAM HENSHAW
OF LEICESTER

BOSTON, June 15, 1768.

COUZ.N WILLIAM

Before this it is probable you have heard some imperfect Account of our late Greivances, I mean with Respect to the Treatment the Town and all trading with it have met with from the Man of War, but especially with Respect to the Seizure of a Sloop belonging to Mr. Hancock, though this may be the Case a concise Narration of Facts will not be disagreeable I presume. John Hancock Esqr. having a Sloop at his Wharf out of Use and his Stores being full thought he might do as has been the common Practice, *i.e.* make a Storehouse of his Sloop, accordingly he put a Number of Cask of Oil in her, intending as soon as his Ship was ready to receive them that they should be removed into her. But it seems the Intention of some was very different, for last Friday about the Sun's

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 290. Spencer.

² *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 120, 168. Higgins.

³ *Historical and Genealogical Register*, October, 1868.

setting Mr. Hallowell and Mr. Harrison's Son, was on Mr. Hancock's Wharf, when the Man of War sent her boat off to the Sloop with the Leutenant and four men, armed in order to take Possession after she was seized. Capt Malcomb and another man was upon the Wharf, who had some high Words with them (as I hear), but it soon appeared that they were not sufficient: two other Boats with Marines were dispatched to assist them. The People belonging to that Part of the Town began to assemble, and with Stones they defended her so long as the Fast was cut seven Times, and then she was taken and carried along Side the Man of War. This incensed the People, they immediately turned upon Mr. Hallowell and young Mr. Harrison and pushed them about the Wharf for some Time. It is said that young Harrison would not have been so treated had it not been for Mr. Hallowell, who endeavoured to put it off upon him. The People quitted them and proceeded (collecting as they went) to the Long Wharf, and there met with Mr. Irvine, one of the Under Officers, he imprudently used some harsh Language and threatened, drawing his Sword upon the first man that touched him, upon which they seized and made him repent of his Expression. They searched the British Coffee House for the Officers of the Man of War, but found none; then went to Mr. Hallowell's, Mr. Harrison's and Inspector Williams' Houses, and broke a few Squares of Glass in each; then to Oliver's Dock and took Mr. Harrison's Pleasure-Boat, drew it up King street and through the main Street to Liberty Tree; up Frog Lane and into the Common, and there consumed her. While it was burning Mr. Tisdale from Taunton was observed to look (as I am informed) a number of People in the Face, as they supposed to make some Discovery, his Hat and Wig soon went off, and he was kicked out of the Common. Here ended that Evening's Doings. The Council and House have the whole Affair under Consideration. The Sons of Liberty had a meeting Yesterday in the Forenoon at Liberty-Hall, where some of the Selectmen and many

respectable Inhabitants were present. The Room being too small, they thought it best to adjourn immediately to Faneuil Hall, very soon after they had reached there it was proposed that that meeting should be dissolved, and a Notification come out for a Town Meeting at 3 O'Clock P.M., which was done. At the Time appointed, the Town being legally assembled and Mr. Otis being elected Moderator, he moved as the Hall was so crouded and there were many that could not get in that they would adjourn to the Old South Meeting House. The Old South was pretty well filled (though many were not Inhabitants). After the Moderator from the Pulpit had informed them that this meeting was upon an Affair perhaps of the greatest Importance, as not only the Interest of this Province and of the Continent, but even of Great Britain itself might be involved in it. The Warrant was previously read, the Substance of which was that the Town should endeavor to keep Peace and Order, and to consider of some method to secure our Liberty, which was invaded by an armed Vessell laying directly before the Town, and appearing in a very hostile Manner, and had illegally taken away a Sloop belonging to John Hancock, Esqr., upon which a Petition to his Excellency being read desiring him to issue forthwith an Order, requiring his Majesty's Ship *Romney* to depart this Harbour, till we hear the Success of our Petition to the King, &c. The Town voted to present it immediately, and appointed a respectable Committee of twenty-one for that Purpose, among whom were the Moderator, Royal Tyler Esqr., Thos. Cushing Esqr., the Selectmen, &c. his Excellency being at his Seat in Roxbury, the Committee upon the Adjournment of the meeting (which was immediately), met at Mr. Hancock's House, from whence they proceeded regularly through the Town to Roxbury, Mr. Hancock in his Phaeton with the Moderator led the Van. They made a splendid appearance. The Report of the Committee this Afternoon at the Adjournment was that his Excellency said he had no Power to order the

Romney away, but that he was sensible of the Inconvenience the Town laboured under by Coasters being impressed, and that he would converse with Cap.t Corner upon the Subject, and did not doubt but there would be an End put to that Difficulty. [He then¹ passed about wine, which was well taken.] The Town after accepting the Report of their Committee to write the State of the Affair to Mr. Debert, adjourned to Friday, 4 O'Clock, P.M. Then they will know the Success of the Governour's Conference with Cap.t Corner. The Commissioners (excepting Mr. Temple) with their Under-Officers upon this little Difficulty, repaired on board the *Romney*, and I believe will be obliged to remain there, as it seems to be the mind of the People that they have lived long enough in this Town. After such Brevity I may be justified in subscribing myself yr sincere Friend,

ANONYMOUS.

MR. WILLIAM HENSHAW.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME²

BOSTON, June 22, 1768.

COUZ.N WILLIAM

As this will be in some measure a Continuation of my last Letter I shall begin with the Success of the Governour's and a Committee of the Council's Conference with Cap.t Corner as related to the Town by Royal Tyler Esq.r, one of sd Committee. Upon their Arrival on Board they were conducted into the Captain's Room, where were no disagreeable Objects, and they would not have seen any had not they inclined to veiw the Ship after they had compleated their Business. In their Walks amongst the Dens and Caverns of the Ship (to use Mr. Tyler's Words) they beheld them. They conversed with Cap.t Corner very freely upon all Parts of his Conduct, he treated them very politely and cleared up his own Character to their and to the Satisfac-

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 122. Higgins.

² *Historical and Genealogical Register*, October, 1869.

tion of the Town. He said true it was that he must be answerable for the Conduct of all his Officers; that there had been one man impressed contrary to his orders, . . . that he had wrote also for the man to be sent up from Halifax upon his own Charge to be delivered up; that with Respect to taking Mr. Hancock's Sloop, he had his Orders from the Revenue Officers and shewed the Committee the Acts of Parliament that obliged him to obey their Orders, a Disobedience of which would have taken away his daily Bread by the Loss of his Ship, and this not the only Damage, it would have subjected him to a very large Fine; that if Mr. Hancock in a Course of Law obtained the Vessell he would politely send her to him, but if she became the Property of the Revenue Officers he hoped they would send for her. However, the People may approve of the Conduct of Cap.t Corner, yet they can't relish the Thing, an armed Force to fright us out of our Privileges. Cap.t Hallowell, who amongst the Rest repaired on Board the *Romney* did yesterday set off for London in Cap.t Britt, and may content himself never to return again. Col. Brattle who was of the Committee upon Mr. Hallowell's telling him that he intended to come on Shore upon a particular Day, said you had better not then nor at all, whenever you do you may expect a certain fearful looking for of Judgement and fiery Indignation to devour you, you must be content as the Children of Israel were of old to behold the pleasant Land afar off. The Commissioners and their Underlings I conclude intend to behold it at a Distance or not at all, for they have not appeared in Town since. . . .

ANONYMOUS.

Thoroughly aroused, Boston fairly buzzed with meetings, and the townspeople did not hesitate¹ to place on record their "unalterable resolution to vindicate invaluable rights at the hazard of fortune and life." The Assembly in its protest to the Governor respecting the *Romney's* unlawful

¹ *Antiquities*, 741. Drake.

impressment of citizens was equally bold, asserting: ¹ "To contend against our parent state, is, in our idea, the most shocking and dreadful extremity; but, tamely to relinquish the only security we and our posterity retain for the enjoyment of our lives and properties without one struggle, is so humiliating and base, that we can not support the reflection." To this date belong Otis' fiery words: ² "If we are called on to defend our liberties and privileges, I hope and believe we shall one and all resist unto blood, but I pray God Almighty this may never happen."

This same month Sir Henry Moore, Governor of New York, desired the Assembly to make provision for the troops as required by the new act. Conceiving this to be merely another form of levying a tax without their consent,³ the members flatly refused to comply and the House was at once dissolved. When the news of this came to the ears of the ministry, Ex-Governor Pownall⁴ strove in vain to have temperate counsels prevail. Shelburne, the Secretary of State, would gladly have conciliated the Colonies, but was obnoxious to his associates in office — Sandwich and Rigby — since he could neither be hoodwinked nor bought; and in their determination to keep a grip on office at all hazards, they did not rest until the Cabinet was pledged to use force. General Conway resigned; Pitt, physically unable to keep his place, had already been relieved; Shelburne withdrew in his wake; and Bedford's following — Lords Gower and Weymouth, the so-called "Bloomsbury crew" — with Grafton as Premier at their head and Rigby for "boatswain," became⁵ supreme.

Having with great assurance decided that the New York Assembly should be suspended from its functions until ready to obey orders,⁶ the ministry next turned its attention to the temerity of Massachusetts in venturing

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 290. Spencer.

² *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 24.

³ *History of the U. S.*, III, 352-3. Bryant and Gay.

⁴ *Charles Fox*, 131-2, 135, 122. Trevelyan.

⁵ *History of America*, 521. Goodrich.

to send out the Circular Letter regarding non-importation. "A flagitious attempt,"¹ vowed the new Colonial Secretary, Lord Hillsborough, "to disturb the public peace," and with one consent it was resolved that the letter must be rescinded without delay. Governor Bernard, assured of protection and advancement, loftily announced their demands to the Legislature and withdrew.²

"Who are these ministers?" cried³ Otis scornfully in debate; "the very frippery and foppery of France, the out-sides of monkeys." For nine days the matter was under consideration. Upon putting the question, 17 members, only, voted to comply, against 92 contrary-minded. The committee² to acquaint the Governor of this decision consisted of Major Joseph Hawley of Northampton, Otis, Sam Adams, James Warren of Plymouth, John Hancock, and Thomas Cushing. "If," said they, in the course of their address,⁴ "by the word rescinding is intended the passing a vote, in direct and express disapprobation of the measure taken by the former House, . . . we must take the liberty to testify and publicly declare, that we take it to be the native . . . right of the subject . . . to petition the King for the redress of grievances. . . . If the votes of the House are to be controlled by the direction of a minister, we have left us but a vain semblance of liberty. — We have now only to inform you, that this House have voted *not to rescind*, and that on a division on the question there were 92 nays and 17 yeas. In all this we have been actuated by a conscientious and finally a clear and determined sense of duty to God, to our King, our Country, and our latest posterity, and we most ardently wish and humbly pray that in your future conduct your Excellency may be influenced by the same principles."⁵ The Governor may well

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 229. Gordon.

² *Annals of the Revolution*, 148, 149. Morse.

³ *Life of Otis*, 162. Sparks.

⁴ *History of the U. S.*, I, 289. Spencer.

⁵ "Preliminary Period of the American Revolution." George C. Lay. *Godey's Magazine*, February, 1898.

have bit his lip and wished himself rid of his troublesome charges. The Assembly was again dissolved.

This vote was the occasion of another of Revere's cartoons.¹ In his sketch the Rescinders are being driven toward a pair of yawning jaws, not unlike those of a shark, from which flames are issuing. Satan flourishing a pitchfork hurries them on with the words: "Now, I've got you! A fine haul, by Jove!" Behind the group rises the cupola of the Province-house with the Indian symbol of the Arms of the Province. The seventeen Rescinders were¹ Wm. Brown and Peter Frye of Salem; Richard Saltonstall, Haverhill; Dr. John Calef, Ipswich; Jacob Fowle, Marblehead; Jonathan Bliss, Springfield; Israel Williams, Hatfield; Jonathan Ashley, Jr., Deerfield; Capt. Joseph Root, Sunderland; John Ashley, Esq., Sheffield and Great Barrington; Timothy Ruggles, Hardwick; Jonathan Sayward, York; John Chadwick, Tyringham, in the County of Berkshire; Josiah Edson, Bridgewater; Chillingsworth Foster, Hardwick; Wm. Jennigan, Edgartown; Matthew Mayhew, Chilmark. In the caricature the foremost man is supposed to be the Honorable Timothy Ruggles, the devil hovering overhead with a fork, crying impatiently: "Push on, Tim!" The rhyme which follows was written by Dr. Benjamin Church:

"On brave Rescinders! to yon yawning cell!
Seventeen such miscreants there will startle hell;
These puny *Villains*, damned for petty sin,
On such distinguished *Scoundrels* gaze and grin;
The outdone *Devil* will resign his sway;
He never curst his millions in a day."

A handsome silver punch bowl, six inches deep, weighing 45 ounces and holding 45 gills, was presented by fifteen Sons of Liberty to the 92 who would not rescind. It has been latterly in the possession of William MacKay, great-great-grandson of William MacKay who bought out the shares of his associates in its proprietorship. The names

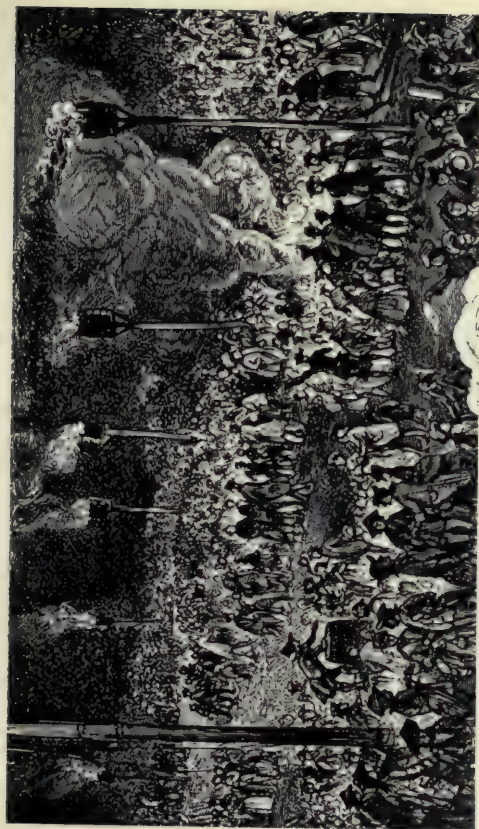
¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 61, 59, 62-3. Goss.

of the fifteen donors encircle the rim of the bowl, which is inscribed: "To the memory of the glorious Ninety-two Members of the Honorable House of Representatives of the Massachusetts Bay, who, undaunted by the insolent Menaces of Villains in Power, from a strict regard to Conscience and the Liberties of their Constituents, on the 30th of June, 1768, Voted NOT TO RESCIND." This is enclosed in a wreath, and surmounted by a Liberty cap. On the opposite side, in a smaller wreath, appears "No. 45, Wilkes and Liberty," in allusion to that celebrated issue of the *North Briton*. The surface of the bowl bears two standards, one inscribed "Magna Charta," the other "Bill of Rights;" beneath lies a torn document labelled "General Warrants," referring to the writs.

A favorite toast in London ran,¹ "May the unrescinding 92 be forever united in idea with the glorious 45." Ninety-two gentlemen would gather to drink 45 toasts. Daughters of Liberty held quilting parties where 92 scraps of calico of one color would be joined to 45 of another. Ninety-two Sons of Liberty met to raise Liberty poles 45 feet high. At the dedication of a Liberty pole at Charleston 92 glasses and 45 candles graced the table. At Petersham² the vote was commemorated by the dedication of a young elm to Liberty which bore 92 branches, 17 having been previously lopped off and burnt with much ceremony. Roger Sherman of Connecticut wrote:¹ "The right of unfettered discussion is inalienable and we must maintain it." John Dickinson of Pennsylvania was moved to compose his famous *Liberty Song* and sent a copy to Otis. April 11th we find him writing, "To the very respectable inhabitants of the town of Boston," in reply to a letter of gratitude, as follows: "The rank of the Town of Boston, the wisdom of her counsels, and the spirit of her conduct render, in my opinion, the approbation of her inhabitants

¹ *Our Country*, I, 654, 650. Lossing.

² *History of Worcester County*, I, 468. D. Hamilton Hurd. "Petersham," by Lyman Clark. Philadelphia, 1889: J. W. Lewis & Company.



LIBERTY POLE FESTIVAL

inestimable. . . . Love of my country engaged me in that attempt to vindicate her rights and assert her interests, which your generosity has thought proper so highly to applaud. . . . Never, until my heart becomes insensible of all worldly things, will it become insensible of the unspeakable obligations which, as an American, I owe to the inhabitants of the Province of *Massachusetts Bay*, for the vigilance with which they have watched over, and the magnanimity with which they have maintained, the liberties of the British Colonies on this continent. A farmer.”¹

In South Carolina a committee of leading men like Gadsden, Laurens, Pinckney, Rutledge, and Lynch reported that the Massachusetts and Virginia circulars were “replete with duty and loyalty to his Majesty, respect for Parliament, attachment to Great Britain, care for the preservation of the rights of British subjects, and founded upon undeniable constitutional principles.”² Similar views were at once adopted, and although the Governor dissolved the Assembly, the “twenty-six” voters for the resolution were as popular as the Massachusetts “ninety-two.” November 10th, the reply of North Carolina reached Boston and the *Evening Post*³ remarked with satisfaction, “It completes the answer to our Circular Letter. The Colonies, no longer disconnected, form one body; a common sensation possesses the whole; the circulation is complete, and the vital fluid returns from whence it was sent out.”

On the 8th of July, a schooner arriving with molasses was boarded after dark by a party of thirty. The keepers were secured and the cargo seized, but afterwards restored through the efforts of the selectmen, Bernard remarking with a sneer, “We are not without a government, but it is in the hands of the people of the town.”³ The *Evening Post*⁴ toward the end of the month published the following

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, III, 22.

² *Our Country*, I, 651-2. Lossing.

³ *History of the U. S.*, III, 357. Bryant and Gay.

⁴ *Boston Evening Post*, July 25, August 1, 15, 1768.

letter addressed To the Hon. Tho. Cushing, Esq., late Speaker. "Sir, . . . You have Liberty if you think proper to make it Public, that the Representative of Kittery if he had been present would have made an addition to the Memorable No. 92. I am Sir, etc.,

JAMES GOWAN."

Others¹ of similar purport were received from Thomas Perkins of Arundel, John Wheelwright of Wells, Benjamin Chadburn of Berwick, and Zephania Leonard of Raynham.¹ Early in August,¹ on a Wednesday afternoon, the *Romney* sent a lieutenant and six men rowing after Paul Spear's lighter, bringing ballast from Nantasket, because he did not lower his peak. On being overhauled, Spear said he had no halyard, and was thereupon fired at four times with a musket and once with a cannon. Captain Corner, by way of explanation, merely prints in the *Chronicle* an extract from the law requiring¹ a salute.

Upon the anniversary of the organization of the Sons of Liberty fourteen salutes were fired at dawn. Two effigies had been strung up on the Liberty Tree; one representing Williams, the customs inspector, the other Charles Paxton, head of the board. This last was placarded,² "Every man's humble servant, but no man's friend." These were quietly removed, and at noon a crowd gathered beneath the wide-spreading branches of the elm and sang to the tune of "Hearts of Oak" Dickinson's already popular words:³

"Come, join hand in hand, brave AMERICANS all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair LIBERTY'S call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor AMERICA'S name.
In FREEDOM we're born and in FREEDOM we'll live,
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as SLAVES, but as FREEMEN, our Money we'll give."

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, July 25, August 1, 15, 1768.

² *Proceedings Bostonian Society*, January 13, 1891. Boston 1891. Published by the Society.

³ *Boston Chronicle*, August 29–September 5, 1768.

At the close, a contemporary account¹ tells us, "The fair Daughters of Liberty showed themselves at the neighboring windows with Smiles of Satisfaction." Fourteen toasts were presented with much ceremony, there was a flourish of French horns, and the cannon boomed until the number 92 had been completed. After which the gentry, "about 100," drove out to the Grayhound at Roxbury (*i.e.*, Greaton's on Washington Street, nearly opposite Warren), ate frugally while music played, and drank 45 additional toasts, the last¹ being:

"Every man under his own Vine! under his own Fig-Tree! None to make us afraid! And let all the People say AMEN!"

A tree was then consecrated to Liberty, and the party made "an agreeable Excursion around Jamaica Pond,"¹ during which they were saluted by cannon from a friend to the cause. At six they paraded through the streets of Boston, passing the Town-house before separating. The newspaper¹ concludes "The joy of the Day was manly, and an uninterrupted Regularity presided through the whole," although Bernard wrote over to England that the streets were thronged and the outcries "quite terrible."

The Governor was not careful of the truth and played² with the Council through the summer. If they would but drop their vain discussion of Parliament's supremacy, he assured them, he would use his influence against the revenue laws, and produced a letter to Hillsborough in favor of their petition. Although this was written, another went forward of an opposite tenor, explaining his temporizing policy. Hillsborough lent himself to the plot and despatched a pretended reply of encouragement to blind the Council, in which the King's name even appeared. While this trifling was going on, General Gage, in obedience to Hillsborough's orders, early in June placed several regiments at Bernard's disposal. Conditions were rapidly becoming acute and the

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, August 15, 22, 1768.

² *Our Country*, I, 655-6. Lossing.

Governor hesitated as to his course. At length the commissioners, wearying of their retreat in Castle William, relieved him of all responsibility by appealing directly to Gage in New York, and Commodore Hood in Halifax, for protection.¹ Their prayer was granted, and despite the unanimous disapproval of the Governor's Council, based upon an act of first of King William, which made it illegal² to maintain a standing army in times of peace, without consent of Parliament, preparations for the troops' reception were immediately set on foot. The *Romney*, Captain Corner, was presently reinforced by the *Beaver*, Captain Billings, and the *Senegal*, Captain Cookson; their arrival being anxiously noted by John Rowe, who was told³ personally by Bernard that he "had staved off the introducing troops as long as he could, but could do it no longer."

Early in September an officer arrived from Halifax and made inquiry as to possible quarters. On discovering his errand an empty nail barrel was placed on the "saddle" of the beacon as if to be fired when the soldiers drew near, but no opposition was offered when Sheriff Greenleaf appeared⁴ to take it down. Wishing to verify the flying rumors⁵ from Bernard's own mouth, Otis, the two Adams, and Hancock were deputed to wait on the Governor. Assured of the troops' coming, they desired that a special meeting of the Legislature might be called. By Lord Hillsborough's instructions the Legislature stood prorogued, until it was ready to vote contrary to its convictions and rescind. Bernard, therefore, declared he had no power in the matter and bowed the committee out. In this state of affairs the Boston selectmen took the lead and (September 12th) called a convention⁶ of delegates for the 22d. As a sample

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 135. Higgins.

² *War in America*, I, 163. Murray.

³ *Diary*, September 9th.

⁴ *Antiquities*, 745. Drake.

⁵ *Our Country*, I, 656. Lossing.

⁶ *Universal Magazine*, October, 1768.

of what passed in many a town, the following votes may be of interest:¹

"At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Brooklyn, Legally warn'd, Voted William Hyslop, Esq'r, Chosen Moderator, Voted To Choose a Committee man to Joine the Committee from the Several Towns at Faneuil Hall.

"Voted that Captain Benjamin White be the Committee man.

"Voted that This Meeting be Adjourned without Day."

When the delegates came together they were greeted by a letter from Bernard,² dated from the Province-house, "To the Gentlemen assembled at Faneuil Hall under the name of a Committee of Convention" — in which he states that he cannot "sit still" and see a meeting called by private persons. They might have gathered in ignorance of the law. If so, he bade them disperse, and "that instantly before you do any business, . . . For assure yourselves (I speak from instruction), the King is determined to maintain his entire sovereignty over this Province."

Ninety-six out of the ninety-seven towns in the Province were represented, Hatfield alone declining to participate. "We are not sensible,"² objected Oliver Partridge, her town clerk, "that the state of America is so alarming, or the state of this Province so materially different from what it was a few months since." "Their petitions," he continued, "must soon reach the royal ear." The last Wednesday in May would naturally bring about an Assembly, and "we cannot comprehend what pretence there can be of a proposed convention, unless the probability for a considerable number of regular troops being sent to this Province and an apprehension of their being quartered in your town . . . it was a matter of doubt and uncertainty, whether any were coming . . . if . . . for your defence, in case of a French war (as you tell us there is in the minds of many a prevailing apprehension . . .) or . . . for the protection of the new-acquired territories, is altogether

¹ *Brookline Records*, 222.

² *War in America*, I, 152, 165-8. Murray.

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uncertain . . . if your town meant sincerely, we can't see the need they had of interposing in military matters. . . . The governments have, in our opinion, consulted, and are pursuing the properest methods to obtain redress of their grievances; our duty is to wait with patience the event, unless we are determined to take the alternative. . . . Suffer us to observe, that in our opinion, the measures the town of Boston are pursuing . . . have a direct tendency to rivet our chains, and deprive us of our rights and privileges, which we, the inhabitants of this town, desire . . . and [we] hereby declare our loyalty to his present Majesty, and fidelity to our country; and that it is our firm resolution, to the utmost of our power, to maintain and defend our rights in every prudent and reasonable way, as far as is consistent with our duty to God and the King."

It is said¹ when one of the number asked what was meant by the constant references to "arms" and the "enemy," the speaker waved his hand toward a stack of four hundred town arms, lately brought from a lumber room and refurbished, with the words: "These are the Arms; when an attempt is made against your liberties they will be delivered; our declaration wants no explanation."

The next few days were full of annoyance to the Governor. He heard from Lord Hillsborough and General Gage as to the disposal of the coming troops, but met with no co-operation¹ from the Council. The constables, he was told, should scatter the soldiers about at the various public houses. "Better still," suggested the selectmen, hopefully, "keep them all out of the way, at the Castle." So matters rested, despite his best efforts, on the eve of their arrival. On the very day² the convention broke up, to Bernard's great satisfaction, six men-o'-war came to anchor in Nantasket Roads. Others followed, until, with the transports, "about 14" ships encircled the hardy little town.³

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 140, 143. Higgins.

² *War in America*, I, 170. Murray.

³ *Tudor's Diary*, 27. Tudor.

Never had the harbor been so gay and rowboats flocked about the newcomers, watching the stir on board by day and the rocket signals by night. Calling a Council meeting at the Castle, Thursday the 29th, in the presence of the fleet commanders, the Governor made one more attempt to adjust matters. Colonel Dalrymple "very genteelly" expressed a hope he was "coming among friends,"¹ and while it was possibly true in a sense that the Castle was "in the town" and so the right place for quartering his men, he did not so read his orders; and he was used to mind his orders, not to dispute them. He should therefore take his men into the town, and if the Town-house only was forthcoming for quarters, they must be put there, but he could not be answerable for their behavior thus away from their officers' eyes. When the room had been cleared the Governor asked why was not the Manufactory House a feasible building, and desired authority at the Crown's charges to make it available. The Council refused in writing and he then assigned it on his own authority. Unhappily, Lieutenant-Colonel William Dalrymple and Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice Carr, the officers in command, had been led to expect forcible resistance, so that from the outset they were hopelessly at odds with the townspeople. On the 30th, sixteen rounds a man were furnished,² the vessels swung round presenting their broadsides, and under cover of their guns, at noon, the landing was begun. Dalrymple's regiment, the 14th, was the first ashore, and marched up King Street to the Town-house, where it halted until Carr's, the 29th, joined them. They then made their way to the Common, followed a little later by two companies of the 59th under³ Captain Wilson, and a train of artillery, with two field pieces; in all some eight hundred men. They marched with muskets charged and bayonets fixed, their colors flying, drums beating, and music playing. "In short," says Deacon

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 151-3. Higgins.

² *John Hancock His Book*, 161-2. Brown.

³ *Universal Magazine*, November, 1768.

Tudor,¹ "they made a gallant appearance." Almost at once the officers and the selectmen were involved in a dispute as to quartering the men. While the barracks in the harbor were vacant the town could not be compelled to find other lodgings. Secure in this knowledge, Rowe² tells us, they "did not think themselves obliged to take cognizance for their being quartered in town."

At this time there stood on the easterly corner of Hamilton Place and Tremont Street, or Long Acre, a two-story brick building known as the Linen Manufactory House.³ It was entered from the side street by a flight of double stone steps, handsomely railed, and the west wall was ornamented with the figure of a woman holding a distaff. For twelve years past the house had been leased from the Province by Elisha Brown, a weaver, and here he had his home,⁴ "which the wind and the rain might enter but which the King could not enter."

This building had been noted by the officer sent on in advance, and the troops had no sooner broke ranks than Lieutenant Cooper⁵ of the 14th hurried across the street to look at the factory. Finding the rooms to his mind the young officer intimated that the colonel wished immediate possession. Brown demurred and was carried before Dalrymple on the Common. Here he was told the Governor had given orders for clearing the building, but the matter was courteously waived for the moment. As the afternoon went on the 29th regiment, which had brought its tents along, set them up and made themselves¹ comfortable. The 14th, having no camp fittings, left the Common at sunset and marched to Faneuil Hall, where they stood about two hours. At last, near nine o'clock, the shivering men were taken pity on by the Sons of Liberty,⁶ who threw open the doors and invited them in.

¹ *Diary*, 28. Tudor.

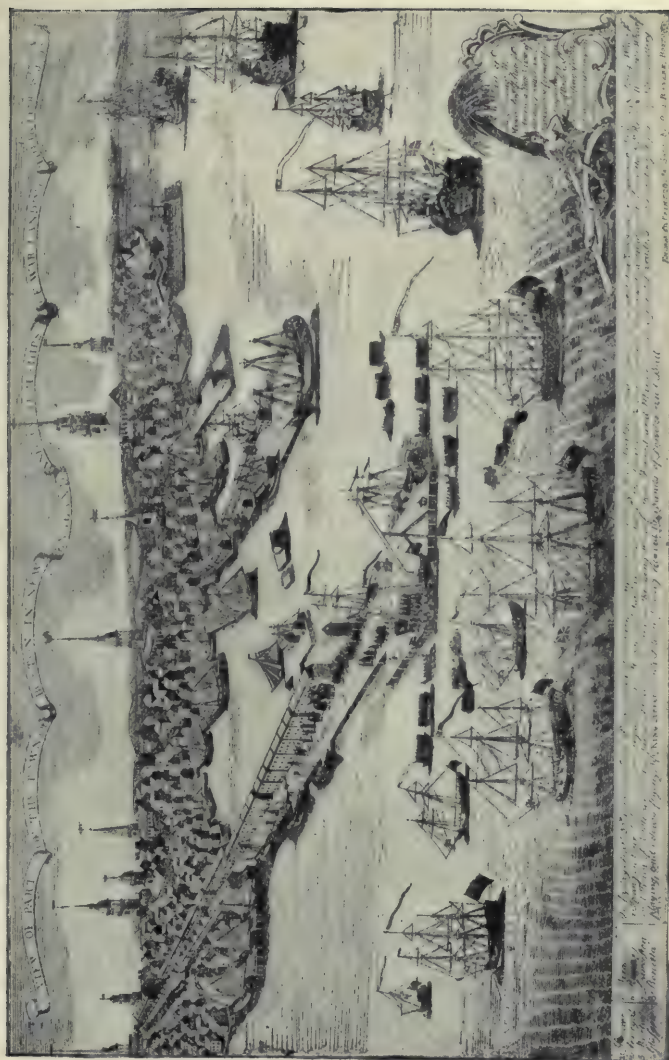
² *Letters and Diary*, 176. Ed. Anne Rowe Cunningham. Boston, 1903: W. B. Clarke Company.

³ *Landmarks of Boston*, 301, 303. Drake.

⁴ Richard Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

⁵ *Boston Evening Post*, October 3, 1768.

⁶ *Our Country*, II, 665. Lossing.



BRITISH TROOPS LANDED

The men of the 59th had meanwhile taken shelter in Robert Gordon's stores ¹ on Griffin's wharf. On Sunday, by the Governor's orders, the troops were not only admitted to the Town-house, but to the Representatives ² Chamber itself. That same day ³ John Rowe mentions an irritating encounter at the Coffee House, where he "was smartly accosted" by Captain Dundass, commander of an armed schooner, the *St. Lawrence*, one of the fleet just arrived, in the following words: "Huh, John, are you there? Dammy, I expected to hear of your being hanged before now, for damn you, you deserve it." "Upon which I made reply, 'Surely, Captain Dundass, you're joking.' Upon which he answered, no, damn him if he was, for 'you are a damn incendiary, and I hope to see you hanged yet in your shoes.' . . . I thought it prudent not to take any notice of it just then, but come home to dinner."

Much resentment was felt at Bernard's duplicity. October 6th, Deacon Tudor writes in his Diary: ² "Last evening the picture of Governor Bd. hanging in College Hall, [old Massachusetts] had a piece cut out of the Breast, like a Heart, & a Note left, giving the Reason," *i.e.*, "that it was a most charitable attempt to deprive him of that part, which a Retrospect upon his Administration must have rendered exquisitely painful."⁴

A few days later the guard-house on the Neck was pulled down by unknown hands.⁵ Shortly after,² General Gage's chariot, drawn by four horses, came whirling across the Neck on the last stage from New York, surrounded and preceded by mounted aide-de-camps, and the Commander-in-Chief was joyfully welcomed by a salute of seventeen guns on the Common.

There was much dining out, and the families whose sympathies had all along leaned toward the Government party courted the officers' company and did not disguise

¹ *Diary*. Rowe.

³ *Diary*, October 2d.

² *Tudor's Diary*, 28. Tudor.

⁴ *Boston Evening Post*, Dec. 19, 1768.

⁵ *Diary*. Rowe. October 10th.

their preference for dazzling uniforms over plain homespun. General Gage was all complacency and we find him presently standing godfather to one of the Hon. John Temple's children.¹ Dalrymple received visits from Otis, Hancock, and Rowe, and flattered himself that he was much "the fashion" and that they were "crying *peccavi*."² At first Governor Bernard seems to have even hoped that he could buy up the leaders and crush out all opposition. But he was soon undeceived. John Hancock tore up the commission³ tendering him a seat in the Council, and John Adams³ did not hesitate to refuse the appointment of Advocate-General in the Court of Admiralty.

As the season advanced, Gage foresaw the importance of coming to a clear understanding about quarters. He therefore warned the Council that two additional regiments of seven hundred and fifty men each were on their way from Ireland, and asked what provision they proposed to make. Casting about for a likely building, one of the councillors suggested the Manufactory House had already met with the officers' approval, and it was finally voted six to five that it be assigned.² Accordingly, armed with an order from the Governor, in the afternoon of October 17th Sheriff Greenleaf and Chief Justice Hutchinson⁴ appeared before Brown's door, but found their entrance barred. Putting his head out of the hall window, Brown said he had not received legal warning, and nothing save force should make him leave unless required by the General Court from whom he held. Hutchinson told him the Governor and Council were the remaining power of the Province and he was ill-advised to linger. The sheriff then walked up the easternmost stairs, rapped, and returned and read the minute of the Council's vote. Meanwhile Brown kept his doors and windows fast, the weavers leaving the cellar by a window

¹ *Diary*. Rowe. October 23d.

² *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 155, 160. Higgins.

³ *Our Country*, I, 657. Lossing.

⁴ *Boston Evening Post*, Oct. 24, 1768.

on the east side. The next day, Thursday, between twelve and one, the sheriff came to the east end of the factory and spied a weaver just slipping out by the window. The weaver tried to thwart Greenleaf, but the sheriff pushed him aside and entered, sword in hand. Brown tried in his turn to keep him out, but a loom came in his way. Two deputies and a servant now sprang in to assist the sheriff, and Brown beat a retreat to the upper floor, securing the door behind him. Word was at once carried to the officer of the picquet on the Common, and sentries set at the doors and gate. A guard of ten men was posted in the cellar, and an additional company left to keep the street clear. Strict orders were given that no person should be allowed to enter the house, although any who chose might leave. The paper¹ says that even bread and water were denied the household Friday morning, and Dr. Church's apprentice was hustled while trying to take in medicine. The Brown children crying at the window, however, created so much sympathy, later in the day some food was thrown in without objection being made.

Saturday, the 22d, the Council met and sent a deputation of seven to apprise the Governor he had exceeded their intent. Accordingly, that evening most of the soldiers were removed, although a few were still stationed at a window and in the cellar. This, apparently, left billeting as the only recourse. Laying the matter once more before the Council, the Governor was again informed they declined to act while the Castle was unoccupied. Bernard showed that this was held in reserve for the two Irish regiments, and asked what they proposed to do for those on the spot. As a result of this last deliberation, ten voted against general billeting and two declined to act single-handed. The futile effort had consumed thirty-eight days; indeed some supposed the Council would gladly have seen the Governor wearied into an unseemly clash which could have given them a handle against him.² But Bernard seems to have

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, Oct. 24. 1768.

² *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 157. Higgins.

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acted with prudence, and in the dilemma General Gage issued a commission for the placing of the troops, with the consent of the owners, in suitable winter quarters.

October 27th the streets were filled with squads of soldiers, the 14th regiment left Faneuil Hall for fresh quarters on Pitt's wharf and the 29th joyfully struck their tents and marched away to Green's lane, New Boston (the present West End). The same day fifteen councillors presented an address to Gage urging the withdrawal of the troops, as uncalled for. He replied the town must make up its mind to a permanent garrison of four regiments to protect the loyalists, and added he "hoped the future behavior of the people would justify the best construction of past actions."¹

On November 4th the last soldier was drawn off from the Manufactory and Brown was left master of the field. Small wonder that his gravestone in the old Granary should triumphantly record:²

[Here lies] ELISHA BROWN of BOSTON.
who in Octr 1769, during 17 days
inspired with
a generous zeal for the LAWS
bravely and successfully
opposed a whole British Regt.
in their violent attempt
to FORCE him from his
legal Habitation.
Happy Citizen when call'd
Singley
to be a Barrier to the Liberties
of a Continent.

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² "Ye Ancient Burial Grounds of Boston." Cox. *New England Magazine*, January, 1893.

CHAPTER IV

CONTENTIONS WITH GOVERNOR BERNARD

HOOD, as a bluff sailor man, could make nothing of Bernard's policy and wrote to Grenville that though the Governor had much cunning he had lost his road¹ through his many turnings and doublings. The non-support of his Council, indeed, was regarded by Bernard as the beginning of the end, and we can well believe that he chafed at being detained at his post by Government now that the troops were arrived; indeed Hood comments¹ on the "earnest looks" with which he "followed the ship" that was to have borne him thence. Under other conditions his ability and kindly interest in local affairs would have placed him among the highest in public regard. But unhappily in the exercise of his duty as part of the governmental system an issue was bound to arise with the defenders of the Colony.

October 31st, Gage wrote to Lord Hillsborough that the Constitution of Massachusetts was so democratic it gave the Governor little chance to control disorders. Bernard by the same mail wrote, "I told Cushing, the Speaker, some months ago, that they were got to the edge of rebellion, and advised them not to step over the line," and closes dismally,² "I am now at sea again in the old weather-beaten boat, with the wind blowing as hard as ever." Not long after, the commissioners of customs announced that they would shortly return from the Castle and open an office in Concert Hall, on the southerly corner of Hanover Street, under the protection of a sentinel; causing one of the news-

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 169. Higgins.

² "The Sam Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston." Richard Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

papers¹ to observe slyly "so the town [will] be again blessed with the fruits of the benevolence of the Board, as well as an example of true politeness and breeding." About the same time such soldiers as had overrun the Town-house, and hustled, whether they would or no, the merchants in the Exchange on the lower floor, were removed to the late James Smith's sugar refinery which stood on Brattle Street, between the Church and Wing's Lane. This was rented¹ to them at £15 a month, by Smith's brother-in-law, James Murray, and in consequence went indifferently by the name of Smith's or Murray's Barracks. Throughout this trying period the forbearance of Boston was praised in the London papers. "By this wise and excellent conduct," said one, "you have disappointed your enemies, and convinced your friends that an entire reliance is to be placed on the supporters of freedom at Boston, in every occurrence, however delicate or dangerous."² In the height of their troubles, Sam Adams had written to the *Boston Gazette*:² "It is always safe to adhere to the law, and to keep every man of every denomination and character within its bounds. Not to do this would be in the highest degree imprudent. What will it be but to depart from the straight line, to give up the law and the Constitution, which is fixed and stable, and is the collected and long-digested sentiment of the whole, and to substitute in its place the opinion of individuals, than which nothing can be more uncertain?" Otis, when a Boston placard called on the Sons of Liberty to "rise and fight for their rights," asserting they "would be joined by legions," reminded his hearers, in town meeting, that "their forefathers, in the beginning of the reign of Charles I., for fifteen years together, were continually offering up prayers to their God, and petitions to their King, for redress of grievances, before they would partake themselves to any forcible measures."³ Truly, as Frothingham has

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, December 19, 1768.

² Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

³ *Our Country*, I, 639. Lossing.

said,¹ "this respect for Law, when Liberty was as a live coal from the divine altar, adhered to so faithfully for years, in spite, too, of goadings by those who wielded British power, but forgot American right, must be regarded as remarkable."

November 10th, Colonel John Pomeroy, with part of the 64th and 65th Irish regiments from Cork, arrived and were quartered in a warehouse on Wheelwright's wharf.¹ November 13th, Commodore Samuel Hood also arrived, and disposed the fleet for the winter. A fortnight later, satisfied that all was in good trim, General Gage² departed. The commissioners had emerged from the Castle determined to break Hancock. Upon trumped-up charges of irregularity, the *Liberty* was condemned and attached to the revenue service. Malcolm was next seized, and Hancock himself³ arrested by Arodi Thayer, marshal of the Court of Admiralty, on a pretext for £900, thrice the value of the cargo; bail was held at upward of £3000, which was provided. It seemed to John Adams, who acted as his counsel, "as if the Court of Admiralty were determined to examine the whole town as witnesses." They even threatened "to summon his amiable and venerable Aunt, the relict of his Uncle Thomas Hancock."⁴ Part of the defence was based on the injustice of enforcing a statute which Hancock had neither voted for himself nor voted for any man to make for him. He adds, "A painful drudgery I had of his case and not a charge was established." Collision with the sailors from the war ships was inevitable and December 5th Rowe enters in his diary, "Be it remembered that Sir Thomas Rich of the *Senegal* pressed all Captain Dashwood's hands." It was a hard winter to worry through. Scarce a week went by without annoyance⁵ from the soldiery.

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *Diary*, November 24th. Rowe.

³ *Antiquities*, 755. Drake.

⁴ *Diary*, II, 215-16. C. F. Adams.

⁵ *Boston Evening Post*, January 30, 23, February 6, 1769.

Time and again we read of some of the principal gentlemen with their ladies, or several young gentlemen quietly passing to their homes, lantern in hand, being challenged as they drew near a guard-house and detained if they saw no occasion to reply. A knot of sailors going along in company with a woman would be stopped and some soldier impudently assert the woman was his wife, and the whole party come to blows.¹ Again and again frightened women and unarmed men would run for the nearest house, and take shelter in the entry-way. Often the people living there, on bringing a candle to the door, would be roughly dealt with. Drunkenness and robbery increased, and the town was grieved beyond words.

Meanwhile the feeling in England was that the landing of the troops had saved the day. A view in which they were supported by Hutchinson, who, after stating,² "perhaps if New York had no troops the people would run riot as we did," concludes, "five or six men-o'-war, and three or four regiments disturb nobody, but some of our grave people, who do not love assemblies and concerts, and cannot bear the noise of drums upon a Sunday. I know I have not slept in town any three months these two years, in so much tranquillity, as I have done the three months since the troops came."

In December, Bernard wrote home,³ "it is not like soon, perhaps ever, to happen again . . . so fair an opportunity for the supreme power to reform the constitution of this subordinate government." In a letter of the 23d, marked "confidential," he proposed that the justices who held the quartering of troops illegal should be dismissed, and that the leaders of the September convention, viz., James Otis, Moderator; Joseph Jackson, John Ruddock, John Hancock, John Rowe, Samuel Pemberton, William Cooper, Thomas Cushing, Speaker, and Sam Adams, be censured

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, May 1, February 6, 20, 1769.

² *Annals*, 167. Morse.

³ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

and disqualified for future membership in the Legislature. "The giving these men a check," says he,¹ "would make them less capable of doing more mischief, — would really be salutary to themselves, as well as advantageous to the government." This letter was unsigned and enclosed in another, dated Christmas Eve, 1768, to Under-Secretary John Pownall—brother of the Ex-Governor—in which he enjoined great secrecy.

The General Court was busy at this time² drawing up letters to Shelburne, Conway, Rockingham, Camden, Chatham, and the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Their petition to the King is said to have been drafted by Sam Adams, running in part: "If your Majesty's subjects here shall be deprived of the honor and privilege of voluntarily contributing their aid to your Majesty, in supporting your government and authority in the Province, and defending and securing your rights and territories in America, which they have always hitherto done with the utmost cheerfulness; if these acts of Parliament shall remain in force, and your Majesty's Commons in Great Britain shall continue to exercise the power of granting the property of their fellow subjects in this Province; your people must then regret their unhappy fate in having only the name of free subjects. With all humility we conceive that a representation of this Province in Parliament, considering their local circumstances, is utterly impracticable. Your Majesty has therefore been graciously pleased to order your requisitions to be laid before the representatives of your people in the General Assembly, who have never failed to afford the necessary aid, to the extent of their ability, and sometimes beyond it, and it would be ever grievous to your Majesty's faithful subjects, to be called upon in a way that should appear to them to imply a distrust of their most ready and willing compliance."

All hopes founded on a favorable reception of this peti-

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *History of the U. S.*, I, 288. Spencer.

tion were dashed in January when the Boston *Post Boy* brought out an extra with the King's speech to Parliament representing¹ the townsfolk "in a state of disobedience to all law and government." Henry Stanley,² speaking in the Commons, said their acts "called loudly for . . . correction. . . . The difficulties in governing Massachusetts are insurmountable, unless its charter and laws shall be so changed as to give to the King the appointment of the Council and to the sheriffs the sole power of returning juries." Lord Barrington asserted² "the Americans were worse than traitors against the Crown, traitors against the legislature of Great Britain." "We have but one word," Ex-Governor Pownall wrote¹ despairingly to Dr. Cooper, "I will not call it an idea, — that is, our sovereignty; and it is like some word to a madman which, whenever mentioned, throws him into his ravings, and brings on a paroxysm."

There was little to be hoped for from the ministry. Shelburne had been turned out because of too liberal views, and, since Townshend's death in 1767, at the early age of forty-one, the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer had devolved on the eldest son of the Earl of Guilford, Lord North. When Alderman Beckford² cried, "Let the nation return to its good old nature and its old good humor; it were best to repeal the late acts and conciliate the Colonies by moderation and kindness," Lord North² cried: "There has been no proof of any real return of friendship on the part of the Americans; they will give you no credit for affection. . . . If America is to be the judge, you must tax in no instance! . . . I am against repealing the last act of Parliament, securing to us a revenue out of America! I will never think of repealing it, until I see America prostrate at my feet." Even Camden recommended if a repeal was thought of, Boston should be excepted from its provisions. "There is no pretence for violence anywhere," said

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *Our Country*, II, 667. Lossing.

he,¹ "but at Boston; that is the ringleading Province; and if any country is to be chastised the punishment ought to be levelled there."

Well might Shippen mourn¹ in the *Gazette*: "To assert the most undoubted rights of human nature, and of the British Constitution they term faction; and having embarrassed a free government by their impolitic measures, they fly to military power." All Englishmen, however, were not of the same mind, and Thomas Hollis wrote with a juster appreciation of the truth:¹ "The people of Boston and of Massachusetts Bay are, I suppose, take them as a body, the soberest, most knowing, virtuous people, at this time upon earth. All of them hold Revolutionary principles, and were to a man, till disgusted by the Stamp Act, the stanchest friends to the House of Hanover and subjects of King George III."

Through the winter the controversy raged on without interruption. Edmund Burke² strongly opposed the oppressive measures; even Grenville declared it was illegal to insist on the rescinding of the circular letter. Lord North and Lord Hillsborough, on the contrary, wished to reduce the unruly Colony to utter subjection, and the Duke of Bedford, supported by Lord Mansfield, thought the best course would be to revive an obsolete statute of Henry VIII. and to seize the Boston ringleaders and carry them off among strangers in England for trial as traitors. Hillsborough had already written to Bernard,¹ "If any man or set of men have been daring enough to declare openly that they will not submit to the authority of Parliament, it is of great consequence that his Majesty's servants should know who and what they are." Lord Barrington¹ was hopeful that five or six arrests, all at Boston, would be sufficient. "The talk is strong of bringing them over and trying them by impeachment," wrote³ Jasper Mauduit,

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 145. Hosmer.

³ *Samuel Adams*, 46. Fallows.

from London, to Hutchinson; "do you write me word of their being seized, and I will send you an account of their being hanged." Burke indignantly protested: "Can you not trust the juries of that country? If you have not a party among two millions of people, you must either change your plans of government, or renounce¹ the Colonies forever." Ex-Governor Pownall likewise vainly strove against the resolution, which passed the Commons early in the New Year by 161 yeas to 65 nays.

In February, a strong ministerial majority in the Lords pronounced the Boston meetings of June 14th and September 12th illegal, and the Governor was called upon for a full report of all treasonable and suspicious acts since December, 1767, with the offenders' names,² that they might be brought over-seas. Nothing could have afforded Bernard greater satisfaction. On one day we find him² assuring Hillsborough "a chief of the faction said he was always for gentle measures; for he was only for driving the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor out of the Province, and taking the government into their own hands. Judge, my Lord, what must be the measures proposed by others, when this is called a gentle measure." The next day he rattles as to Edes and Gill,² "they may be said to be no more than mercenary printers but they have been and still are the trumpets of sedition." He then proposes that they should be seized, and forwards a file of their journal from August 14th, 1767, for inspection.

In the middle of February the selectmen desired to know whereof they had been accused.² "If you can vindicate yourselves," retorted the Governor, "from such charges as may arise from your own publications, you will in my opinion have nothing further to apprehend." They then pressed the Governor to tell them wherein any public transactions had exceeded the law. No specific charge could be lodged, and that the town knew well. Bernard

¹ Samuel Adams, 45. Fallows.

² Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

had been unable to lay before Hillsborough a single act that amounted to actual treason, although,¹ as he writes, "many approached very near to it."

Spring opened at length, and one windy day in March the people of Providence² read on their Liberty Tree an appeal by Sam Adams in which he is said to have first intimated the possibility of coming strife. "I cannot but think," so it concludes, "that the conduct of Old England towards us may be permitted by Divine Wisdom and ordained by the unsearchable providence of the Almighty, for hastening a period dreadful to Great Britain." We can believe he came slowly to the conviction that nothing short of Independence could afford the Colonies permanent relief. Few at this date were prepared to go the same length. Even later,—as we learn from a tavern keeper's wife, Mrs. Burroughs,³ who had hidden in a closet and listened to one of the liberty councils,—Adams struggled single-handed against the doubts and fears, prejudices and illusive hopes of his closest associates.

At the annual⁴ town meeting in March, Otis, Sam Adams, Cushing, Richard Dana, Joseph Warren, John Adams, and Samuel Quincy were chosen a committee to prepare an address to the King. The removal of the troops was requested, and attention called to the fact that no prisoner had been rescued and grievous duties had been paid. Great confidence was expressed in his Majesty's wisdom and the justice of Parliament, notwithstanding the misrepresentation they suffered under. They ended by asking that the Governor's entire correspondence might be made public, certain compromising letters having come to light and aroused widespread distrust and resentment.

While these doings were still on men's tongues, there was fresh cause⁴ for excitement. On the morning of April

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² Samuel Adams, 45. Fallows.

³ *Life of Revere*, I, 113. Goss.

⁴ *Annals*, 212-16. Morse.

22d, the *Rose* frigate, twenty guns, commanded by Captain Benjamin Caldwell, later an Admiral, was cruising some seven leagues off Cape Ann¹ when the *Pitt* packet, owned by Mr. Hooper of Marblehead, came in sight, on her return voyage from Bilboa with a cargo of Cadiz salt. By about six o'clock the packet had come abreast of the *Rose*, when suddenly² two swivels and a gun were discharged, and she brought to. Lieutenant Panton and a midshipman were at once sent off in command of a press gang to board her and seize recruits. Running his eye over the crew mustered on deck, Lieutenant Panton asked the skipper, Thomas Power (Poor), "Are here all?" He made no reply. Going into the cabin, Panton next asked for the ship's papers.² A bill of health, only, was shown and he now learned there were eight men aboard. Having asked for the log book, Panton told the skipper to see that his hatches were uncovered and then ordered the midshipman, Mr. Peacock, to take two of his men and search the main hold. Nothing was amiss here; tramping forward, however, a scuttle was noticed in the forepeak and lifted, disclosing² four men below, armed with a hatchet, harpoon, fishgig, and musket.

Panton urged them to come out and make way for his search-party, but the men said they'd die where they were first. A second time he asked them to come out peaceably, and was answered, "If you use force, your lamp shall go out first." Hearing this, the cutter pushed off for help. And Panton, as if concerned solely with the cargo, held out a candle and asked one of the sailors to tilt it² so he might see in. One of them turned it about where he stood, but the opening was cramped and dark and the lieutenant again attempted to go down. The crew standing about now interfered, and when Panton asked for the loan of an axe to break the bulkhead in, told him they'd sooner lend it to scalp him.

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, May 1, 1769.

² *Boston Chronicle*, April 27 to May 1, 1769.

Hot words followed, ended at last by one of the crew marking a line and forbidding the lieutenant to cross it at his peril. With a half contemptuous smile Panton drew out his snuff-box¹ and told the skipper curtly he had ten minutes in which to make up his mind whether he would surrender the sailors or no. The moments ran by. On the one side stood the haughty young officer in his glittering gold lace, backed by sturdy man-o'-war's men; on the other the Marblehead crew, bronzed by their southern cruise. When the time was up and the men still refused to surrender themselves, Panton cried sharply, "Fire," and the midshipman, aiming at random, broke one of the sailors' arms. At the same instant the lieutenant, pressing forward across the line, had his jugular vein severed by a harpoon hurled by Corbett. As he fell, mortally wounded, Corbett was almost blinded by receiving a pistol charge of powder² full in the face. In the lull that followed, Peacock and a couple of men carried Panton below to the cabin,¹ where he soon died. For the moment the boarders held back, but reinforcements were presently sent from the frigate, and in the end the four sailors were dragged away in irons to stand trial before the Court of Admiralty for piracy and murder on the high seas. The packet was then taken in charge by Captain Caldwell and the lieutenant's body taken to Boston for burial.²

The trial came off in June before³ Governor Bernard; Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire; the Judge of Admiralty, Auchmuty; Commodore Hood (Sir Samuel, later Admiral, Hood, of the navy, whose huge nose once caused a child, blamed for staring, to exclaim, "La! Ma! I can't help it!"),⁴ and fifteen counsellors, among whom⁵ were Hon. Jona. Warner and George Jaffrey, Esq., of the New Hampshire Council; Hon. John Andrews, Esq., Judge

¹ *Boston Chronicle*, April 27 to May 1, 1769.

² *Boston Evening Post*, May 1, 1769.

³ *Annals*, 213. Morse.

⁴ The source for this has not been found.

⁵ *Evening Post*, June 19, 1769.

of the Court of Vice-Admiralty of Rhode Island; Andrew Oliver, Secretary of Massachusetts; Joseph Harrison, Collector of Customs in Boston; John Nutting, Collector for Salem; and Robert Trail, Collector for Portsmouth. The Crown was represented by Jonathan Sewall, and the sailors by their counsel, John Adams. Adams tells¹ us, before either side could speak, Hutchinson, who seemed "hurried between his terrors of the Crown and dread of unpopularity," started up and with a countenance "expressive of the designs and passions, the fears and apprehensions, that agitated and tormented his soul, moved that the court should adjourn to the Council Chamber." The counsel and audience were dismissed, and the court remained till late in the evening in secret conclave and again the following morning.

When the Court opened, Governor Bernard pronounced that the sailors' plea for a jury was granted. Witnesses were then called, and those of either side agreed in their tale, after which Adams took the floor. He says:¹ "I had ransacked every writer on the civil law that the town of Boston possessed; examined every authority in the laws of England upon the subject; and, superadded to all, brought forward that volume of the British statutes at large [the only copy at that time in Massachusetts, a set imported for the prisoners]¹ which contained the *Act of Parliament which expressly prohibited the impressment of seamen in America*. All these books were piled up on the table in the face of the court." He opened by saying he should show the act to have been "nothing more than *justifiable homicide, in necessary self-defence*." At these words¹ Hutchinson rose hastily and moved the Court be adjourned to the Council Chamber, where it remained closeted the rest of the day. The following day, Governor Bernard, the president of the court, "arose and with a countenance so solemn and so gloomy as made the audience shudder,

¹ *Annals*, 213-6. Morse.

announced to the prisoners by name¹ [Michael Corbett, Pierce Fenning, Wm. Conner, and John Ryan]: the Court have considered the evidence in support of the libel against you, and are unanimously of opinion that it amounts only to *justifiable homicide*. You are accordingly acquitted, and discharged from your imprisonment." Not another word was said, except by Mr. Auchmuty, the Judge of Admiralty, who cried out, "The court is unanimous in this opinion." As Adams left the building, at the foot of the stairway, the boatswain of the *Rose* came frankly forward, and said,² "Sir, we are all greatly obliged to you for your noble conduct in defence of these brave fellows; yet, Sir, this is the employment in which I have been almost constantly engaged for twenty years, fighting with honest men to deprive them of their liberty. I always thought I ought to be hanged for it, and now I know it."

Meanwhile the Hon. Alexander MacKay, M.P., colonel of the 65th regiment, had arrived, April 30th, and taken command of the Castle. A few days later the election of representatives took place, and acting upon a suggestion from the selectmen, by his orders the soldiers were confined³ to their barracks. The general tone of the several representatives' instructions⁴ may be gathered from those given to Joshua Orne and John Gallison by the little town of Marblehead, which ran in part:

"(1) . . . endeavor to have removed everything that has the least tendency to awe or control the freedom of debate. . . .

"(2) to the utmost of your ability . . . promote every measure which may heal the unhappy breach with our mother country, and endeavor to have things once more placed upon their ancient footing; to which end use your best endeavors to refute the misrepresentations which

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, May 29, 1769.

² *Annals*, 215. Morse.

³ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

⁴ *History and Traditions of Marblehead*, 91. Samuel Roads, Jr. Marblehead, 1897: press of N. Allen Lindsey & Co.

have been made of the Province to the government at home. . . .

“(3) That you by no means comply with any requisition demanding a reimbursement for any part of the charges sustained by the bringing of troops into this Province; as we cannot conceive to what purpose they were introduced.” . . .

At the end of the month the Legislature met. Of one hundred and twenty members, Bernard reported not above ten could be counted on as friends to Government. At nine o'clock, after being sworn in, the court proceeded to the choice of a clerk, the Speaker, and twenty-eight councillors. At ten, the Governor held a reception¹ at the Province House and at noon he attended at the Council Chamber, approved of the Speaker, and accompanied the House to an Election Sermon at the Old Brick Church, after which the ceremonies of the day concluded with a dinner at Faneuil Hall.

With regard to the new councillors, Bernard wrote,¹ by a snow bound for Glasgow, “I have negatived eleven, among which are two old Councillors, Brattle and Bowdoin, the managers of all the late opposition in the Council to the King’s government. There is not now one man in the Council who has either power or spirit to oppose the faction; and the friends of government are so thin in the House, that they wont attempt to make any opposition; so that Otis, Adams, etc., are now in full possession of this government.” It is said² that the liberal party in Boston were informed from time to time by Junius Americanus in London of what was impending, by letters disguised in coarse paper wrappings addressed to Thomas Bromfield, Glover; by which means they could readily checkmate the Governor’s moves. Nearly at the end of his patience, Bernard urged the Legislature to “save time and money by expedition;”³ who replied through Sam Adams: “No Time

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *American Revolution*, I, 275. Gordon.

³ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 189. Higgins.

can be better employed than in the preservation of the rights derived from the British Constitution, and insisting upon points which, though your Excellency may consider them as non-essential, we esteem its best bulwarks. No treasure can be better expended than in securing that true old English liberty which gives such a zest to every other employment."

Upon the King's birthday the Governor held a reception at the Province House, the 14th, 29th, and 64th regiments paraded on the Common, and a ball was given in the evening at Concert Hall. The festivities¹ were barely at an end when despatches were received from England empowering Gage to use his discretion in regard to the removal of the troops. On the top of this, the Governor was ordered to return home and give an account of his stewardship. A disquieting whisper ran about that Grenville had sent Commissioner Temple word that Bernard was out of favor and a speedy dissolution of the Board of Customs might be looked for. The 64th and 65th regiments were immediately hurried off to Halifax by Gage, and Bernard was desired to state in writing what should be done with the two left behind.¹ At this time a general guard-house stood at the head of King Street, opposite the southerly windows of the Town-house. When the Assembly settled down to business they were incensed at the sight of cannon trained to command the doorway by which they passed in and out. The interruption from squads, marching to and from their posts, was incessant, and the members complained to the Governor, praying that they might be relieved of the soldiers' presence, at least during the session. "An armament by sea and land investing the metropolis," they objected,² "is inconsistent with that dignity, as well as that freedom, with which we have a right to deliberate, consult, and determine." Pending a reply, all proceedings were suspended. This protest was accompanied by one from one hundred and forty-two citizens¹ urging that the

¹ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

² *Annals*, 153-4. Morse.

troops should be totally withdrawn. Bernard durst not be left without military support, however, although he wrote to Gage he was willing one of the regiments should be stationed in the harbor. That being the case, Gage decided both should remain in town. At the same time a compromise was effected with the Legislature, which adjourned, June 16th, to Cambridge and held its meetings in the College Chapel, where a resolve was straightway passed,¹ "That whoever gave order for Quartering even Common Soldiers and Camp Women in the Court-house in Boston, and in the Representatives Chamber, where some of the principal Archives of the Government had been usually deposited, making a Barrack of the same, placing a Main Guard with cannon pointed near the said House and Sentinel at the Door, designed a high Insult and a triumphant Indication that the Military power was Master of the whole Legislative."

In a petition to the King they further complained of the grievance that councillors and justices of the courts should "be daily interrupted and even challenged in their Proceeding to the business of their Several Departments."²

Thinking that a more tactful Governor would materially promote a good understanding, the representatives ventured to petition for Bernard's recall. At this stage the Governor came before them and announced briefly that he was on the eve of sailing for England, but he should expect an appropriation³ made for his salary as usual. He then presented Gage's statement of expenses incurred in housing the troops, and demanded an immediate settlement with a liberal provision for the future, and took his leave. The members felt they could oblige in neither particular consistent with their duty to their constituents.

Otis, looking into the grave and troubled faces before

¹ *Antiquities*, 763. Drake.

² *Re-dedication of the Old State House, Boston, July 11, 1882*, 221. Boston, 1889. Printed by Order of the Council.

³ *Annals*, 154. Morse.

him, offered¹ what encouragement he could. "The times are dark and trying," said he. "We may soon be called on in turn to act or to suffer. You should study and emulate the models of ancient patriotism. To you your country may one day look for support, and you should recollect that the noblest of all duties is to serve that country, and if necessary to devote your lives in her cause." Nerved by his words, when called upon a few days later for a final answer, the House replied² without hesitation: "Of all the new regulations, the Stamp Act not excepted, this under consideration is most excessively unreasonable. Your Excellency must therefore excuse us in this express declaration, that, as we cannot consistently with our honor and interest, much less with the duty we owe to our constituents, so we never will, make provision for the purposes in your several messages above mentioned."

This letter despatched, the case of a prisoner rescued by the soldiers was brought up for discussion, and an investigating committee had just been appointed when Secretary Oliver brought word that the Governor was at the Court-house and desired their presence. When the whole body,³ with the Speaker at their head, had arrived, he, without ado, told the members the Court stood prorogued until January, 1770. On the Monday of the following week, Captain Reed, in command of Hancock's late ship, the *Liberty*, seized a Connecticut brig and sloop in the Sound and carried them into Newport.⁴ Wednesday, the captain of the brig went aboard, in Captain Reed's absence, for his clothing, and was told his kit had been shifted to the *Liberty*. He ordered the men not to strip the vessel. They gave him nothing but abuse, and when he would have reclaimed his sword, temporarily laid aside, withheld it. Finally, as he rowed off with two more, he was fired upon.

¹ James Otis the *Pre-Revolutionist*, 73. John Clark Ridpath, LL.D. The Patriot Series. Chicago, 1898: The University Association.

² *History of the U. S.*, I, 292-3. Spencer.

³ Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.

⁴ *Historical Address at Newport*, 34-5. Sheffield.

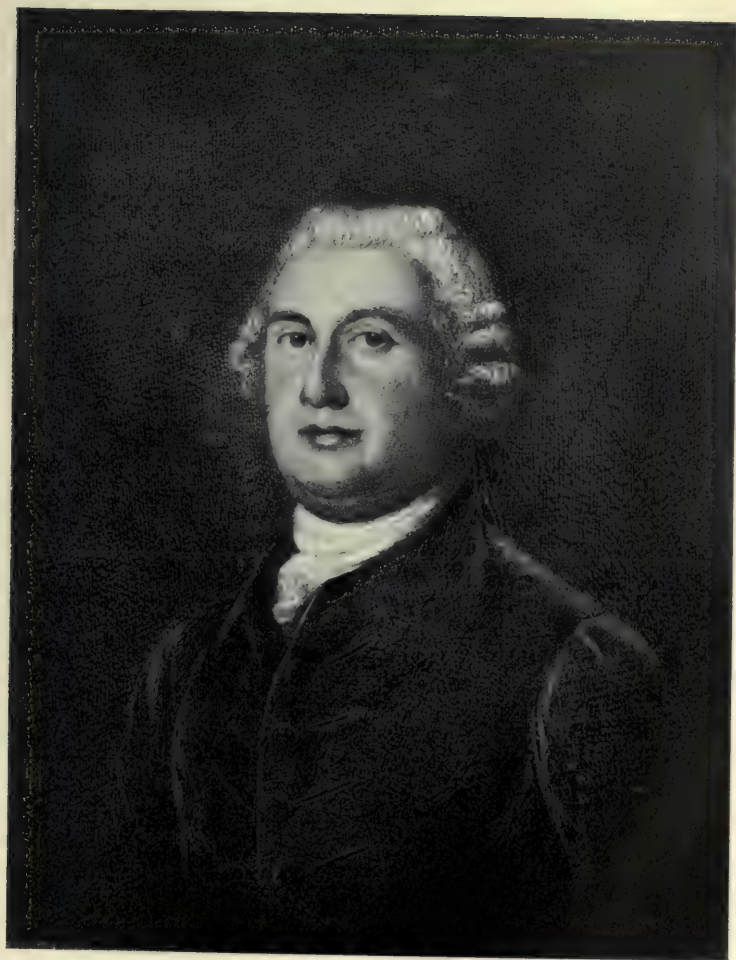
This so enraged the people they set upon the *Liberty*, cut her cables, dragged her to the wharf, laid her mast by the board, scuttled her bottom, and burnt the wreckage at the northerly end of Goat Island. The ship's boats were drawn up to the Parade so swiftly over the rough cobbles they are said to have left a wake of sparks. At last, after being carried up Broad Street, they were finally thrown into a bonfire in Liberty Park, at the head of Thames Street. During the commotion the captured brig weighed anchor and swept out of the bay. Her cargo had been regularly entered, it had been a mistake, from the first, to seize her, and so no pursuit was attempted.

August 1st, Governor Bernard set sail in the *Ripon*, man-o'-war. A graduate of Oxford, where his portrait by Copley¹ can still be seen in the lecture-room of the Old or Little Library at Christ Church, he had shown his interest in the Provincial college¹ by designing Harvard Hall. In 1762 his popularity was such the grateful Colony made him a grant of Mount Desert Island,¹ and Winchendon township received its name in compliment to Nether Winchendon, Bucks, where Bernard held an estate. Massachusetts was glad to honor him then, but these days had passed. Rowe relates, "The flagg hoisted on Liberty Tree, the bells ringing great joy to the people, a great bonfire in King Street and Fort Hill." He had been Governor nine years, and this was its finish. And yet not a finish either—for his zeal brought him a pension of £1000 a year and a title. Whereupon the *Gazette* broke out: "Your promotion, Sir, reflects an honor on the Province itself—an honor which has never been conferred upon it since the thrice happy administration of Sir Edmond Andros of precious memory, who was also a Baronet."²

From the manuscript reminiscences of little Julia Bernard, now in Australia, we have a pleasant picture¹ of the

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 235; I, 330, 318-19; II, 73, 70, 74-5. Higgins.

² Frothingham. *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1862.



GOV. FRANCIS BERNARD

family home life. She tells us her mother used to have the children in to read the big Bible to her in her sitting-room each morning. They also learned selections by heart from Shakespeare and Milton, and read essays in the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Tatler*, and also the "World Displayed" and "Voyages," looking up the places referred to on a map. By means of a large Orrery the course of the seasons and planets was explained, and she practised Handel and Corelli faithfully on the harpsichord. In winter the roads were at their best and they went off in sleighing parties, twenty together. When at the Castle in hot weather, she speaks of being "dipped" in the sea and also of the twelve-oared barge which bore them to and fro. The Jamaica Plain home had fifty acres attached, and it was their custom to move out in May, keeping a boat on the pond, and going back and forth to town by their own coach or the boys' whisky. They lived in considerable state at the Province House, which was handsomely furnished; one room having a dozen, that is, a set of crimson damask chairs with carved mahogany frames, and window curtains and cushions to match. The dining-room had eight mahogany tables for entertainment, three forming a horse-shoe "for benefit of the Fire" in winter, and six sets of leather-bottomed chairs for dinner parties, rich china and glass, and all the appointments, corresponding. Upstairs, the bedroom drapery varied from crimson or yellow moreen, to blue and white chintz, while there must have been extensive hot-houses, as one hundred orange, lemon, fig, and cork trees are mentioned as being sold upon their leaving. All came to them, they went to no one, and the grown-up brothers alone walked abroad unattended. Her father is described¹ as looking "fresh and handsome" to the end of his life. On all public occasions he dressed "superbly," and as for her mother, her clothes were ornamented with gold and silver, ermine and sable, after the most approved English models.

Upon the Governor's departure, the Jamaica Plain house

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, I, 283, 281, 284, 287; II, 240. Higgins.

was let, and Lady Bernard and the children removed to "Cherry House," near Boston, accompanied by Cato, their black slave, and the negro coachman. When they finally followed the Governor to England, December, 1770, in order to enter the younger boys at Harrow, they had a most uncomfortable, tempestuous voyage, the whole row of stern windows being beaten in by the waves, and later were all but wrecked off the Needles, besides catching measles at Portsmouth upon landing, and all falling ill. Such were the discomforts of eighteenth century travelling.

As for Sir Francis, he had not met with the welcome he had expected, and really merited, as a staunch upholder of Government measures, so that what with disappointment and vexation he was fain to resign his Governorship the moment he had been exonerated¹ of all blame.

A few days after his departure, Rowe attracted attention by importing some porter and tells us² he received in consequence a "pretty tight lecture" from the merchants.

Monday, August 14th, on the "day of the *Union*³ and firmly combined *association* of the TRUE SONS OF LIBERTY," the members were honored with the presence of Messrs. Joseph Reed and Philemon Dickinson (the brother of John) from Philadelphia.⁴ Fourteen toasts were drunk at the Liberty Tree, after which the company, three hundred strong, adjourned for dinner at Robinson's Tavern, the sign of the Liberty Tree in Dorchester, where three pigs were barbecued. John Adams writes:⁵ "We had two tables laid in the open field, by the barn, with between three and four hundred plates, and an awning of sail cloth overhead, and should have spent a most agreeable day had not the rain made some abatement in our pleasures. . . . After dinner was over and the toasts drunk [among the rest "The speedy Removal of all Task-Masters and the Redress

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 227-31. Higgins.

² *Diary*, August 4.

³ *Boston Evening Post*, August 21, 1769.

⁴ *Landmarks of Boston*, 400. Drake.

⁵ *Diary*, II, 218. C. F. Adams.

of all *Grievances!*" "*Strong Halters, Firm Blocks, and Sharp Axes*, to all such as deserve *either!*"'] we were diverted with Mr. Balch's mimicry. He gave us the lawyer's head, and the hunting of a bitch fox. . . . To the honor of the Sons, I did not see one person intoxicated, or near it. Between four and five o'clock the carriages [thirty-nine in number] were all got ready, and the company rode off in procession — Mr. Hancock first, in his chariot, and another chariot [with Mr. Otis] bringing up the rear. I took my leave of the gentlemen, and turned off for Taunton, oated at Doty's, and arrived long after dark at Noice's; there I put up. I should have been at Taunton, if I had not turned back, in the morning from Roxbury, but I felt as if I ought not to lose this feast; as if it was my duty to be there." The *Boston Evening Post*¹ ends its story of the day tartly, "Should this Account overtake the Baronet of Nettleham on this side T-b-n [Tyburn], he and Lord H—h are at Liberty to write 77 volumes of their High Dutch and low Diabolical commentaries about it and about it."

This was almost the last public appearance of Otis in full vigor. Friday morning, September 1st, at half-past ten, John Robinson was told² at the Board of Customs that Otis had called to see him and Hulton. When Hulton came in, Green, the messenger, was sent to tell Otis; who called at the south door and spoke with Secretary Reeve, but said he would not enter. Upon hearing this, Hulton, Reeve, and Robinson went to him, "where," says Robinson, "I accosted Mr. Otis and Mr. Sam Adams, who was with him, thus: Your servant, Gentlemen. Pray what is your business with us?" Mr. Otis replied he wished a free conversation and refused to walk inside; finally said it had to do with his character, and that he was to meet Burch at seven next morning [Saturday] at the Coffee House. As Robinson lived in the country and had four miles to come, he thought that early. Hulton said he should find the same

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, August 21, 1769.

² *Boston Chronicle*, September 7-11, 1769.

difficulty. However, thinking it over, Robinson felt he should rather meet Otis in Burch's company and tried to do so, but arrived just in time to see Burch leave.

Going inside with Reeve, Robinson found Otis in the back room. Coming forward, he greeted Robinson civilly and invited him to drink a dish of coffee with him in another room. Supposing he had Adams with him, Robinson suggested Reeve should be of the party, but finding he was alone they went off together. Otis then made inquiries about the letters of the Board, transmitted through the Clerk of the House of Commons and Bollan, recently made public, which referred to him as a traitor. Robinson said he could not answer for individuals, but officially he had no remembrance of his name appearing in the correspondence, and not having seen the copies, he naturally could not speak for their accuracy.¹ Otis said he had answered better than Burch. He then explained he had questioned the commissioners singly, that he might not be construed to insult the Board as such. He next asked to what department "that old fellow Harrison, the Collector, had represented him as disaffected." This question Robinson refused to answer, and they parted after Robinson had offered to "give him satisfaction if he desired it."

On Monday a letter from Otis appeared in the *Boston Gazette* declaring the Commissioners of Customs, to wit: Henry Hulton, Charles Paxton, William Burch, John Robinson, were "scandalous maligners" in representing him as "inimical to the Crown," and prayed in conclusion that "the Lord Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, his principal Secretary of State, particularly my Lord Hillsborough, and the Board of Trade . . . pay no kind of regard to . . . [statements of] the said Henry, Charles, William, and John or their confederates; for they are no more worthy of credit, than those of Sir Francis Bernard of Nettleham, Bart, or any of his cabal." The next evening, between seven and eight, while still smarting under these taunts, Robinson

¹ *Boston Chronicle*, September 7-11, 1769.

went to the British Coffee House in King Street. "Seeing Otis," as he entered, "without his sword," he says, "I went into a back room, where I laid mine aside and immediately returned into the Public room." Here he turned on Otis, saying, "Some days ago you wanted a free conversation with me; now, I want a free conversation with you." "He immediately stood up in a rage and said he was ready to answer in any manner. I replied 'have a little patience, and let me ask you whether I did not repeatedly tell you, when we met the other day, that if I had done you any injury, I was ready to give you that satisfaction you had a right to expect from a Gentleman. How therefore could you publish the account in Edes & Gill's paper of yesterday?' . . . perceiving that he frequently menaced me with his stick, I took him, or at least attempted to take him, by his nose." A youth named John Gridley happened¹ to be passing at the time and saw the sparring going on. There were a number of revenue officers about, perhaps twenty in all, some of whom hustled Otis; and Gridley, crying, "That's dirty usage," ran to his side. Feeling himself seized by the right shoulder, Gridley shook himself loose and got Robinson by the collar, tearing his coat down to the pockets while they swayed to and fro. At last one of Robinson's party leaped on a bench and hit Gridley about the head, so that the blood streamed over his eyes. In trying to ward off a second blow, he had his right wrist broken, and was shoved out of doors "head and shoulders." The cries of "Kill him!" were redoubled, and Gridley, forgetful of all else but Otis' need, made his way in once more. As Otis seemed somewhat dazed with a heavy blow on the forehead, Gridley says he advised him to go into the front room and "set down and compose himself," which he did for a minute or two, and then went on, to get his wounds dressed. Robinson's party had already escaped by the back way, leaving the floor strewn with bludgeons and an empty scabbard.

¹ *Boston Chronicle*, September 11-14, 1769.

Short as the scuffle had been, Otis' injuries were such that his mind became affected and his public career was at an end. Four months later John Adams writes¹ of him: "Otis is in confusion yet, he loses himself, he rambles and wanders . . . attempted to tell a story which took up all the evening. . . . The nervous, the concise, and pithy were his character till lately; now, the verbose, the roundabout, and rambling, and long winded." After years of delay² the courts made an award of £2,000 damage, a claim at once waived upon Robinson's offering a suitable apology and paying the doctor's bill and costs, £112 L. M.

A letter³ written by James Murray throws further light on the incident:

BOSTON, September 30, 1769.

No doubt, Sir, you have seen, in the public papers, the story of the quarrel between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Otis, on the 5th inst. In that affair Mr. W. S. Brown [formerly of Salem], happened to strike Mr. Gridley, who, interfering in behalf of Mr. Otis, had seized Mr. Robinson, and torn his coat. For this crime, he, Mr. Brown, was unjustly charged through the town with having attacked Mr. Otis himself, while engaged with Mr. Robinson, and was, therefore, to be treated with the utmost rigor. In order to this he was apprehended on the 6th by a peace officer and carried late in the evening before two justices, Messrs. Dana and Pemberton, in Faneuil Hall, where a multitude assembled ["about 2000" by Rowe's reckoning].

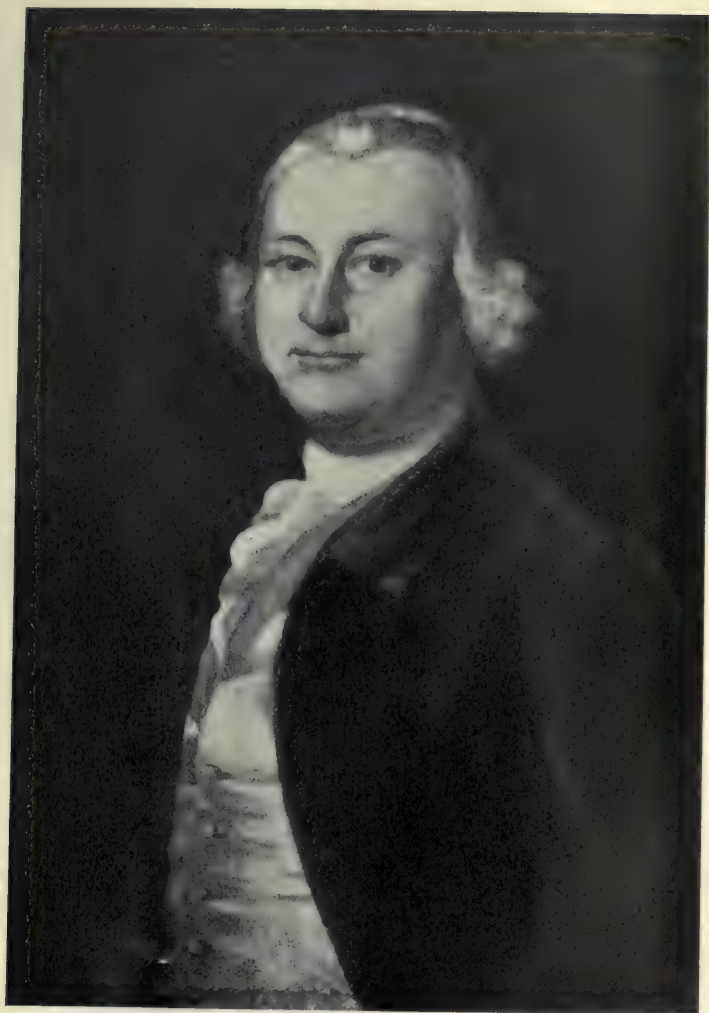
I, taking a walk in the Town House that evening, was told of this by Mr. Perkins, and consulting my feelings for another's distress more than my own safety, went directly to the Hall to attend the proceedings.

Soon as the multitude perceived me among them, they attempted repeatedly to thrust me out, but were prevented

¹ *Diary*, II, 227. C. F. Adams.

² *Letters*, July 26, 1771. Rowe. Ed. Cunningham.

³ *Letters of James Murray*, 159-62. Ed. Tiffany.



JAMES OTIS

by Mr. [Jonathan] Mason, one of the selectmen, calling out, "For shame, Gentlemen, do not behave so rudely." Then, lending me his hand, helped me over the door into the selectmen's seat. Before I got down from the seat I was hiss'd. I bowed. I was hiss'd again, and bowed around a second time. Then a small clap ensued. Compliments over, I sat down. The justices asked me up to the bench. I declined. The examination of some evidence was continued, and, being finished, the justices thought fit to bind over Mr. Brown. He lookt about for bail. No one offered but I. Here I desired the justices to take notice that I did not mean by this offer to vindicate what Mr. Brown had done, but only to stand by him now the torrent was against him. The recognizance taken, the justices desired the people to disperse, for that Mr. Brown had complied with the law, but the crowd, intending more sport, still remained.

As I was pressing out next to Mr. Dana, my wig was pulled off, and a pate, clean shaved by time and the barber, was left exposed. This was thought a signal and prelude to further insult, which would probably have taken place but for hurting the cause. Going along in this plight, surrounded by the crowd, in the dark, Lewis Gray took hold of my right arm and Mr. William Taylor of my left, and supported me, while somebody behind kept nibbling at my sides, and endeavoring to trip me; for the pleasure, as may be supposed, of treading the reforming justice out of me by the multitude. Mr. Deblois threw himself in my rear, and suffered not a little in my defence. Mr. G. Hooper went before, and my wig disheveled, as I was told, was borne on a staff behind. The Gentlemen, my friends and supporters, offer'd to house me near the Hall, but I insisted on going home in the present trim, and was by them landed in safety, Mr. Gray and others having continually admonished my retinue in the way, "no violence, or you'll hurt the cause."

The same week the Tory paper published by John Mein of the London book shop, on King Street, came out¹ with a statement that Thomas Handasyd Peck had imported counter to agreement. On Friday a box lettered "T. H. P. No. 5" was displayed in Mr. Peck's shop window labelled "This is the Case that John Mein in his Paper of Yesterday says contain'd FORTY DOZEN of Hatts, imported in the *Thomas*, William Davis, Master, by Thomas Handasyd Peck. Measurement of the Box, 23 Inches long, 14 Inches wide, 16 Inches deep. *Boston, Sept. 8, 1769. N. B.* There was not one Hatt in the Box. QUERY, *Does he Lie or not?*"

At noon¹ Mr. Peck, accompanied by a servant carrying the box, and the Bellman, went into King Street, and the box was viewed, first between the British Coffee House and the Bunch of Grapes, then on 'Change, and at the west door of the Town-house, afterwards before Mein's shop, and lastly in Market Square.

October was marked by several slight disturbances¹ early in the month. A Cambridge butcher, Jonathan Winship, was set upon by some soldiers, and appealing to Colonel Dalrymple next day, hat in hand, had the cold comfort of being told: "You was saucy. They served you right. I don't care if they knock you down again." A carter¹ belonging in Upper Charlestown, on the other hand, having carried some tea to Marblehead — which the little town with conscious virtue returned unopened — was sent to Coventry by his neighbors and turned out of a husking frolic with contempt.

On the last Saturday² of the month, John Mein was reproached for a recent publication, by Captain Dashwood and others, on 'Change, and so far forgot himself as to draw his pistol and threaten a crowd of pursuing boys. On reaching the top of the street, he bolted into Ezekiel Price's office and fired wild, grazing an arm of the sentry (29th regiment) stationed at the Main Guard. The same after-

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, September 11, October 2, 23, 1769.

² *Diary*, October 28. Rowe.

noon a man lately attached to the revenue cutter *Liberty*, named George Greyer, arrived on the sloop *Success*, from Rhode Island, and gave information of there being a couple of casks of wine on board. He was chased to a house by the rabble, and imprudently venturing out after nightfall, was immediately seized, tarred on the bare skin, and obliged to ride in a cart, holding a large glass lanthorn,¹ along Main Street, all the way from the Town-house to Liberty Tree, where he swore that he would never make bold to inform again. On Guy Fawkes Day following, Mein, quite naturally, was burnt in effigy on Copps Hill, a transparency, carried before him, running:

"I nsulting wretch, we'll him expose,
O 'er the whole world his deeds disclose;
H ell now gapes wide to take him in,
N ow he is ripe, O lump of sin!

M ean is the man, M-n is his name,
E nough he's spread his hellish fame,
I nfernal furies hurl his soul
N ine million times from Pole to Pole."²

During the past two years, 1768-69, the English imports had decreased so materially, in November, W. Strahan, M.P., printer to the King, wrote anxiously to Franklin, asking what could be done to put things on a sound, happy footing once more. Franklin³ dated his reply from Craven Street, and having pointed out that, "Our former kings governed their colonies as they had governed their dominions in France, without the participation of British Parliaments," and that "the Parliament of England never presumed to interfere in that prerogative till the time of the great rebellion, when they usurped the government of all the King's other dominions, Ireland, Scotland, etc.," and that those "that held for the King [were] governed afterwards as conquered countries; but New England . . . was considered and treated as a sister kingdom in amity

¹ *Evening Post*, October 30, 1769. ² *Antiquities*, 773. Drake.

³ *Annals*, 157, 161. Morse.

with England," he goes over the old familiar ground of what was called for, although he owns he has grave doubts of any "thorough redress of grievances being afforded during the coming session." "However," he concludes, "I hope that this may all prove false prophecy, and that you and I may live to see as sincere and perfect a friendship established between our respective countries, as has so many years subsisted between Mr. Strahan, and his truly affectionate old friend, Benjamin Franklin."

Mindful of the good resulting from combined action in the past, the non-importation agreement had been renewed in the different colonies. George Washington felt strongly on the subject and wrote¹ to the London correspondent with whom he had been in the habit of placing his orders: "You will perceive, in looking over the several invoices, that some of the goods there required are upon condition that the act of Parliament imposing a duty on tea, paper, &c. for the purpose of raising a revenue in America, is totally repealed; and I beg the favor of you to be governed strictly thereby, as it will not be in my power to receive any articles contrary to our non-importation agreement, which I have subscribed, and shall religiously adhere to, and should, if it were, as I could wish it to be, ten times as strict."

George Mason wrote¹ to Washington, "Our all is at stake; and the little conveniences and comforts of life, when set in competition with our liberty, ought to be rejected, not with reluctance, but with pleasure." Indeed all Virginia was aroused, and when the spring Assembly was dissolved by Lord Botetourt, the members simply adjourned to a private house, where they entered heartily into Washington's proposals.¹ By October, all but four of the Marblehead merchants had signed a similar pledge; these last were denounced as "blindly preferring the chains of slavery to our most valuable inheritance, *English liberty*."²

¹ *Our Country*, II, 670; I, 658. Lossing.

² *History of Marblehead*, 93. Roads.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

There was something ridiculous in all this earnestness at first to the friends of Government. We find Mrs. Henry Barnes, of Marlborough, writing to James Smith's widow, then in Scotland, respecting the little shop¹ opposite the Old Brick, between The Buck and Glove and The Sign of the Heart and Crown, where Ame and Elizabeth Cummings offered a Neat Assortment of lutestrings, mantuas, puffs, perfumes, feathers, Gentlemen's paste, hat buckles, tortoise shell wares, snuff, etc., etc., in this guise:² "Oh how I long to have one Political Laugh with you! Would you not be diverted to see Squire Barnes and the two little Miss Cumingses Posted together in a News Paper as Enimys to their country? Do, Bless you, send us a little Dash of Politicks from tother side the water that we may see something that has the appearance of Truth."

New York was considerably exercised, about this time, by a scheme for raising \$700,000 through bills of credit³ issued on the security of the Province, with the understanding that the interest should go to pay the expenses of the Colonial government. Early on a Sunday morning, in the middle of December, hand-bills were posted thickly up and down the streets, addressed: "*To the Betrayed Inhabitants of the City and Colony of New York,*" pointing out, under the signature of "*A Son of Liberty,*" that the proposition was nothing less than an indirect way of securing the troops' supplies and hinting at an understanding between the Acting-Governor, Colden, and the head of the De Lancy family. Fourteen hundred gathered next day at the Liberty Pole and listened while John Lamb, a young merchant of thirty-four, condemned the Legislature's acts. A committee was appointed to wait on the Assembly, but that body, influenced by the Governor, took a very different view of the matter; Philip Schuyler alone spoke on the patriots' side, and Mr. De Lancy, having pronounced the paper a

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, May 20, 1771.

² *Letters of James Murray*, 123. Ed. Tiffany.

³ *Our Country*, II, 672-3. Lossing.

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scandalous libel, easily secured a promise of \$500 reward for the name of its author. Lamb was arrested on suspicion, but discharged. Finally the printer acknowledged the writer to have been one Alexander McDougal (later major-general), a Scot from the Hebrides. Since McDougal would not confess his guilt or offer bail, he was thrown in gaol, where he was visited on the anniversary of the repeal by the Sons in procession.¹

¹ *Our Country*, II, 674-5. Lossing.

CHAPTER V

STAND MADE BY THE CITY OF LONDON AGAINST THE KING. TEA TAX DEBATES. SNIDER INCIDENT

IN the mean while matters could not well be in a worse state than they were in England. In October of 1768, when Lord Chatham's friend, General Sir Jeffrey Amherst, was relieved of the Governorship of Virginia in favor of Lord Botetourt, a bankrupt court-tool, it was seen that that peer had no leading voice in the Cabinet.¹ Shortly after, as related, Lord Shelburne and Conway were succeeded by Lords Gower and Weymouth of the Bedford party, and Lord Chatham himself by the Earl of Bristol. Until this ill-fated reign, the court and administration had been accounted one in interests. Frederick, the late Prince of Wales, is said to have been the first to conceive the plan of carrying on an inner court, arrogating to itself the name of the King's Friends,² which set the King and the Cabinet, and the people and the Cabinet, at variance; bred change, and secured all the household posts for its own partisans. The Cabinet was compared by Sir William Draper³ to children who "have pouted, quarrelled, cried, kissed, and been friends again, as the objects of desire, the ministerial rattles, have been put into their hands."

Each ministry in turn felt the blight, and the stronger men were driven to resign, leaving the unscrupulous to reinforce the cabal. In July of 1769, Junius, now very generally identified with Sir Philip Francis, chief clerk in the War office, did not hesitate to write to the Duke of Grafton:³

¹ *Memoirs*, III, 162. Walpole, ed. Barker. *War in America*, I, 174. Murray.

² *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, 45. Edmund Burke. London, 1886: Edition Cassell & Company.

³ *Letters of Junius*, XXVI, XV. London, 1798.

"Since the accession of our most gracious Sovereign to the throne, we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men [has] been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. . . . A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, . . . Lord Bute found no . . . security in the proud imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His . . . situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at . . . your Grace."

The young Duke of Grafton, although ruined by play, had been placed at the head of the finances of the nation under Chatham, without, as might have been expected, signal success. Accordingly, after references to the time he had wasted at Newmarket and White's, Junius¹ observes dryly, "he promises wonders of stability and firmness for the future. These are mysteries of which we must not pretend to judge by experience."

With affairs at this pass, the persecution of a man so outspoken as John Wilkes became inevitable, notwithstanding, as Horace Walpole puts it, he was personally more suited for the role of a Merry Andrew than that of a Martyr.² The ministry could not abide his fearlessness in exposing corruption, and in making him an example meant to have it understood that their endorsement paid better than the free and open support of a popular vote.³ By favoring servility amongst members of Parliament through

¹ *Letters of Junius*, XIII, XIV.

² *Memoirs*, III, 199. Walpole, ed. Barker.

³ *Present Discontents*, 80-1. Burke. Ed. Cassells.

heaping benefits on all related to their tools, and furthering the wishes of their constituents, Government expected to win to its side all but the most determined and clear-headed. So successful were these efforts, although Wilkes was thrice returned at the top of the poles, — the last time by a vote of 1,143 to 296 in his favor, — the House was pleased to account him disqualified and stand 219 to 137 for his expulsion, and on a second ballot, 235 to 89; and at last signify plainly that the electors had no voice in the matter, since they were determined that the rival candidate, Colonel Luttrell, one of Grafton's pets, should fill the seat in any case.¹ This high-handed course led some to make common cause with the Americans. The public discontent was greatly aggravated by the so-called Massacre of St. George's Fields² (May 10th, 1768), committed by the 3d regiment of Scotch Guards at a rally of Wilkes' sympathizers, one William Allen, mistaken for a ringleader, losing his life; and further intensified at the election of Sergeant Glynn, Wilkes' colleague (December 8th, 1768), when a youth named George Clarke³ was killed by a Government bludgeon-man without offering any provocation. The houses of Lord Bute, Egremont, Sir Sampson Gideon, and other Crown officers were attacked, and even Whitehall Palace menaced by crowds shouting, "Wilkes and Liberty." Lady Mary Coke,⁴ going in a chair to a card party at Lady Betty Germain's, number 16, St. James' Square, was stopped by the mob until her bearers declared for Wilkes. The Austrian Ambassador, living at number 9, the same night was plucked bodily from his carriage while some of the rabble chalked "No. 45" on the soles of his shoes! A milk dealer,⁴ Thornton, at this time somewhat audaciously had

¹ *Memoirs*, III, 172. Walpole, ed. Barker. *Life of Fox*, 152, 164. Trevelyan. *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, 128. Jennings.

² *Memoirs*, III, 141, 190, 200. Walpole, ed. Barker. *Caricature History*, 310-11, 312. Wright.

³ *The History of St. James's Square*, 170-1. Arthur Irwin Dasent. London and New York, 1895: Macmillan & Company.

⁴ *Life of Fox*, 221. Trevelyan.

Oliver Cromwell's speech at the Dissolution of the Long Parliament struck off without comment and pasted up and down Bond Street. Whereupon the House, balking at the sentence, "Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches," clapped him into Newgate for libel. As the days ran on, petitions against grievances, set on foot by the Opposition, multiplied, and were offset by addresses of satisfaction drawn up by the King's party. Amongst the rest it was proposed that a loyal address should be presented by six hundred merchants and others at St. James'.¹ The city mob, resenting the implied slight on their popular hero, closed the gates at Temple Bar, spattered the deputation with mud, and broke one old merchant's chariot with a hammer. The procession scattered for the moment, but re-formed, and continued its uneasy progress, preceded, unawares, by a hearse drawn by four horses, bearing escutcheons representing the fatal riots at Brentford and St. George's in the Fields. On reaching the Palace a scuffle ensued, in which the Steward's staff of Lord Talbot was broken, but on fifteen rioters being arrested, the crowd² dispersed. In the Colonies the best men were to the fore and the people dead in earnest. This the home government failed to appreciate, and between petty jealousy, personal intrigue, and the indifference of both King and people, it was not strange that petitions and protests from over-seas were swept aside as of little moment. Ex-Governor Pownall, to be sure, after showing that the vaunted duties had only brought in £270 from America, moved for a committee to consider the state of the Colonies.² But Conway, hoping a repeal would be granted next year, moved to let the matter stand over until then. Lord North blustered at the bare notion of repeal as beneath their dignity, and the motion was lost.

Turning to the East India Company,² we find that it had, toward the close of the previous year, voted Government

¹ *Caricature History*, 313. Wright.

² *Memoirs*, III, 232-3, 235, 239, 221, 226. Walpole, ed. Barker.

an annual appropriation of £410,000 for five years; this offer was accepted by Parliament early in 1769, despite a protest from Lord Clive, Colonel Barré at the same time inveighing against a constitution which permitted twenty-four gentlemen in Leadenhall Street to regulate a dominion containing sixteen million souls and yielding from four to eight millions a year.

Administration for some time past had shown the lack of any controlling idea; its measures, as Walpole observes,¹ starting "indigested out of the daily occurrences." Struck with its helpless inefficiency, the people at length petitioned the King that Parliament might be dissolved; not realizing, says the same writer, the dangerous precedent this would create or the turmoils and expenses of a fresh election, and especially that the fault lay at their own door in returning corrupt members.

The "warm little" Duke of Bedford, going down into Devonshire, where he held much land and was Lord Lieutenant, with a hope to restrain that county from presenting a petition, was beset by a mob in Exeter Cathedral and threatened with bull-dogs in Honiton.¹

When Parliament met in January, 1770, the King's speech, from an ignorance of real conditions, either actual or assumed, dwelt upon a passing distemper amongst horned cattle² (winning him the name of Farmer George), without any reference whatever to his dissatisfied subjects. This strange oversight was amended by a resolution of Lord Chatham's, promising attention should be given to the nation's discontent.³ Court influence ran high, however; resignations followed thick, and with them all hopes of accommodation. Lord Camden gave up the Seals; the Marquis of Granby the Commandership-in-Chief of the Army; Mr. Dunning the Solicitor Generalship; Sir John Cust, Speaker, was succeeded by Sir Fletcher Norton; and

¹ *Memoirs*, III, 146, 254-5, 251-2. Walpole, ed. Barker.

² *Caricature History*, 321. Wright.

³ *History of the U. S.*, III, 365. Bryant and Gay.

the Duke of Grafton, ill at ease, forsook the Premiership, and was succeeded by Lord North. A good-humored, witty man, he is said to have supported the King against his own best judgment, being one of the very few who knew the nature of his malady, and dreading to cross him lest it be¹ aggravated. He had a great habit of sleeping, or, since his eyes were weak, seeming to sleep in the House, and once was reflected upon in the words: "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble Lord is asleep;" when he unexpectedly rejoined, "I wish to G— I was!"² Another time as he dozed, heaving backwards and forwards like a great turtle, the sound of a false quantity in a quotation brought him bolt upright. Occasionally George Selwyn would forsake White's to snooze by his side.³

Unpromising as the outlook was for reform, still, even at this dark period, there were a few Whigs left to reckon with. As Woodrow Wilson has it,⁴ "The question now raised, to be once for all settled, was in reality the question of constitutional as against personal government." In the old days leading up to the great Civil War the question had been, should the King tax and govern in person. "No," said Hampden and Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor.⁵ Now it was, should the King tax and govern through a dependent Parliament. "No," said Beckford and the Colonists. In June⁶ of 1769 the citizens of London had presented a remonstrance to the King, taking exception to the ill counsels and corrupt dealings of the ministry, the granting of General Warrants, the evasion of the habeas corpus, imprisonment without trial or sentence, the unconstitutional taxation of the Colonies, and the tampering with free elections, leaving no hope of Parliamentary

¹ *History of the U. S.*, III, 366. Bryant and Gay.

² *Anecdotal History of Parliament*, 124, 179. Jennings.

³ *Four Georges*. Thackeray.

⁴ "Colonies and Nation." Woodrow Wilson. *Harper's Monthly*, September, 1901.

⁵ *Life of Fox*, 182. Trevelyan.

⁶ *War in America*, 211-2. Murray.



Painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens

JOHN HAMPDEN

*killed at the Battle of Chalgrove Field, Oxfordshire
From an Original Painting the size of life*

In the Collection of

Charles Knave Esq.

London Published by S. Woodburn 1810

JOHN HAMPDEN

redress (so it concludes) or "resource, under GOD, but in your Majesty." To this no attention was paid.

Junius, always on the alert, now alleged that not only the freedom of election had been violated, but the Bill of Rights was endangered.¹ A Society for Supporting the Bill of Rights (procured from Charles I.) was accordingly formed² under the guidance of Parson John Horne, and a little later we find Sam Adams proposing to Arthur Lee that the organization should be extended to America. Early in January £1,500 sterling was received from South Carolina³ toward defraying Wilkes' expenses, which were shortly after discharged in full by the Association and he was set at large. There was much cordiality between the Whig club of Boston and the London Society, and a feast is mentioned⁴ at which Colonel Barré presided and Earl Temple and Lord Camden appeared as guests, where two green turtles, the gift of the Bostonians, graced the table, one weighing exactly 92 pounds, the other 45.

No attention whatever being paid, meanwhile, to the City Remonstrance, after more than eight months of waiting, the Livery of London drew up⁴ a fresh Address, Remonstrance, and Petition, wherein it was urged:

"The present House of Commons do not represent the people. We owe to your majesty an obedience, under the restrictions of the laws, . . . and your majesty owes to us, that our representation, free from the force of arms or corruption, should be preserved to us in parliament.

"It was for this we successfully struggled under James the Second; for this we seated and have faithfully supported your majesty's family on the throne.

"The people have been invariably uniform in their object; . . . Under James the Second they complained that the

¹ *Letters of Junius*, XXXVII.

² *Memoirs*, III, 225; IV, 60. Walpole, ed. Barker.

³ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution in America. Dedicated to the young men of the United States, fifty-four years ago*, 116. Hezekiah Niles. New York, Chicago and New Orleans, 1876: A. S. Barnes & Co.

⁴ *The London Magazine*, March, 1770.

sitting of Parliament was interrupted, because it was not corruptly subservient to his designs; we complain now, that the sitting of this Parliament is not interrupted, because it is corruptly subservient to the designs of your majesty's ministers."

This remonstrance was duly presented, March seventh, by the two sheriffs, Townsend and Sawbridge; to whom the King, after making inquiry and learning that the complaint was made on the part of the citizens of London, "was graciously pleased to reply, I will consider of the answer you have given me," fearing lest they might have ventured too far or, what is quite as likely, having been worked upon by the ministry, a few of the aldermen objected it was a dangerous innovation to assemble the livery for other purposes than those of election, and disclaimed all connection with the remonstrants. A few days later the Lord Mayor, Aldermen Sir William Stephenson and Mr. Trecothick, the sheriffs, 153 common councillors, and a committee of the livery in their proper gowns proceeded from Guildhall to St. James' to receive the King's¹ answer, attended by the common sergeant, common clerk, remembrancer, two secondaries, sword bearer, mace bearer, water bailiff, common crier, common hunt, city marshals, etc. The King by way of reply took exception to the remonstrance as unworthy of attention, "disrespectful," as he put it, "to me," "injurious to Parliament, and irreconcilable to the principles of the constitution." The Lord Mayor, aldermen, and councillors were then permitted to kiss the royal hand and withdraw.²

Before the month was out the electors of the City and Liberty of Westminster, in view of their ineffectual application to the throne, ventured yet again to break in on "his Majesty's repose" with an Address, Remonstrance, and Petition, of like tenor as that so recently presented by the city of London. An account of the day remarks,² upon its receipt his Majesty "delivered it to the lord in

¹ *London Magazine*, March, 1770.

² *Ibid.* April.

waiting, who delivered it to another, who handed it to a groom of the bed-chamber, and he carried it off," to become, a contemporary caricature puts it, "another paper kite for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."¹ This contemptuous manner of proceeding could not be allowed to pass without comment. Alluding to the "harshness" of their reception at a meeting in the Guildhall, Alderman Beckford proceeds:²

"In the arbitrary reign of King Charles II. there were two proclamations issued against petitioning; and in those days there were servile lawyers, who declared that proclamations ought to have the force of law; and yet those proclamations did not damp, but increased, the zeal for petitioning. The Citizens of London did then petition . . . and many counties. . . . in particular . . . Wiltshire.

"The Citizens of London lately presented an humble petition . . . evil disposed ministers advised his majesty to take no notice of it. I say, the giving no answer to a petition seems to me a negative of the right. . . . I have been menaced and threatened with impeachment, sequestration of my estate and banishment: but I was supported by my worthy colleague, one of your representatives, and your two worthy Sheriffs; and I verily believe, that without such support, something very hostile and disagreeable to me, your lord mayor, would have been the consequence.

"I now come to the orders and resolutions of three of your companies. . . . the Goldsmiths say, that your address is most indecent. The Weavers have done no more than echo certain words of the King's answer. But the Grocers say, that your humble Address, Remonstrance and Petition, is the insidious suggestion of designing men. . . . They say that the people were against the Remonstrance. Who are the People? Are not the livery the people, who, with the majority of the Common-council, approved thereof, and attended me with the same to the King. You

¹ *Caricature History*, 324. Wright.

² *London Magazine*, April, 1770.

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have chosen me your chief magistrate against my will: it is your duty to support his legal authority; it is your concern. I am here only for a day, but I hope the City of London will preserve its liberties till time shall be no more. Your affair is agitated; look to it, gentlemen. . . .

"If every master of a company can controul your lord mayor, and refuse to obey his precepts whenever they shall be issued, anarchy and confusion must be the consequence. Instead of one Lord Mayor you will have sixty-four. What will become of you? . . . You have been called a mob, banditti, and the scum of the earth; and since, your humble address, remonstrance, and petition, have been represented as sprung from hospitals and poor-houses. I answer that the ancestors of many of the present nobility and gentry have sprung from citizens. Why do men value themselves on pompous and high-sounding titles? True nobility consists in public virtue and a love of our country. But why do I talk of nobility, when the glorious and most magnanimous queen that ever swayed the scepter of this realm, was the grand-daughter of a citizen, Sir Thomas Bullen, a lord mayor of London.

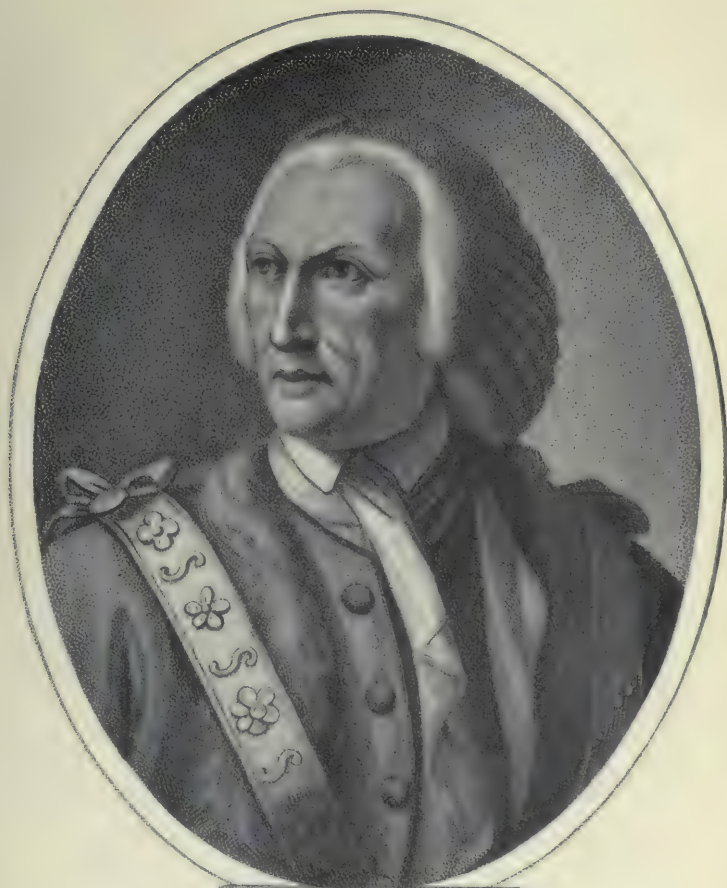
"You have been constantly invited to resistance by these hireling writers. They say you are a cowardly dastardly crew, who can bully and break windows, but shrink from danger. In a taunting manner they tell us, Why don't you stand forth? What! stand forth to have your throats cut by the third regiment of guards!

"I will stand forth, I will fight them, but it shall be with the law and constitution on my side, and a roll of old parchment in my hand."

Junius,¹ who had not shrunk from warning the King that the loss of his crown was within the bounds of possibility, now wrote:² "It has not been usual in this country, at least since the days of Charles the First, to see the sovereign personally at variance, or engaged in a direct altercation with his subjects." After which he, perhaps unfairly,

¹ *Letters*, XXXV. Ed. 1798.

² *London Magazine*, April, 1770.



WILLIAM BECKFORD

animadverts on Lord North for "attempting to fix the ridicule and odium of his own precipitate measures upon the royal character" and leaving the King "a solitary figure upon the scene." He next compares "Welbore Ellis and his motion," left in the lurch by the ministers balking on the verge of strong measures, to Guy Fawkes, and continues: "Instead of reserving the interposition of the royal personage, as the last resource of government, their weakness obliges them to apply it to every ordinary occasion, and to render it cheap and common in the eyes of the people . . . and for the emolument of remaining one day more in office, [they] care not how much his sacred character is . . . dishonoured."

"If I thought it possible for this paper to reach the closet, I would venture to appeal at once to his majesty's judgment . . . is it . . . for your interest or your honour, to . . . live in a perpetual disagreement with your people, merely to preserve such a chain of beings, as North, Barrington, Weymouth, Gower, Ellis, Onslow, Rigby, Jerry Dyson, and Sandwich? Their very names are a satyr upon all government, and I defy the gravest of your chaplains to read the catalogue without laughing."

The action of the city was warmly supported in the Lords¹ by Chatham, who moved that the advice inducing the King to reply as he did was dangerous in its tendency. He referred to a Lord Mayor of London making one of "the twenty-five barons, who received Magna Charta from King John;" and adds "the Lord Mayor with the Livery have ever since been considered to have a material influence in all affairs of government;" winding up with an allusion to "the wound the British Constitution has received in the Middlesex election." Lord G-w-r in reply¹ jeers the Opposition for their absence at a city banquet when they should have been on hand to vote if they were such champions for the constitution as they professed to be; all they aimed at was "popularity," and as for the

¹ "Debates of a Political Club." *London Magazine*, May, 1770.

City, what was its grievance, what would it have, it holds itself treated with contumely, "because," forsooth, "it is not allowed a judicial pre-eminence over both houses of P——t."

Titus Manlius (L— S—e), speaking¹ in opposition, said: "It is gravely told us, my l—s, that the answer lately given to the City Address, Remonstrance, and Petition, is similar to the answer given by Charles the First, Charles the Second, James the Second, and Queen Anne, to similar applications of their subjects for redress of grievances. . . Was there no instance upon record that suited the present occasion but instances from the reign of Stuarts? My l—s, . . . Let me tell you of the Kentish petition; in compliance with which William the Third dissolved the parliament, to let the nation see *he had no double game to play*, and to show that as he had no interest separate from the interest of his subjects, all parliaments were alike acceptable to him, that were agreeable to the wishes of the kingdom. Here is a precedent for royalty, if precedents must be talked of in opposition to common sense." After in vain trying to draw a defence from Administration he closed: "What, still silent? . . . I see upon what they depend — but let them take care — national resentment, though slow, is dreadful."

The absolute tone taken by King George, while arising doubtless from his natural obstinacy, may have been influenced in part by the growing self-assertion of the French king. "If this king and ours," writes Horace Walpole, "should cross over and figure in, Louis XV. would dissolve our Parliament if Polly Jones did but say a word to him. You would think a parliament was a polypus: they cut it in two, and by next morning half of it becomes a whole assembly." In short, he mentions nearly half a dozen French cities whose parliaments had been either suppressed entirely or superseded by superior councils.² Taken in

¹ "Debates of a Political Club." *London Magazine*, May, 1770.

² *Letters*, VIII, 76, 81. Ed. Toynbee, Walpole.

connection with the dissolving of Colonial assemblies and the high-handed overriding of the electors' declared preferences, this is rather significant, and it almost seems as though the fate which so soon overwhelmed France might have been shared by Great Britain, but for the saving sturdiness of the body of the English people, whether home-born or bred in the Provinces.

The press¹ did not scruple to hint, "Had Mr. Hampden resolved and acted like the moderate men of these days instead of hazarding his whole fortune in a lawsuit with the Crown, he would quietly have paid the 20 shillings demanded of him, — the Stuart family would probably have continued on the throne, and, at this moment the imposition [*i.e.*, The Ship Tax illegally laid by Charles I. on the inland towns] would have been an acknowledged prerogative of the crown."

The time was full of peril; when Chatham moved for the Reversion of the House of Commons' Adjudications, debarring Wilkes from taking his seat, the Lower House doggedly maintained they could not reverse a resolution which had the force and effect of a judicial sentence. The House of Lords as a body concluded they could not impeach the Commons in any case whatsoever, and the bill was thrown out, the following Lords, however, entering their protest against "the violated rights of the subject:" Chatham, Portland, Plymouth, Rockingham, Abingdon, Boyle, Grosvenor, Stanhope, Ponfonby, Suffolk, Richmond, Radnor, Archer, Fitzwilliam, Temple, Torrington, Rutland, John Bangor, Wycombe, Fortescue, Huntingdon, Tankerville, Abergavenny, King, Ferrers, Lyttelton, Bolton, Camden, Coventry, Buckinghamshire, Scarborough, Northumberland, Manchester.¹

No one was more outspoken at this time than Sir George Saville. Having been admonished after one of his speeches that, "In times of less licentiousness members have been sent to the Tower for words of less offence," he

¹ *London Magazine*, June, May, 1770.

instantly¹ replied, "The mean consideration of my own safety shall never be put in the balance against my duty to my constituents. I will own no superior but the laws; nor bend the knee to any but to Him who made me." The Tory press, unable to fathom a disinterestedness of which it was incapable, twitted the Opposition in a Political Ballad² as follows:

Ye politic blockheads and asses,
 Who rail at old time as he passes,
 Now grumble away, look rueful and sad,
 For the people of England are all going mad.
 All go mad,
 Prospect sad,
 For the people of England are all going mad.

Through every part of the nation,
 How few are content in their station!
 The loaves and the fishes they all have in view,
 And that's the true chace which all grumblers pursue;
 Profit in view,
 Grumblers pursue,
 And profit's the chace which all grumblers pursue.

There's Taycho, the trumpet of faction,
 Who sets all their forces in action,
 At titles and pensions he always has soar'd,
 And ever was charm'd with the sound of my lord;
 Great is my lord,
 Mighty fine word,
 And Pitt was enslav'd by the sound of my lord.

A while then so quiet and civil,
 Poor freedom might go to the devil,
 Contented and passive confin'd by the gout,
 Till hopes of fresh honors has now sent him out;
 Now he comes out,
 Spite of the gout,
 In search of advantage he now ventures out.

²Early in the session attention was called to the Colonial trade relations. Mutius Scaevola having admitted that

¹ *Our Country*, II, 676. Lossing.

² *London Magazine*, June, May, 1770.

the exports from England to America had declined from \$12,000,000 in 1768 to \$8,000,000 and a trifle in 1769, Lucius Pertinex (Col. B.) observed, undoubtedly the current year would show a still further drop; he would therefore suggest, in common justice to the East India Company as well as to the Colonies, the wisdom of a total repeal of the Townshend Act. Caius Collatinus (Sir W—M—, Wm. Meredith?) took the same stand, saying:

Mr. President, sir, It amazes me not a little to find administration so perversely, so inflexibly persisting in error on every occasion; it is surprising, to use an expression, of Dryden's,

"That they never *deviate* into sense,"

nor stumble upon propriety by downright accident. The only reason, Sir, why they refuse the total repeal of the present tax is, to preserve the *preamble*, because it maintains the right of taxing the Americans. But surely as there is a positive law *declaratory* of the right, and as there is even another tax at this moment in force, *exercising* the right, there can be no just reason for not indulging the Americans with the motion as amended before the chair. I am the more earnest for an *entire* repeal, sir, because a *partial* one, instead of producing any benefit to the mother country, will be a real grievance; a certain expense to ourselves, as well as a source of perpetual discontent to the colonies; . . . we keep up the whole establishment of the custom-houses in America with . . . their hydra-headed trains of dependents. . . . In fact, the tea duty will by no means answer the charge of collecting it, and the deficiencies must naturally be made up from the coffers of this kingdom; so that this wise measure of a *partial repeal* is to plunder ourselves, while it is to oppress our fellow-subjects, and all for the mere purpose of preserving a *preamble* which is wholly unnecessary.

Lord North, on the contrary, to humor the King, who

was bent on "trying the question with America"¹ was content to let the revenue go, so that the contention, to quote Junius, was judiciously preserved.² He therefore proposed to withdraw all taxes save that on tea. On being put to the vote, this last measure was carried and Pownall's amendment thrown out by 204 to 142. A circular³ was accordingly issued declaring the repeal of all the Townshend duties save that on tea. Even though partial in its operation, this concession was regarded as a mistake by some, and Dr. Johnson, a pensioner of the Government and afterwards author of the tract "Taxation no Tyranny," expressed his dissatisfaction³ by growling, "The Americans are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

Under the new regulations the 6*d.* clearance tax on India teas leaving England was taken off, and an import tax of 3*d.* a pound, payable in the Colonies, imposed in its place. By this means tea on which duty had been paid cost less than any the Dutch smugglers could offer.¹ On the face of it the plan promised to prove a clever bait. So insignificant a tax, it seemed, could not be seriously objected to, and yet by this simple means Government would successfully retain the right to decree imposts, as they took pains to state, "in all cases whatsoever." The declaration might startle one or two, but the yoke was so slight it must work well in the end. When the case was put to the Colonies, however, Massachusetts felt she, too, had a principle to maintain and braced her for the conflict; three guineas or three pence was all one, not a half part of a ha'penny would she pay in the form of a compelled tribute.

Before Parliament broke up an attempt was made by the Opposition to reverse the American policy. Paulus Prisqueus (P-I-, Pownall?), speaking in the Commons, said:² "I am earnest for conciliating measures; I think it even

¹ *History of the U. S.*, III, 367-8. Bryant and Gay.

² *London Magazine*, June, May, October, 1770.

³ *Our Country*, II, 671. Lossing.

more honorable for this house to acknowledge an error than to repeat it. . . . Having said thus much, I move, 'That an address be presented to his m—y humbly setting forth, that disputes having arisen among the several governors and commanders, in almost all the colonies, since the appointment of a commander in chief; that there is perpetual confusion; that the people of America complain of the establishment of an army there, as setting up a military government over the civil; and that therefore, we humbly beseech his m—y to direct, that all these matters may be reconsidered, and made agreeable to the constitution.' ”

This was seconded by Vespasius Vindex (Mr. Beckford) and supported by M. Lepidus¹ (G. J.), who, referring to the late acts as questionable in point of law, remarks on the folly of supposing “the mere *appearance*” of troops would terrify Englishmen into “abject subjection,” and when the Colonies were inflamed “almost to madness,” to purpose sending more soldiers in expectation that “their murmurs will subside.”

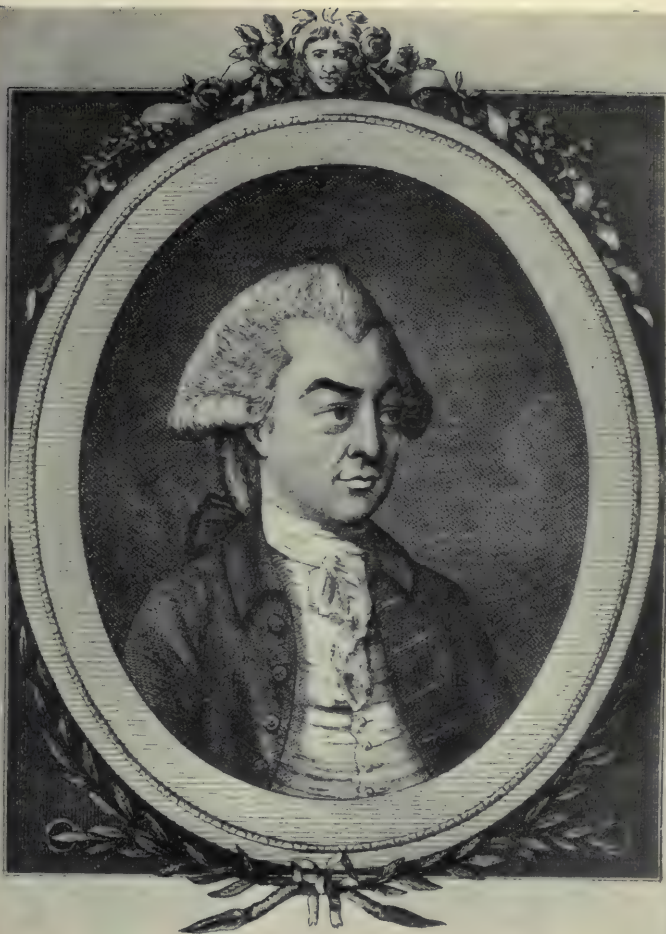
Caius Sulpicius (L— B—n, Lord Barrington?) pointed out in reply¹ that the Governors were subordinate in all military matters where the Commander held the rank of a Brigadier. Where this was not the case, the Governors in a military capacity were to command. Consequently there could be no clashing of authority. It was puerile to bewail that “Ministry would not suffer the Americans to revolt.” It was not likely she would!

Tullus Hostilius (L— G—w—r, Lord Gower), alluding to the three “whimsical” Whig speakers who had preceded him, observed:¹ But for the time thrown away in complaints over the Middlesex election the American matters would have been taken up earlier. The Opposition had only itself to blame for delay. He then hints Those out of office have been time out of mind of the opinion the Country was “on the verge of destruction, . . . yet, blessed be God, we have incessantly increased both in our property

¹ *London Magazine*, October, November, 1770.

and our freedom." In the Lords, resolutions were read objecting to the methods of dissolving the Assemblies in Massachusetts and Virginia as recently practised by Governors Bernard and Lord Botetourt, as tending to inflame the Colonies. That having dispersed the House, to allow the deputies to reassemble was both weak and foolish; and that further to imply a possibility of intervention on the part of the Crown improperly involved his Majesty in the measures of his ministers and had a tendency to disturb the public mind.¹ Lucius Verus Paterculus (the D— of R—, Richmond?) then moved¹ that, in accordance with his Majesty's admonition at the opening of the session, the affairs of America, where disorders were rife, should be taken under consideration. One would suppose from this recommendation "even the blessed set of ministers, who now superintend the business of this unhappy kingdom," would be aware that the gravity of the situation compelled attention. But "the fairy dream" had only resulted in disappointment. Publius Varro (Lord Hillsborough), rising, admitted himself "the *culprit*"¹ and claimed the alleged severity was solely due to the disorders in the Colonies which to his thinking were encouraged by the Opposition at home for party motives. As for his letter¹ requiring the dissolution of several of the Provincial Assemblies, he could "safely place his hand on his heart" and "glory" in the motive that prompted its writing. "The Colonies," he continued,¹ "are our subjects; as such they are bound by our laws, and I trust we shall never use the language of supplication, to *beg* that our *subjects* will *condescendingly* yield obedience to our inherent pre-eminence. . . . Can you, my l-s, restrain your indignation at the bare idea of so mortifying, so abject a proposition? Is not the whole Englishman maddened in your bosoms, at the remotest thought of crouching to the creatures of your own formation? . . . No, . . . you will reject the resolution before you with contempt, and show these tur-

¹ *London Magazine*, May, August, May, September, 1770.



The Right Hon.^{ble} The EARL of HILLSBOROUGH.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH



bulent brawlers, that you are not to be intoxicated out of your duty by the heady fumes of a licentious popularity." He then concluded with a counter proposition that the affairs in America should be left to the action of the ministry during the Recess, and moved to adjourn.¹ Tullus Ausidius (L— T—, Lord Temple?) followed, and commenting on the bawling out for an adjournment ¹ "the moment the affairs of America were introduced," remarked dryly: "If the happiness of this kingdom was not a subject much too serious for pleasantries, I could laugh very heartily at the modern improvement in the English Constitution, and observe it was natural enough in a ministry, which elected representatives for the people, to take the consideration of public business entirely from the hands of the Parliament; but the mere form of legislation, surely, without the use, is too insignificant to be preserved." Titus Manlius (Lord Shelburne) reproached Administration for putting off the American business until the *last day*, and expressed a hope "such effrontery" would be punished. He objected to a minister acknowledging himself at fault and moving all inquiry be deferred. He hoped IMPEACHMENT would soon follow.¹ The ministry, vouchsafing no reply, again motioned to adjourn and it was carried.

On the 23d of May the Lord Mayor, &c. repaired to St. James', where the following Petition was read by the town clerk:¹

May it please your Majesty,

When your majesty's most faithful subjects, the citizens of London, whose loyalty and affection has been so often and effectually proved and experienced by the illustrious house of Brunswick, are laboring under the weight of that displeasure, which your majesty has been advised to lay upon them in the answer given from the throne to their late humble application, we feel ourselves constrained, with all humility, to approach the royal father of his people.

¹ *London Magazine*, May, September, 1770.

Conscious, sire, of the purest sentiments of veneration . . . for your majesty's person, we are deeply concerned that what the law allows, and the constitution teaches, hath been misconstrued into disrespect to your majesty by the instruments of that influence which shakes the realm.

Perplexed and astonished as we are, by the awful *sentence of censure* lately passed upon the citizens of London in your majesty's answer from the throne, we cannot, without surrendering all that is dear to Englishmen, forbear most humbly to supplicate that your majesty will deign to grant a more favorable interpretation to this dutiful though persevering claim to our invaded birthrights; . . . Your majesty cannot disapprove that we here assert the clearest principles of the constitution against the insidious attempt of evil counsellors to perplex, confound, and shake them; we are determined to abide by those rights and liberties, which our forefathers bravely vindicated at the ever memorable Revolution, and which their sons will always resolutely defend. We, therefore, now renew, at the foot of the throne, our claim to the indispensable right of the subject. . . .

In the meantime, sire, we offer our constant prayers to heaven, that your majesty may reign as kings can only reign, in and by the hearts of a loyal, dutiful, and free people.

The King seated on the throne read in reply:

I should have been wanting to the public as well to myself, if I had not expressed my dissatisfaction at the late address. My sentiments on that subject continue the same; and I should ill deserve to be considered as the father of my people, if I could suffer myself to be prevailed upon to make such an use of my prerogative, as I cannot but think inconsistent with the interest, and dangerous to the constitution of the kingdom.

The Lord Mayor then made a personal appeal that they be not dismissed without "some comfort, some prospect, at least, of redress," and concluded solemnly, Whoever

had dared to alienate his majesty's affections from the city of London was a "violator of the public peace and a betrayer of our glorious and necessary Revolution." He paused "near a minute" for some response, but none was vouchsafed, the Court struck the while with his serious, firm, and reverent bearing; Lord Pomfret having led them to expect far otherwise from his sneer in the Lords that "however swaggering and impudent the behavior of the low citizens might be on their own dunghill, when they came into the royal presence, their heads hung down like bulrushes, and they blinked with the eyes like owls in the sunshine."¹

Matters continuing to take their course, it was debated toward the close of October by the electors of Westminster whether or no to impeach Lord North. November 7th, Sir Robert Bernard presented in their behalf a second remonstrance, which was received without comment. A fortnight later, Beckford having died shortly after his last great effort, the new Lord Mayor, the right Hon. Brass Crosby, accompanied by Aldermen Trecothick, Stevenson, Townsend, Oliver, the two sheriffs, and one hundred common councillors, proceeded from Guildhall to St. James' with a fresh Remonstrance. This, after remarking on the "prevalence of evil counsellors," dwelt on their "hearts big with sorrow, and warm with affection," and again claimed "with equal humility and freeborn plainness" their "indisputable birthrights," freedom of election and right of petitioning, to which was returned:

HIS MAJESTY'S ANSWER

As I have seen no reason to alter the opinion expressed in my answer to your address upon this subject, I can not comply with the prayer of your petition.¹

Meanwhile the soldiery and the New Yorkers had come to open blows. One night toward the middle of January the Liberty Pole, which had stood since 1767, was levelled

¹ *London Magazine*, May, November, 1770.

and its fragments thrown before Montague's door, where the Sons of Liberty held their meetings. St. George's bell in Beekman Street pealed an alarm, and a crowd, three thousand strong, quickly rallied about the stump.¹ The Liberty boys hotly denounced the soldiers as disturbers of the peace. The soldiers retaliated by posting up placards reflecting on the inhabitants. Two were caught in the very act. Their comrades attempted a rescue, and the so-called Battle of Golden Hill followed. In the end the soldiers were ordered into barracks by the officers, but not before several of the townsmen were severely wounded. On this occasion Michael Smith distinguished himself by capturing a musket which served him in good stead a few years later;² while the Sons undauntedly set up a fresh pole on ground bought for the purpose on Broadway near the present Warren Street.

In January, 1770, acting on instructions from Hillsborough,¹ while some of the more distant members of the Massachusetts Assembly were making their way toward Boston, Governor Hutchinson prorogued the Legislature until March. About the same time his sons broke through the non-importation agreement, and secretly began to sell tea. A body of patriot merchants immediately went to Hutchinson's house¹ to treat with his sons, but were denied entrance. A meeting being held at Faneuil Hall to consider further measures, Hutchinson sent a letter by Sheriff Greenleaf to the effect, This going by the merchants from house to house to influence the people was "irregular,"³ and he forthwith enjoined and required those present "without delay to separate and disperse, and to forbear all such unlawful assemblies for the future." This being calmly considered, the sense of the meeting was a "unanimous Vote to proceed." The following resolutions were then proposed³

¹ *Our Country*, II, 679, 678. Lossing.

² *A Child's History of the U. S.*, 357. John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York, 1872: McMenamy, Hess & Co.

³ *London Magazine*, March, 1770.

and passed: (1) The destruction of the Liberty Pole in New York betokened that the soldiers were opposed to the laudable spirit of liberty, and therefore "enemies, mortal enemies to all that is valuable to Englishmen." (2) Resolved not to employ any soldiers on any terms whatever, and Since they travel the streets after dark with arms, all such abroad after roll-call, unless sentinels and orderly sergeants, to be treated as enemies and "we do hereby solemnly engage, to and with each other, That we will to the utmost of our power, adhere to the above resolutions, and, if possible, bring the transgressors of them to condign punishment." The challenging of ordinary passers, by sentinels before private houses where officers were lodged, was particularly offensive and bred perpetual quarrels. The people bore a grudge, too, against Captain Wilson¹ of the 59th, who would have started a negro insurrection and sheltered the rioters. Considering the temper of the inhabitants, the authorities were perhaps justified in supplying the soldiers, as they now did, with ball cartridges.²

The support of home manufactures continued as ardent as ever, the *Boston News Letter* offering encouragement in the following lines:³

TO OUR LADIES.

Young ladies in town, and those that live round,
Let a friend at this season advise you:
Since money's so scarce, and times growing worse,
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your top-knots of pride;
Wear none but your own country linen:
Of economy boast; let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

¹ *Annals*, 165. Morse.

² *Our Country*, 678. Lossing.

³ *Colonial Days*, 91. Richard Markham. New York, 1879: Dodd, Mead & Company.

166 BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

What if homespun, they say, is not quite so gay
As brocades? Yet be not in a passion;
For, when once it is known this is much worn in town,
One and all will cry out, "'tis the fashion!"

And, as one, all agree that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory;
But at first sight refuse; tell 'em such you will choose
As encourage your own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear;
Love your country much better than fine things;
Begin without passion; 'twill soon be the fashion
To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,
And all things with a new-fashion duty:
Procure a good store of the choice Labrador;
For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear
Fair, charming, true, lovely, and clever:
Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,
And love you much stronger than ever.

The women were quick to respond. Ten spinning-wheels were made where one used to be in Rhode Island,¹ and every week had its story of a successful bee; the workers sometimes carrying their wheels to the parsonage, or as in the case of ninety-seven young ladies in Bridgewater,¹ North parish, spinning at home and then carrying thither their gift, in this instance, 3,322 knots of linen, tow, cotton, etc., lest the family be annoyed by "the buzzing of the wheels, rattling of Reels and chat" of so many tongues. After making their donation we learn that the Bridgewater girls walked two and two to the meeting-house, where they listened to a "suitable sermon" from the grateful Mr. Porter, after which the gentlemen of the congregation sang "melodiously:

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, June 26, September 11, 1769.

“Rubies! ye bright, ye orient pearls!
How coveted by Men!
And yet the virtuous Woman’s price
Excels the precious gem. etc.”

The palm may perhaps be awarded to Mary Harding, a young woman employed in the family of the Rev. Abiel Leonard, of Woodstock,¹ who span seven pounds of wool into 142 knots in one day, two skeins above any three days’ ordinary work, keeping two carders constantly employed, and walking, by careful computation, 16 miles, 240 yards in the process. “April 26, 1769,” writes Parson Stiles of Newport, “Spinning Match at my House, *thirty-seven Wheels*; the Women bro’t their flax & spun *ninety-four* fifteen-knotted skeins: about five skeins & half to the pound of 16 ounces. They made us a present of the whole. The Spinners were two Quakers, six Baptists, twenty-nine of my own Society. There were besides fourteen Reelers, &c. In the evening & next day, Eighteen 14-knotted skeins more were sent in to us by several that spun at home the same day. Upon sorting & reducing of it, the whole amounts to One hundred & eleven fifteen-knotted Skeins. We dined sixty persons. My p’ple sent in 4 lb. Tea; 9 lb. Coffee; Loaf Sugar; above 3 qrs. veal; 1½ doz. Wine; Gammons; Flour; Bread; Rice; &c., &c., &c., to amount of £150 Old Tenor, or about twenty Dollars: of which we spent about one-half. In the course of the day, the Spinners were visited by, I judge, six hundred Spectators.” In the account of next year’s Bee, he enters under May 30th, “Begun by Break o’ day, & in forenoon early were sixty-four Spinning Wheels going.”² Half a million silkworms were raised a little later, we read, in Pennsylvania to meet the demand for finer wear.²

In February a great meeting was held at Faneuil Hall,

¹ *Boston Evening Post*, December 24, 1770.

² *The Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College*, I, 8-9, 53, 361. Franklin Bowditch Dexter, M.A. New York, 1901: Charles Scribner’s Sons.

when it was unanimously resolved to abstain totally from the use of tea. Stirred by all this, more than four hundred mistresses of households¹ pledged themselves, February 9th, to drink no more tea until the revenue act was repealed. One hundred and twenty young ladies followed them, three days later, by forming a similar league, subscribing in these words: "We, the daughters of those patriots who have, and do now appear for the public interest, and in that principally regard their posterity, as such, do with pleasure engage with them in denying ourselves the drinking of foreign tea, in hopes to frustrate a plan that tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life."² Sustained by their high resolution, the ladies then fell to the preparation of sundry substitutes such as coffee made from rye, barley, and dried peas; or tea, from balm, thyme, ribwort, sage, or dried raspberry leaves, — this last preparation being distinguished with the name of Balsamic Hyperion. It is to be feared their attempts were more ingenious than satisfactory, but the women continued steadfast, one writing cheerfully: "I have commonly put two large chamomile flowers in a middle sized tea pot, . . . and am sensible of a more firm tone of the solids . . . and greater aptness for motion."³

At length, that all bridges might be burnt behind them, Hancock's offer to ship back to England at his own expense such stores of tea as were on hand in Boston was eagerly accepted and acted on.

A sad collision between the factious parties occurred the latter part of this month. Theophilus Lillie was one of six merchants who refused to sign the non-importation paper and continued selling tea to Tory customers. This brought him into disrepute, and one day a post, surmounted by a carved head and lettered with the importers' names,

¹ *Historic Pilgrimages in N. E.*, 304. Edwin M. Bacon. Boston, 1898: Silver, Burdett & Company.

² *Our Country*, II, 679. Lossing.

³ *Boston Evening Post*, October 24, 1768.

was set up in the middle of Hanover Street opposite his shop, with a wooden hand pointing at his door. A custom-house informer, Ebenezer Richardson, who lived close by, urged a carter to overthrow the placard with his charcoal wagon, but without success.¹ A crowd collected, and some boys recklessly pelted Richardson, who lost his temper, exclaimed, "Perjury, perjury," ran inside and fired back into the group, mortally wounding an eleven-year-old German lad, Christopher Snider, living with Madam Apthorp,² and severely wounding Samuel Gore, a youth of twenty. Edward Procter and Thomas Knox are known to have been in the crowd of spectators, some of whom set the bells of the New Brick pealing an alarm, while others burst into Richardson's house, both front and back, making him prisoner, together with George Wilmot, a seaman from the revenue cutter, whose gun was heavily charged with 179 goose and buck shot. The two were then hurried before Richard Dana, Edmund Quincy, and Samuel Pemberton, in Faneuil Hall, and stood examination in the presence of a vast crowd.

The *Gazette* for February 26th published an open letter, running as follows:

Messrs EDES & GILL: The general sympathy and concern for the murder of the lad by the base and infamous Richardson, on the 22d inst., will be sufficient reason for your notifying the publick that he will be buried from his father's house in Frogg Lane [Boylston St.], opposite Liberty Tree, on Monday next, when all the friends of liberty may have an opportunity of paying their last respects to the remains of this little hero and first martyr to the noble cause, whose manly spirit, after the accident happened, appeared in his discreet answers to the doctor, his thanks to the clergy who prayed with him, and the firmness of mind he showed when he first saw his parents and while he underwent the greatest distress of bodily pain. These things,

¹ *Our Country*, II, 679. Lossing.

² *Antiquities*, 776-7. Drake.

with several heroic pieces found in his pocket, particularly Wolfe's Summit of Human Glory, gave reason to think he had a martial genius. A Mourner.

The *Gazette* of March 5th has a full account of the funeral from the moment "the little corpse was set down under the Tree of Liberty from whence the procession began." Many must have seen a board fixed to the Tree bearing the following words:¹ "Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, he shall surely be put to death." Elsewhere² we read that the coffin was inscribed: "Innocence itself is not safe," and that six of his recent playfellows held the pall. John Adams, who had just ridden up from Weymouth, tells us:³ "When I came into town I saw a vast collection of People near Liberty Tree; inquired, and found the funeral of the child lately killed by Richardson was to be attended. Went into Mr. Rowe's and warmed me, and then went out, to the funeral. A vast number of boys ["about 500"²] walked before the coffin; a vast number of men and women after it, and a number of carriages. My eyes never beheld such a funeral. The procession extended farther than can be imagined. This shows there are many more lives to spend, if wanted, in the service of their country."

At the prisoners' trial, April 20th, Wilmot was acquitted and Richardson convicted of murder, but after two years in prison he was pardoned by Governor Hutchinson, on the ground that he had been annoyed past endurance. John Adams, in 1816, writes respecting him:⁴ "If there was ever a color of justice in the public opinion, he was the most abandoned wretch in America. . . . His name was sufficient to raise a mob, and I had almost said to the honor of the mob."

¹ *Antiquities*, 777. Drake.

² *Our Country*, II, 680. Lossing.

³ *Diary*, II, 227-8.

⁴ *Annals*, 217. Morse.

CHAPTER VI

SOLDIERY PROVOKED

ALL this made the town restive and sore, and the undercurrent of resentment against the British ministry began to find vent upon the soldiers, until feeling ran high between the Towners and Lobster-backs.¹ They were rough old days, and men did not measure their words. These, passed about, fed the flames. One Christopher Rumbly, of the 29th regiment, about this time bragged before John Wilme of the North End the soldiers would soon sweep the streets clear, placing their own women in the protection of the Castle. Eleanor Parke, a soldier's wife, said in his presence she would put a stone in her handkerchief and brain the Yankees if they wounded the British. A definite date appears to have been fixed for the inevitable explosion, and hints were more and more plainly dropped. Thursday, March 1st, between the Market and Justice Quincy's, a soldier in hearing of William Newhall boasted men would dine Monday noon who would not eat on Tuesday.

At this time the 14th regiment was, as we have seen, quartered in James Murray's barracks in Brattle Street, near the present Quincy House, in a building opposite a little tunnelled short-cut into the bottom of Cornhill, as the northerly termination of Washington Street was then² called. This alley was sometimes known as Draper's, from an early government printer, but more often as Boyl-

¹ *History of the Boston Massacre, containing the Narrative of the Town, the Trial of the Soldiers: and A Historical Introduction, unpublished documents of John Adams, and notes.* Frederick Kidder. Albany, 1870: Joel Munsell. This chapter and the next are chiefly drawn from the ninety-six depositions to be found there, carefully indexed.

² *Landmarks*, 121, 273. Drake.

ston. It has since been lost in the extension of the street. The officers lodged with Madam Apthorp close by. The 29th was quartered in Water and Atkinson Streets. Charles Paxton's three-story brick house, it will be remembered, stood alone on the east side of Pearl Street (formerly Hutchinson Street) not far from Milk. On the opposite side of the street were Gray's ropewalks, some seven buildings, including warehouse, dwelling-house, and works, extending about seven hundred feet from Cow Lane (High Street) up toward Milk. These works had been established in 1712 by Edward Gray, Sr., the father of Harrison Gray, Treasurer of the Province, and of John, who continued the business.¹

On Friday Mr. John Gray told Nicholas Ferreter to go to his ropewalks, near Green's barracks in Atkinson Street, and make some cables. As the men coiled, between ten and eleven that morning, three soldiers of the 29th strolled up. A hand, said to have been a negro, William Green, hailed one of them, "Do you want to work?" "I do, faith." Green then made a contemptuous reply; at which the soldier stood a long time swearing in a rage. At length, coming up to the window, the soldier looked in, vowed he would have satisfaction, and jeered he was afraid of none of them. Ferreter stepped out of the window, and a challenge to box was accepted. Ferreter speedily knocked up the soldier's heels, and John Wilson, who had followed him, took a naked sword from him which showed under his coat as he fell. This they carried away and went back to work.

The soldiers drew off to Green's barracks, returning about noon, some twenty minutes later, with eight or nine redcoats armed with pipe staves from a cooper's shop, split into clubs.

The regulars asked why their man had been abused, and challenged all hands to a fight. The word was passed down the walk, all the hands present, thirteen or fourteen, turned out with their wouldring sticks and beat them off directly.

¹ *Landmarks*, 121, 273. Drake.

Again the regulars returned, reinforced to the number of thirty or forty, some carrying cutlasses, a powerful negro drummer at their head in particular, who had his cutlass chained to his body. Others seem to have pulled down the fencing about a field in High Street (now Quincy Place)¹ and armed themselves with the pales. John Hill, sixty-nine years of age, was standing at a door on the corner of the passageway leading from Atkinson Street to the ropewalks as they passed, and called after the drummer, "You black rascal, what have you to do with white peoples' quarrels?" He answered, "I suppose I may look on," and went forward. Hill hastened after them and "commanded the peace," telling them he held commission as justice; disregarding which the negro cut Ferreter over the head, and, a ropewalker falling whom Mr. Hill would have lifted, they even aimed a club at the old man. At the outset the soldiers drove the ropewalkers into the walk next the tar kettle, but in the end the workmen seem to have been joined by ship-builders from Hallowell's yards in Batterymarch Street, and the neighboring blacksmiths and block-makers hastily armed with pales, and contrived to force the soldiers back as far as Green's Lane, as all that part of the present Congress Street south of Milk was then called. Here a corporal ordered them in. The ropewalkers on their part, persuaded by Mr. Hill, also retired. Matthew Killroy, William Warren, and John Carrol, three of the soldiers concerned in this last attack, are heard of again. That afternoon the soldiers would have been over once more, but were prevented by John Gray.

Saturday, John Fisher saw some soldiers fashioning clubs and heard them plotting to settle all scores on Monday. Rev. Dr. Eliot told Parson Gordon² that he was aware of the townspeople forming the same resolution on Saturday, and that bells were to be rung Monday evening to call the folk into the streets. Half after four that after-

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 15. Niles.

² *American Revolution*, I, 282. Gordon.

noon Archie McNeil, Jr., and two 'prentice lads were spinning in the lower end of Daniel McNeil's ropewalk on High and Pearl Streets when three stout grenadiers, armed with bludgeons, stopped and said, "You d—d dogs, don't you deserve to be killed? Are you fit to die?" Being unarmed, they kept still. A sailor, James Bayley, came along and said to young McNeil, "Why did you not answer?" At once Dixon, one of the grenadiers, stepped forward briskly and asked if he was "minded to vindicate the Cause?" Bayley, being also unarmed, held his peace, but James Young, just arrived, was quick-tempered and scoffed, "D— it, I know what a soldier is!" One of the grenadiers at this made a lunge, which Young parried with his arm. To make the fray more equal, Mr. Winter Calef's journeyman, Patrick, now slipped after a couple of bats from the tan house, and the street was soon cleared. A little later, about five, John Goddard of Brookline stopped near the Water Street barracks and sold some of the barrack people potatoes. He found several were just back from a squabble near the ropewalk, and he saw twenty surge angrily out of the barrack-way, one swearing he'd be revenged if he burnt the town. Boston was all a-buzz with tales of the soldiers' hectoring ways. That evening a party were casting blame on the regulars, when the wife of James McDeed, grenadier in the 29th, entered Daniel Calfe's shop. She broke out passionately her people were in the right and before Tuesday or Wednesday night they would wet their bayonets in New England blood.

Some time Saturday, Middleton, the chimney-sweep, being at John Gray's house, told the maid there, by way of warning, that he knew the soldiers well, and they meant ill by the ropewalk people. Sunday noon, to Gray's surprise, Colonel Carr and his officers entered the ropewalk and opened windows and doors, alleging they were in search of the dead body of one of their sergeants. Gray at once waited on Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Dalrymple, the commanding officer, who said he had heard much the same ver-

sion of the row as Gray. "Only," said he, "your man was the aggressor in affronting one of my people." Learning this, Gray said he would discharge William Green on Monday. Colonel Carr came in while they talked and said that three grenadiers passing quietly by the yards had just been set on, and one was like to die. Then they parted, Colonel Dalrymple engaging to keep his men in control.

Sunday evening a soldier of the 29th called on a carpenter, one Amos Thayer, and desired to see him. A lad, Asa Copeland, took up the message, but as Thayer was engaged, his sister Mary went to the door. The soldier then warned Thayer to keep within doors as trouble was brewing and he did not want him to suffer. He turned as he left, and said he was Charles Malone, and to heed what he said; before Tuesday night many lives would be lost. A little after dark Nat Noyes met five or six soldiers in Fore Street, all carrying clubs. He heard them say if they met any Towners out after nine, they would knock them down "be they who they will." All this was not reassuring, and still the occasions for retaliation grew. Benjamin Burdick, of the South End, had as boarder a young fellow who had earned the spite of the soldiers by his activity in the ropewalk encounter. Spied by them in the lane, he was dogged home, where Burdick later found two soldiers lurking about, one, in particular, hearkening at his window. On next meeting the man, Burdick asked him what he was after, and went on to charge him further with eaves-dropping the previous night, ordered him to march off, and finished by drubbing him well. About dusk Sunday, Richard Ward and Bart Broaders went to see Patrick Dines of the 29th, who worked when not on duty in the peruke shop kept by John Piemont, where Ward was journeyman. Dines lived in barracks at New Boston in the West End. While there, Ward heard an officer say to the sergeants, "Don't let any of your people out unless there be eight or ten together." In Dawson's room, Broader

heard Sergeant Daniels quote an officer, "Since patience would not do, force must." Moreover, that "the soldiers must not bear the affronts of the inhabitants any longer, but resent them, and make them know their distance." He added the "inhabitants would never be easy"; for his part he should "desire to make the plums fly about their ears, and set the town on fire round them, and then they would know Who and Who were of a side." Turning on Broader's fellow-apprentice, Edward Garrick, the sergeant asked if he knew where he could get a stick that would bear a good stroke. Garrick made answer he must look for one. About nine the following morning, Jane Usher, from a front chamber in John Scollay's house, Dock Square, noticed two soldiers talking, one being mounted, and caught the words, he "hoped he should see blood spilt before morning." Monday a hand-bill was posted up which read:¹

"Boston, Monday ye 5, 1770,

This is to Inform ye Rebellious People in Boston that ye Soljers in ye 14th and 29th. Regiments are determined to join together and defend themselves against all who shall Opose them. Signed, Ye Soljers of ye 14th and 29th Regiments."

As might have been expected, the night was one of broils, culminating in what has been called the Massacre. The provocation came about equally from either side, but, as generally happens, the annoyance and punishing lit on the least aggressive, whether timid townsman or solitary sentinel. Shortly after twilight companies of men and boys began to roam the streets, carrying heavy sticks or cudgels, such as one would pull in a hedge, "looking for trouble," as the phrase goes. James Crawford met more than a dozen at Calef's Corner, and some in Quaker Lane (Congress Street), and by Mr. Dalton's, going toward King Street, and their clubs were "pretty large." Archibald

¹ *Historic Pilgrimages in N. E.*, 293. Bacon.

Gooll, crossing the swing bridge where the vessels passed into the Town Dock, met numbers running from all corners. Twenty or thirty had gathered near Green's Lane. John Ruddock, Esq., met some twenty lads in a bunch together, but thought little of their bearing sticks, as they had carried them some months from so often being knocked about by the regulars. An army officer, Wm. Davis, going toward Wentworth's wharf, in Fore Street at the North End, came on a large gang, walking two or three abreast and boasting that they would "do for the first officer or bloody-backed rascal" they met that night. They took a full moment in passing. He had stepped aside, and now, as a matter of prudence, shifted his regimentals at a friend's. John Stewart, going home to Green's Lane, met five or six with sticks, as many halfway down the lane, and another half dozen at the end; they were heading into town toward King Street. John Gillespie, about seven, left home in Court Street to pass the evening, with others, at Mr. Sylvester's in the South End. On the way there he met not less than fifty as he supposed, "in small parcels," with white sticks. So had the other guests, and expressed concern.

It is more than probable that these six men met the same lads to a certain extent, for they were drifting aimlessly about in the fresh night air, to see what the soldiers purposed doing. Between seven and eight, Matt Adams went to Quaker Lane and called on Corporal Pershall, 29th, who warned him to keep in that night, for the soldiers would take revenge on the ropewalkers. An eighteen-year-old fifer present "hoped in G— they would burn the town." In accordance with their threats, parties of soldiers were abroad so soon as it grew dark, seeking to pick quarrels. John Brailsford, in passing the sentry before Colonel Dalrymple's door in Green's Lane, asked Swan of the 29th for what his people were out troubling the townspeople. Swan answered, "You will see; you'd better go home."

Between seven and eight, Robert Pierpont started for Mr. West's house to see a sick neighbor. Near the Hay-market he met two soldiers; one had a club, the other a broadsword. Both were hurrying toward the Town-house. They shouted "Colonel" after him, and, being joined by a third in a blue surtout, overtook Pierpont, at whom the newcomer made a back-handed thrust, as he took it, more to affront than to injure him. Ben Frizel, a sailor from Pownalborough, Lincoln County, on his way to Captain Joseph Henshaw's at the South End, exactly at eight, under Liberty Tree, met an officer in a blue surtout, and eleven soldiers. Loitering near, he heard the officer instruct them, if they met with more than two townsfolk together carrying clubs or the like, to stop them, ask their business, and if they refused to tell where they were going, to stop them with their firelocks. The officer then went off to the northward and the soldiers southward, while Frizel continued toward Wheeler's Point (near the present Federal Street). About nine, as John Brown was walking slowly along home with Nat Bosworth, a little south of the Liberty Tree, they met six or seven soldiers with naked bayonets walking very fast into town. One of them said, "D— you, stand out of the way," and nearly felled Brown with a blow on the breast, notwithstanding he had sheared off and made room. At some stage of the evening John Cox, at Gore's shop opposite the Tree, saw two soldiers belonging to the Neck and one from the Main Guard about the elm. One, a drummer, said, "Bring half your guard and we will bring half ours, and we will blow up this d—d pole." Cox, properly incensed, retorted, "So sure as you offer, ye scoundrels, to blow up that pole, you will have your brains blown out."

Thus it will be seen, at the outset the tumults were by no means restricted to one part of the town, although they came to centre about Murray's barracks and end in the tragedy at the Custom-house in King Street.

So much land has been reclaimed from the sea in and

about the limits of Boston peninsula, some study of the old streets and lanes is called for¹ in order to follow the night's doings understandingly. Long Wharf and King Street then made a direct avenue to the Town-house, with its sun-dial glittering in the eastern gable; beyond was the Granary Burying Ground, the Alarm Beacon, and open Common, bounded by the Back Bay. To the left of Long Wharf rose Fort Hill, in the neighborhood of Gray's ropewalks, and further to the southward lay Wheeler's Point and the Neck. Immediately on the right of Long Wharf, the sea ran back irregularly, almost on a parallel with the Town-house, and formed the Town Dock. On a northerly diagonal, at the waterside end of this dock, flowed Mill Creek, with an average width of twenty feet, extending back to the Mill Pond. This pond covered an area as large as the Common, and was bounded on its northerly edge by Charles River, from which it was divided by a mill dam, the present Causeway Street. New Boston lay on its western boundary. The waters of the creek were spanned by a drawbridge near the intersection of Blackstone and Anne (North) and a Mill Bridge at the intersection of Blackstone and Hanover Streets, giving access to the North End proper. The dock, in its turn, was crossed by a swing-bridge at the waterside end, directly opposite the so-called triangular warehouse, a brick building with slate roof and towers, dating from 1700. The upper part of the Town Dock abutted on Dock Square — a large space formed by the meeting of Cornhill, or upper Washington Street, on the south, with Wing's Lane or Elm Street on the west, and Union Street and Anne (North) Street on the north and east. Upon the brink of the dock at this point stood a watch tower, and close by was a conduit or reservoir, about twelve feet square, for the use of the fire companies. Fronting the square, on the corner of Anne or North Street, stood a picturesque old building with an overhanging upper story, its rough plaster walls covered with tracery, bear-

¹ *Landmarks.* Drake.

ing the date 1680 in the western gable. This was the Cocked Hat, or, as it was then called, Simpson's Stone Shop.

Dr. Richard Hiron lived on a corner in sight of Murray's barracks. A little past eight he heard a squabble from the direction of the market; armed soldiers passed up and down, and men were darting about across the bottom of the street. In about ten minutes came the sound of one pelting through Boylston Alley toward the barrack gate, and for eight or ten minutes a shout was raised, "Town born, turn out!" It must have been repeated some twenty times. The doctor thought he recognized Ensign Mall's voice exclaiming: "Who is this fellow? Lay hold of him." Drawn by the outcry, in about fifteen minutes Dr. Hiron heard a great hubbub and fierce drumming of sticks upon his house corner, which caused him to lock his front door, put out his front lights, and take post at an upper chamber window commanding the barracks. At this moment four or five officers of the 29th stood on the steps, surrounded by twenty or thirty towners. A little man in a surtout came up and addressed the officers. "Why do you not keep your soldiers in their barracks?" Who replied they had done everything they possibly could, and would continue to. The little man persisted, "Are the inhabitants to be knocked down in the street?" The officers answered as before. Not satisfied, the little man fumed impatiently: "You know the country has been used ill. You know the town has been used ill. We would not have you here." The officers good-naturedly insisted for the third time they should do their utmost, and asked the people to disperse. A cry of "Home, Home" was started, and the crowd melted away, perhaps two-thirds turning up Boylston Alley toward the Town-house.

About nine, Captain James Kirkwood, going by Murray's barracks, heard a commotion and stopped over the way at Mr. Rhodes' door. He saw soldiers with cutlasses and bayonets take Boylston Alley into Cornhill. Lieutenants

Minchen and Dickson came from the mess-house and said, "My lads, come into the barracks and don't hurt the Inhabitants," after which they turned back into the mess-house, looking out at the door after an interval to see if the soldiers were in the yard. Directly after, Ensign Mall came to the gate and incited the soldiers: "Turn out and I will stand by you! Kill them! Stick them! Knock them down. Run your bayonets through them." Headed by Mall, a body rushed forth and went up Boylston Alley.

A bit past nine, Benjamin Davis passed through Dock Square returning from the North End to his home in Green's Lane. He found there was a quarrel on and stopped some while at the corner of Jenkin's Alley, whence he could see people collected close to Boylston Alley and hear the play of clubs. As he stood, two young men came up. Said one, "Will you go and help us to fight the soldiers?" to which he hastened to reply, "No, I do not intend to." The lad then flung his cloak into Davis' arms, saying, "If you will not go, hold my cloak," and went off seeking cordwood sticks and hallooing, "Fire! Fire!" About a dozen came up at this outcry, and an onset was made, little knots pressing up the passageway by the Town Pump, — which in those days stood, importantly covered with public notices,¹ on the northeast corner of Court and Washington Streets, the road passing by on either side, — while Davis cautiously betook himself inside Mrs. Elliot's garden gate, her house being beside Jenkin's Alley. From this retreat he could readily see the boys moving up toward the barracks, followed by a general run down-street again, as fast as they could come.

The squabbling at this point was started about ten minutes past nine, when four lads, Edward Archbald, Wm. Merchant, Francis Archbald, Jr., and John Leach, Jr., who had been strolling about, parted at Dr. Loring's corner. Edward and William then headed for Brattle Street, through

¹ *Landmarks*, 84. Drake.

the alley that led from Justice Quincy's on Cornhill. Well into the passage, the boys met a soldier of the 29th, said to have been stationed there as sentinel, who was idly flourishing a cutlass and making it strike sparks from the wall.¹ By his side was a rough-looking man with a stout, thick club. A voice outside the alley called: "Put up your cutlass. It is not clever to carry such a weapon at night without it is in its scabbard." Archbald, remarking the soldier's action, warned his comrade to take care not to be struck, at which the soldier turned upon him and pointed his sword at the lad's breast with a fierce, "What have you to say against it?" "What do you mean? Stand off!" cried Archbald. The soldier for answer struck Archbald on the arm, and then pushed at Merchant and pierced through his clothes, inside the arm, close to the armpit, and grazed the skin. At this Merchant struck the soldier with a short stick he had, and the boys ran to the mouth of the alley, where Archbald called to some lads by the Town-house, and the soldiers were sent about-face.

A few minutes after nine, Samuel Atwood of Wellfleet, lying aboard a vessel at Town Dock, heard an uproar at the upper end of Dock Square. Running up he found soldiers and inhabitants, mostly unarmed boys, in a narrow passway by the barracks. When the boys broke and gave way, ten or twelve soldiers bolted into Dock Square. "Do you intend to murder people?" asked he. They closed in on him with a "Yes, by —, root and branch, here's one!" cutting him on the left shoulder to the bone. As Atwood drew off he met two officers and said, by way of protest, "Gentlemen, what is the matter?" merely receiving a curt, "You will see by and by." On the first outbreak in the Cornhill region, Jeremy Belknap ran to the door and heard Wm. Merchant say he had been struck by a soldier. Presently eight or nine soldiers came out of Boylston's Alley into the street, armed with clubs and cutlasses. Belknap desired them to retire into their barracks. One

¹ *War in America*, I, 221. Murray.

then made for him, cutlass and club in either hand. Belknap ran to the Main Guard, opposite the south door of the Town-house, where the men commonly met before being assigned their posts, and called for an officer. He was told no officer was there. Several soldiers came to the guard-house door, and Belknap represented there would be bloodshed if a squad was not sent down to prevent it. As he spoke, two soldiers, supposed to have followed him down from Murray's barracks, made a thrust at his breast and hit him over the head. The guard at this point interposed, "This is a Constable," and they went away.

Robert Polley and ten more stood talking their encounter over near Mr. Taylor's when, five or six minutes later, a party of seven or eight soldiers, set on by Ensign Mall, sprang out of Boylston Alley, bent on retaliating. As they came they shouted: "Where is the Yankee boogers?" striking recklessly at passers-by. Some had drawn swords and one had caught up a pair of tongs, another the fire-shovel. The foremost soldier, with tongs, followed hard after Archbald, who was talking with John Hicks at the time, and when he had secured him by the collar, struck him with them. However, Hicks in defending Archbald succeeded in knocking the soldier down, and Archbald threw him again, breaking his wrist, as he heard later. Leach was likewise thrown, but in the end Polley's party pressed the soldiers back with their sticks, and two officers drove the men inside the barracks.

Dr. Jeffries' father lived opposite Mr. Cooper's meeting-house in Brattle Close, where the brother of the town clerk, the Rev. Samuel Cooper, preached. A woman neighbor now ran in there, crying, "Pray, Sir, come out, there will be murder. The soldiers and people are fighting." Looking out, the Doctor saw the passage closed by a crowd of all sorts; the alley was as full as it could hold, the officers forcing the men back, the soldier with the tongs being among the last to leave. Archbald then started for his home in the South End. Polley and others searched about for

stones and bricks against renewing the conflict, but the snow was a foot deep, too deep to reach any.

The clamor rising from all this disturbed the whole neighborhood. Samuel Drowne from his own house door in Cornhill witnessed the whole scene. The tongs showed quite plainly in the bright moonlight. The soldiers assaulted those quietly walking or standing nearly as often as those who were turbulent, he himself amongst the number.

Drawn to the door by the unusual noise, Mr. Nat Thayer, who also lived in Cornhill, saw a crowd by Mr. Quincy's, near the barracks, and "heard the sticks and clubs going." Mr. Nathaniel Appleton, sitting quietly at home, heard a noise at the bottom of the street, and was told there was fighting. He saw people run by his door in twos and threes. The sound had seemed to come from Dock Square and died away finally.

As the nine o'clock bell rang Henry Bass set out from his home in Winter Street to see a friend near Dr. Cooper's meeting-house. As he went along Main (Washington) Street, the night was pleasant with a very bright moon. This brought him near Boylston Alley; between the alley and Mr. Jackson's were six or eight boys, of twelve or fifteen years, having light walking-sticks. They gave a huzza, and four stout soldiers sallied from the passage with drawn cutlasses. Cutting and slashing, they dashed after their tormentors, and pursued Bass, himself, below Mr. Simpson's stone shop. He never left running until he felt safe at Colonel Jackson's. In Dock Square he encountered the oysterman, who showed his wounded shoulder, lamenting, "D— it, here is what I got by going up!" Bass put his finger to it, when it bled freely, and some twenty people collected and crowded 'round to see and listen.

Taking the alley to be unsafe, Bass returned home by Royal Exchange Lane (now Exchange Street). As he passed the Custom-house, on his left, entering King Street, he noticed the sentinel standing quietly, close to the corner. Notwithstanding the pleasantness of the evening, Bass did

not see a dozen persons between the Crown Coffee-house, the first house on Long Wharf, and the bottom of the Town-house. At the head of the street, however, he was asked by many about the affray at Murray's barracks, and told them it was over. It was now about a quarter past nine. A man had been posted at the Custom-house for some months past, by the authority of Colonel Dalrymple, to guard the cashier's office, books, and money chest. It may have been about this time Samuel Clark came along and was hailed by the sentry, pacing to and fro, and asked how all did at home. If Hugh White *had* taken the King's shilling and wore a scarlet coat, he was nevertheless a human being. The people only drew trouble on their heads by forgetting this, later.

Some of the boys, after running from the soldiers, kept on to Market Square, and helped themselves to staves and pine pieces. Wm. Parker was at Mr. Coleman's on the north side of the Market. Crossing to the south side, he saw seven or eight, mostly boys from eighteen to twelve or less, three or four of whom were inside the rails plucking sticks from butchers' stalls. A soldier coming up, they went at him in a swarm, crying: "Here is a d— soldier! They are all alike, he is as bad as any." Parker rescued him and went home, past the Golden Ball and up into King Street.

In the early part of the evening, near eight, Bart Broaders, a barber's boy already mentioned, met a dozen towners in King Street with clubs, who told him they had been attacked. He followed as far as the conduit with them and went home. Here he remained quietly until called from the shop, because of the rioting, to attend Mr. Green's daughter and maid to the apothecary's. This would appear to be Mary Rogers and Ann Green, whose father, Bartholomew Green, was resident-tenant at the Custom-house. After doing their errand, the three met Edward Garrick, Broaders' fellow-apprentice. Just at the Custom-house door, Hammond Green, a young boat-builder, came up. Seeing them, Green called cheerily,

"Come in, girls," and they entered, followed by the 'prentice lads. They had been there but a short time when Sawny Irving entered, having lost his hat and being a little angry. Presently he asked Hammond to take a candle and light him to the door, and went out, the boys following at his heels, all alert to miss nothing this stirring night. As Broaders and Garrick followed Irving out, John Green, Hammond's brother, and two more of Piemont's boys, entered the kitchen.

Perhaps Garrick found it a little slow in King Street for his taste. At all events, he soon stirred up trouble with his saucy tongue. Seeing Captain John Goldfinch passing along, Garrick must needs sing out, "There goes the fellow that hath not paid my master for dressing his hair!" Conscious of Piemont's receipt in his pocket, the dapper little officer continued calmly on, paying no heed to the youngster.

Not so the sentinel, who said in the captain's hearing, "He is a gentleman, and if he owes you anything will pay it." Garrick made some exasperating reply, and Hugh White, leaving his post, chased him into the street. Broaders, who had only taken a turn through Quaker Lane, was now retracing his way and heard the sentinel say, "Let me see your face." "I am not ashamed to show my face," answered Garrick impudently. At which the soldier, somewhat rashly, gave him a sweeping stroke at the side of his head, so that he "reeled, and cried much." Hurrying across the street, Broaders asked Garrick what it was about, who said "nothing." He then asked the sentry what he meant by abusing him that way. White, thoroughly roused, said, "D— it, if you do not get out of the way I will give you something." He then fixed his bayonet.

Wm. Tyler had entered the street just in time to hear Garrick's first cry of distress. Only five or six people were then about. Stepping up to the boy, he heard his story. Benjamin Davis, Jr., reached King Street in time to see a cluster about Mr. Greenleaf's by the Custom-house. Hear-

ing Garrick's complaint, he asked White what business he had to do such a thing. The sentry remarked Garrick "should not use an officer ill in the street." Wm. Lewis now came in sight; the boys hoped the tables would be turned by numbers, and started a huzza. John Green, a little before this, hearing the noise at Murray's barracks, had gone out by the back door to the corner of Royal Exchange Lane, together with Hammond and the two other 'prentices. They now came up and found four or five boys and the sentry growling and muttering; he "seemed very mad." Richard Ward, a journeyman of Piemont's, would have borrowed Garrick's stick, but he would not part with it. Garrick continued crying, and two brothers, Wm. and Francis Le Baron, heard the sentinel say, If he did not hold his tongue, he'd put a ball through him. This threat was doubtless to daunt them and prevent a mob gathering. White then went back to his beat, and Garrick went off sobbing. After following John Green up to the Brazen Head, a few boys lingered about, but Colonel Marshall, who had not long come from Colonel Jackson's in Dock Square, bade them be gone, saying, "Boys, you have no business with the sentry, go off," and they moved on. He had often seen them about the post and heard words; he supposed this wrangling was of the same sort. Johnny Appleton, Mr. Nathaniel Appleton's twelve-year-old son, had been sent with a younger brother to do an errand in King Street. Hearing the talk about the sentry-box, he ran outside the shop, and as a quarrel seemed to be breaking out there, hurried along toward home, taking Jenkin's Alley.

The group of boys seem to have gone away for a time, only to increase their party. Alexander Cruckshank saw twelve or fourteen about the sentry-box as he came from Exchange Lane, and lingered at Stone's Tavern watching them. The two foremost would twit the sentry, calling him "lobster," "rascal," and "wish him in hell's flames." When they had stung him to a rejoinder, the little scamps would run back to their mates. The sentinel, much nettled,

asserted it was his post and he'd hold it, and if they molested him run them through.

To Thomas Hall, a friend of his, standing by Stone's Tavern, White said, "Hall, I am molested and imposed upon on my post. I cannot keep my post clear." Hall answered, "Take care of yourself; there'll be trouble by and by." It was getting late, and cold under foot, so that Wm. Parker joined James Bayard on the tavern steps to watch the boys. Three or four were still about, one being Garrick, harping on his injuries. The lads pushed each other at the sentry, and succeeded in hustling him into his box. Parker remarked to Bayard, "There'll be trouble by and by." Snowballs were thrown at length, and a handful of oyster shells, two or three of which hit White's gun. He might not leave his post and the boys knew it, but the Main Guard house was near. Suddenly, pressed beyond endurance, the sentinel hallooed very loud: "Guard! Guard! Guard!" This was enough. There was a great noise in Silsby's Lane, and seven or eight soldiers came out and ran down in surtouts from the direction of the Main Guard house, which, it will be remembered, stood opposite the south door of the Town-house. They were armed, and cried, "D— them, where are they?" as they squared off in the middle of the street, opposite Royal Exchange Lane. The boys had discreetly moved off, back of the Town-house by the barber's shop. Cruckshank, midway across the street, going toward Pudding Lane (Devonshire Street), was halted by three or four soldiers, who cursed and asked him who he was. He answered he was going home peaceably and interfered with neither faction. He was then given a light stroke over the shoulder with the words, "You'd better get home, for all I can foresee there'll be the devil to pay."

When Colonel Thomas Marshall left Dock Square at four minutes past nine, he returned to a quiet street bathed in moonlight, only the sentry about, in perfect peace. However, he had scarcely exchanged greetings with a kins-

man awaiting him when a young man in his shop knocked and called his attention to cries of "Murder!" in the direction of Rowe's barracks. "There is mischief in the distance," said the colonel; to which the clerk replied, "So there is." In a little space the sentry's call brought down a troop of soldiers to his aid. Colonel Marshall saw them swinging along, in a perfect fury. The street was almost as bright as day, and their arms glittered as they spread about with cries of "By —, let 'em come." Some turned into Pudding Lane, others went by the Town-house steps. The colonel was called in from the door, but telling his family to keep themselves easy, there was no disturbance near, he returned. The party came on down as far as Mr. Phillips' corner. Standing at the head of Quaker Lane (Congress Street), they cried, "Fire! Fire!" Then they passed into shadow and Marshall could not see whether they crossed to Exchange Lane or returned toward the guard-house. Four of them in short jackets with drawn swords sprang out on Lewis, between the watch-house and Town-house steps, from the east end of the house, and chased him clear to his door. By a parting stroke he received a three-square hole in the skirt of his surtout. The soldiers continued to shout: "Where are the d— boogers? The cowards! Where are your Liberty boys?" One of them spied Wm. Le Baron and made passes at him, thrusting his sword between his arm and breast. Being unarmed, Le Baron ran, followed by a soldier with a naked bayonet, hallooing, "Fire!" which some supposed was a rallying word. Tyler, going to Cornhill, heard the redcoats racing in that direction, calling, "Where are your Sons of Liberty?"

Isaac Parker going to Mr. Richard Salter's door, a soldier aimed a cutlass stroke at his head, forcing him to make a swift retreat indoors. Mr. Nathaniel Appleton, standing at his door, opposite the Town Pump, with Deacon Marsh, had an even narrower escape. They saw the knot of regulars coming on violently from the southward, some in small clothes and white sleeves, carrying bayonets.

They were pushing right on down the street when, to Mr. Appleton's utter amazement, some turned aside and threatened him, with uplifted cutlasses, he and Deacon Marsh not having spoken, or offered the least provocation. He went in as fast as he could, and shut to his door and bolted it, the soldier then being within six inches of the door, so that escape was difficult. Looking out from an upper window, Appleton saw the people "flying like pigeons." The soldiers ran about in a mad fury until lost to sight at the bottom of the street. Mr. Nat Thayer's wife, hearing so great a noise, said to him, "You had better go to the door and see what the matter is." He saw a jumble of twenty soldiers and towners struggling together and swearing terribly. Upon them came seven soldiers in waistcoats from the direction of the Main Guard, driving along "like wild creatures." "Where are they?" "Cut them to pieces!" they shouted. "Slay them all." Some of them insulted him on his very threshold and he shut to the door and went in.

On the way back to King Street, the soldiers seem to have encountered the two Appleton children in Jenkin's Alley. They looked twenty in number to the two little boys. The younger brother fell as they ran past. Johnny feared for their lives and cried, "Soldier, spare my life." He was harshly answered, "No, d— you, we will kill you all." The boy dodged, and a stroke aimed at his head glanced lightly on his shoulder, causing him, however, to fall and receive a bruise. From its rattle, the child supposed the cutlass to have been sheathed. The little fellow lay still until the soldiers were all gone and then hurried home to Cornhill. For no time that evening was it quiet long together about Murray's barracks. Some towners had scarcely strolled that way from the market before that evil genius of the night, Garrick, whom Dr. Hiron took to be only seven or eight years old, came down the alley, clapping his hand to his head and whimpering, "I am killed. I am killed." An officer caught hold of him and said,

"D— you, little rascal, what business have you out of doors." What, indeed; but he had with his usual zeal brought on a fresh row: surely this was reason enough! A crowd now filled the alley, and a few stood about the meeting-house. Still watching, Dr. Hiron saw a soldier stride out of the barrack gate, face the alley from the middle of the street, drop on one knee, and level his musket, swearing as he did so, "I'll make a lane through you all!" Ensign Mall helped Lieutenants Dixon and Minchin shove him back to quarters. About this time Captain Goldfinch, passing over Cornhill, saw a throng about the passageway leading into Brattle Street. Some inhabitants asked him to make an effort to get the soldiers in or there would be trouble. It was all the captain could do to get through the press. At the other end he found the soldiers being snowballed.

Charles Hobby, alarmed by the cry of "fire," ran down as far as the Town-house, where he learned there was squabbling in the alley by Dr. Cooper's meeting-house. He went through it and saw the soldiers about the barracks, some with and some without muskets; Captain Goldfinch, one of a party of officers, standing on the mess-house steps opposite the alley. Again the officers were implored to keep the peace. This time Lieutenant Minchin answered the soldiers had a grudge for the late abuses, but would keep in if the towners did. The soldier who had defied the crowd now broke forth again, and in the act of presenting his piece was thrown by Ensign Mall, who drove him within, being forced to prick him. As senior officer, Captain Goldfinch now ordered the gate to be closed — a simple measure which, done earlier, would have prevented all trouble; now, however, the crowd was excited and made up of a rough element, from the wharves and waterside.

When the gate swung to, some forty or fifty towners crowded about it and talked jeeringly. Snowballs fell in showers, mingled with taunts. "Cowardly rascals." "Afraid to fight!" "Lobster backs." "Let us drive out

the ribalds, they have no business here." Thomas Symmonds from his house door heard strangers to him threaten to set fire to the four corners of the barracks and burn every d—d soul, if the soldiers would not come forth and fight. The street was alive with men passing back and forth. Dr. Jeffries saw snowballs flatten on the door, back of the officers. The officers, at this, desired the people to leave, stating they had done their part: the soldiers were turned in and lodged for the night. Shouts rose from the mob: "They dare not come out. You mean you dare not let them out."

Polley, who had taken part in the earlier disturbance, only saw this from a distance, having met the guard-house party, who finally left in the direction of Exchange Lane and King Street. One of the lads now proposed to ring the fire alarm. The suggestion was at once acted on. Cruckshank had seen the soldiers driven up by the guard-house, pursued by sixteen or eighteen youths, whose ages varied from sixteen to five-and-twenty. Stepping briskly on, he tried to get sheltered at Jones' apothecary shop, but the door was locked, and he went to the side of the brick meeting-house. Standing there he saw two or three boys pushed up at the windows, that they might scramble in and peal the bell. After the first party of soldiers sallied forth from the guard-house direction, Colonel Marshall saw a second burst out from Quaker Lane. Going toward Silsby's Alley, Bart Broaders, the barber's lad, seems to have fallen foul of them. They were led by a sergeant, hallooing, "Where are the d— Yankees?" "What's the matter?" he asked. They answered, "We'll let you know!" and he ran to hide in Master Piemont's entry. The bell-ringing had just started, and at Widow Mehitable Torrey's, by the Town Pump, four people stood at the door anxiously looking for signs of fire. These were the widow; her brother, Bartholomew Kneeland, a merchant lodging there; Matthias King, a Halifax, Nova Scotia, man; and one more. They saw soldiers come 'round the south side of the Town-house

and approach noisily, carrying broadswords and bayonets. As they drew near, they shouted: "D— it, what do you there? Get in." One of them, belonging to the 29th, crossed the gutter and pointed his bayonet within six inches of Kneeland's breast, holding it there "some time." Kneeland told him to "get along," and retired, the soldiers keeping on toward the Post-office, farther up Cornhill, towards Dock Square.

Richard Palmes, hearing the bell, supposed there was a fire, but was told, probably by Broaders, that the soldiers at Murray's barracks were abusing the townspeople. Going up to some officers before the door there, Palmes, who was a little man wearing a great coat of light brown, protested he was "surprised they suffered the soldiers out of the barracks after eight o'clock." An officer spoke up, somewhat tartly, "Pray, do you mean to teach us our duty?" Palmes answered he did not, "only to remind them of it." Another said soothingly, "You see, they are all in. Why do you not go home?" The officers likewise promised investigation next day and satisfaction for any injuries. Mr. James Lamb and Richard Palmes then said, "Gentlemen, let us go home," and turning to the crowd added, "You hear the officers, the soldiers are in. You had better go home." "Home!" "Home!" was echoed, and Lamb and Palmes set off, with Wm. Hickling, whom they left at the Post-office. Some of the mob now shouted, "Come home." Others, more mischievous, cried: "No, we shall find some soldiers in King Street. To the Main Guard!" Three cheers were given, and they parted just as Broaders joined them. A number then passed up the alley, rippling their sticks on the fences and side walls. Dr. Jeffries kept them under his eye, following after them through the alley into Cornhill. Just as he cleared it, the Brick Church bell started ringing. This church stood opposite King Street, where Sears Building is now. People turned out with buckets on all sides. Behind and before he heard the words, "Where's the fire?" "It's soldiers fighting."

"They are this way." "There is no fire." "Fire! fire!" "Where is it?"

Still following the mob, Dr. Jeffries heard them beat against Jackson's shop windows, saying, "D— it, here lives an importer." Several standing by the Town-house threw ice and broke four panes. Just then Mr. Cazneau came up and said: "Do not meddle with Mr. Jackson. Let him alone. Do not break his windows." The larger part then pushed down the north side of King Street. Others kept on past the west door of the Town-house, clamoring, "No, we will go to the Guard." A cheer was heard lower down the street, and the mob surged toward it on the south side of the Town-house, leaving the guard-house unmolested behind.

Dr. Jeffries then returned home. The officers were still at the mess-house door, Captain Goldfinch just telling Lieutenant Dixon that he must rejoin his own command. The bell was ringing, and fearing the consequences, an officer said, "Pray stop it."

An outbreak of fire is always dreaded, and these were the days when Boston was largely built of wood and crowded within its original limits. To fight the flames there was only the small conduit, well water, and queer little hand engines served by buckets; an alarm at once filled the streets with swarms of volunteer helpers, humming like disturbed bees. Moreover, this night, the soldiers' threats were remembered by some. Thomas Wilkinson heard the Old South bell go as usual at nine. At about 9.15, startled by Mr. Cooper's bell, he slipped on his surtout and ran out. He saw the Old South engine hauled out and ran up as far as the Town Pump, finding a considerable body of people there, some with buckets. Those arriving from the South End were questioning, "Where's the fire? where's the fire?" People warned the newcomers from their chamber windows. "Do not go on or you'll be killed." As they paused, wondering, the moon was so bright Wilkinson could see ten or twelve soldiers, brandishing cutlasses, make a rush out of Boyl-

ston Alley. "He did not tarry one minute," but drew back to the Main Guard, where the two sentries were walking as usual. The Old Brick bell, Dr. Charles Chauncy's, now began to add to the confusion, and people multiplied, with buckets and bags for rescuing valuables. Wilkinson continued waiting about to learn if any were wounded.

John Short heard the bells and went as far as Faneuil Hall and Mr. Jackson's shop, looking for news. Josiah Simpson came out of his stone shop to make inquiry, and was told the soldiers had risen on the towners; two young men had been abused.

People were thick in Cornhill; understanding an oysterman had been hurt, Short went on board the oyster boat to hear more. Up by the North Battery, Caleb Swan, in Mr. Sample's doorway, heard the wife of Grenadier Montgomery, standing at her door, say: "This is no fire. The town is too haughty and proud, and many will be laid low before morning." Susanna Cathcart retorted, "I hope your husband will be killed." The woman answered, "He is able, and will stand his ground." A free woman, known as Black Peg, who had kept much with the soldiers, on hearing the disturbance said, "The soldiers are not to be trod upon by the inhabitants, but would know before morning whether they or the inhabitants are masters."

James Thompson came out of the Green Dragon about nine, crossed King Street, and went through Quaker Lane to Green's. Going along he met about fifteen, all told, with pretty sizable sticks, walking either side the street. He overheard one say, "We are too soon." Thompson passed on, boarded a vessel at Griffin's Wharf, and mentioned to others he feared mischief. Then followed a bell. All went on deck. Hearing "Fire" called, four ran up into the town and left him. Thompson climbed aloft to get an outlook, and heard the engine rush along and stop. He also heard Mrs. Marston, tavern-keeper at the head of the wharf, exclaim: "Good —! this is not fire. There will be murder committed to-night." Andrew, Oliver

Wendall's negro, hearing the bells, ran to the end of the lane, where he met a friend nursing his arm. He told Andrew the soldiers were fighting with cutlasses and were killing everybody; he'd about had his arm whipped off. He warned Andrew not to venture down, but Andrew told him clubs were better than cutlasses, and he had better provide himself too. Going on, at the Town-house, Andrew saw the Main Guard sentry by Mr. Rowe's corner, swearing at a pack of boys, who were snowballing and calling, "Lobsters, lobsters, who buys lobsters!" A friend now told him the soldiers had been driven back into Murray's barracks, and he saw people, streaming down from there, pass by Jackson's corner into King Street.

Wm. Strong was standing before the hearth at Mr. Marston's with several more. At the cry of fire, they said, "We will go and see where." People were running to and fro. It was said a soldier had killed a boy. At this there was a cry, "We will go back and get our sticks." When Benjamin Burdick set forth, his wife, mindful of the ropewalk squabbles, called after him: "It is not a fire; it is an affray in King Street. If you are going, take this," and handed him a Highland broadsword.

The bells brought people to the door all over the town, among the rest Hammond Green, Ann, Mary Rogers, and Eliza Avery. They stood listening on the Custom-house steps, John not having as yet returned. Then they went in, Hammond turning the key in the lock for precaution, remarking that they should hear anyone rap. Thomas Greenwood, in the employ of the commissioners, was spending the evening at the Wheeler's. When the alarm was rung, he helped the three Wheeler boys get their engine as far as the Old South Meeting-house. Here they were met by people who cried: "Don't bring buckets, but clubs. The soldiers are fighting the inhabitants." Others in Esquire Gregory Townsend's hearing declared there was a fire "at the ropewalks and King Street." Greenwood at once hastened toward the Town-house, and down by the north side,

where he lingered, between the east steps and whipping-post — in front, that is, of the present Brazier Building. A small mob was then about the Main Guard, taunting the two sentinels. "Come out and fight us if you dare," called one. "You rascals and scoundrels, we are enough for you now," shouted another. The last of the roving grenadiers seem by this time to have passed into King Street from Cornhill, Crooked Lane (Devonshire Street, north of State), and Royal Exchange Lane. There were some dozen gentlemen talking in a group upon the Exchange under the Town-house. As the redcoats swarmed up toward the Main Guard, they assaulted several in passing. Samuel Drowne, who had followed them from Cornhill, now saw a corporal and five regulars issue from the guard-house with their firelocks, and order them to go away, which the roisterers immediately did, some one way, some another. Some of them were met by Joseph Hooton, Jr., as he ran toward the centre of the town from the South End. He asked them what was the matter, and was vouchsafed no reply save, "By —, you shall all know what is the matter soon." Henry Bass, returning to Winter Street, met several friends, Mr. Chase among the number, to whom he explained it was not a fire but a street row which caused the stir. Mr. Sylvester's party at the South End was quite broken up by the fire-bells, a Mr. Fleeming said he "would send and learn its whereabouts. He heard it was a ruse to gather allies against the soldiers. Let none be alarmed." But Gillespie felt uneasy and left, meeting many with sticks and bags. At last he saw the two engines and men everywhere putting buckets and bags into people's houses out of the way. He saw Mr. Knight in his door and stood a moment or two, then went on to the head of King Street. Here he heard some in the crowd growl, "D— them, why don't they break the glass," meaning, as he supposed, in the guard-house. He then returned home to Queen (Court) Street. Thomas Knight saw people passing pretty thick, prepared about equally for coping with the

supposed fire or redcoats. Hearing it was a row, he uneasily went inside, returning anxiously to the step. Just then eight or ten went by with white sticks, who cried, "D—their bloods, let us go and attack the Main Guard, and knock *them* to Hell first." One stopping, he thought he heard, "I will go back and get my gun." And again Knight beat a retreat. The disturbance outside did not lessen, but rather increased. Shubael Hewes was visiting near Town Dock when told "fire is cried." Belonging to an engine, he pulled on his surtout, caught up his stick, and was the first outside, expecting to meet the engine in the lane or at Cornhill. Rounding the market, he met such a throng coming from the North End he supposed the fire was already out and they returning. He lingered at Colonel Jackson's corner and heard it was just a street quarrel by Murray's barracks. While standing there, six or seven youths from the North End and Hubbard's warehouse way "got foul" of the market stalls and helped themselves to the legs for cudgels. A man with Hewes said to him, "We have no business with the soldiers and their disputes," and they went back to the house. Matthew Murray, understanding the bells betokened conflict in the streets, sought hastily for a convenient weapon, and finding none cut off the handle from his mother's broom. He found no soldiers in King Street, but people pouring in from the north and west. A few cried impatiently: "They are only making fools of us. It is best to go home." Considerable uncertainty prevailed. People were running up, standing about, or moving slowly off with a glance back. All but the excitable boys hoped the worst was over. One of the British officers, Davis, returning from the North End, came, in Dock Square, upon a number of the latter tearing staves from the market stalls, and caught the shouts, "Let us kill that d—scoundrel of a sentry and attack the Main Guard." "Let us go to Smith's barracks." "Let us go to the ropewalks." At the Golden Ball, near the dock, he heard a woman pleading with a man to stay within, who said he'd be amongst

them if he died for it. There was some stir about the Custom-house as Davis crossed King Street, and by Oliver's Dock another crowd. One was loading his piece, others by the fish stalls bore clubs, and as they trooped off toward King Street the Fort Hillers shouted lustily, "D— the soldiers and commissioners!" "D— the villain that first sent them to Boston. They sha'n't be here two nights longer." On reaching his barracks he found roll had been called, and all their men accounted for.

Archibald Wilson, James Selkrig, and Wm. Dixon were with Mr. Wm. Hunter in Dock Square, and Archibald Bowman in the vendue room below, when, a little after dark, David Mitchelson and a friend called in.

Mitchelson had made a call in Fore Street and, returning through Union, heard a hubbub by the Post-office. Hunter lived at the foot of Royal Exchange Lane, and Mitchelson standing there had seen numbers rushing down towards him as though routed. Mitchelson remarked to the company on entering, "You are very quiet indeed with such a stir in the street." Hunter answered, "It is an alley that is noisy enough very often." But as Mitchelson urged, "You had as good go and see what it is," Hunter, Dixon, and Wilson went down to the vendue room balcony. Wilson feared it would fall with their weight. The others saw as they could from the front window. At this time numbers were coming with white staves from the North End, in bunches, possibly two hundred, all told, in sight. Some took Exchange Lane into King Street, others turned into Main Street, some, by one lane or the other, headed toward the barracks, called indifferently Murray's or Smith's. Five or six attempts were made on the barracks, as they watched, by each arriving group. They always seemed to fall back hastily, as though chased or opposed. They then came into little clusters about the Pump, and buzzed 'round their several leaders. Some cried "fire," others whistled with their fingers. More continually arrived from the North End, and a large body massed

opposite Hunter. A pretty tall, large gentleman, in a red cloak and white wig, was now seen in the middle of the crowd, which pressed up and gave three cheers. "For the Main Guard!" was shouted, and Selkraig thought he heard also, "Huzza, for the Neck."

Turning the corner by Simpson's stone shop, they beat the wall, saying they would "do for the soldiers." Some went up Exchange, some by Jenkin's Alley, some by the Post-office. By far the largest part sought Cornhill. A few still came in from Union Street. Mitchelson caught up his hat, and the whole company hurried into King Street to see what would follow.

John Danbrook, James Bailey, and Jedediah Bass saw the crowd at this point, and while noticing some in sur-touts, considered the most part wore sailor's clothes. James Bailey then passed into King Street and found the sentry being pelted with chunks of broken ice. White was known to him, and they had a few minutes' talk, during which space nothing further was thrown.

Mr. Edward Payne was playing whist at Mr. Amory's when the alarm rang, 9.20 by the clock, and started to the door, cards in hand.¹ Mr. Taylor stopped in shortly after to say it was not fire, there was a rumor about that the soldiers proposed to cut down the Liberty Tree. Payne then went home and told his wife it was no fire, to set her mind at ease. John Coburn, hearing fire called, ran out with his bags and buckets. At Mr. Payne's door, learning his mistake, he sent his buckets home. The two gentlemen then went to Mr. Amory's corner. A ship-builder, named Walker, spoke to them there, saying: "The soldiers are making a tumult in Cornhill and Dock Square. The inhabitants need help. Pray, gentlemen, run." Hearing this, Coburn went home. Mr. Payne also returned, taking with him the story of Garrick's woes. For that young imp was back in King Street, enjoying to the full the tumult he had

¹ *Life of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet.* Thomas C. Amory. Boston, 1886: Cupples, Upham and Company.

occasioned. His fellow-apprentice was telling people as they came up what the sentinel had done to a boy belonging to their shop. This drew all eyes on Hugh White, who lowered back at the unfriendly faces.

Ben Lewis, who had just come from Dock Square, found the lanes thick as they could hold between it and King Street. Feeling this the crowning moment, Garrick pushed forward and said, "There is a son of a [gun] that knocked me down!" "Kill him," cried the mob. "Knock him down." Robert Polley, whose deposition bears no signature but his mark, saw two or three snowballs strike the side of the Custom-house near White, who with his bayonet charged breast-high kept the boys from him by frequent pushes. Mr. Edward Payne started back toward his house, on the way meeting David Spear, the cooper, who said, "Do not go away, I am afraid the Main Guard will come down." Mr. Payne answered, "I am more afraid of those people round the sentry," and desired him to use what influence he had to get them away. Harrison Gray, Jr., went up to the crowd and said, "The sentinel is on duty; it is his post, and he has a right to walk there," and urged them to leave, as the consequences would be fatal if they did not. This was met by a surly: "D— him, let him fire. He can fire but one gun." Mr. Gray reminded them, "He could have enough to relieve him if he needed it, he stood so near the Main Guard." With that Gray joined Mr. Payne in his doorway, where George Bethune and John Coburn were likewise standing.

Edward Langford, town watch, had his club and ran importantly with the rest at the sound of the fire-bell. He heard soldiers from Murray's barracks had been out, but were in again. Quite in the manner of these days he bustled up and satisfied himself all was over. Just as he returned to King Street five-and-twenty boys turned in. They crowded "over the gutter," the barber's lad complaining loudly that the sentry had struck him with the butt of his gun. The boys pressed closer, swearing, while

the watch encouraged the sentry, "Don't you be afraid; they are only boys." James Brewer spoke to the same purpose. There were now perhaps some sixty in the street.

Benjamin Davis, whom we left in Mrs. Elliot's yard, stayed there until the Brick Meeting-house bell had done ringing and the last grenadier had run through Jenkin's Alley, which led by the house, into King Street. Then, leaving the cloak in Mrs. Elliot's charge, Davis took the same alley. Reaching King Street, he saw some with buckets and the deserted engine. Going up the north side, he saw little knots of men all about, and went from group to group to learn what was the matter. Greenwood, pushing on down through the crowd, claimed that he heard two or three say, "I wish I could get into the Custom-house; I would make the money circulate among us." It may have been true; the Hutchinson riot witnessed what lawlessness was latent in a mob. At all events, Greenwood was alarmed and hurried to the Custom-house door. Two or three snowballs 'lighted on the flat stones while he stood impressing on the sentry to let no one pass and force an entry. Greenwood then rapped, and answered Green's inquiry, "'Tis Thomas. Let me in, Hammond." His coming had not been unnoted. Francis Read, G. R. T. Hewes, and John Wilson had seen a man of middling stature, in a light gray surtout, with short curled hair clubbed behind, come on down from the Main Guard and, as rapidly as he could, work 'round back of the sentinel, run out from the crowd, and rest his hand on White's shoulder while he spoke. Dimond Morton recognized the newcomer as a waiter to the Commissioners. Broaders had noticed a gentleman, doubtless Harrison Gray, with a walking-stick, address the sentry. Immediately after this, in a rage at being pelted, White stepped back on the doorstone behind him, waving his bayonet breast-high all the way. He had just drawn a cartridge as if to load, when Greenwood appeared. A hum went through the crowd, "He is going to fire!" Broaders, hearing this, slipped round through Exchange Lane to Dock

Square and told the dispersing crowd the sentinel might fire in King Street. All moved that way. John Gridley, who had been spending the evening with friends at the Bunch of Grapes, which stood, two and a half stories high, on the corner of King Street and Mackerel Lane (Kilby Street) with its gable-end on King, a stable-yard and hog pens behind, running back to the water, saw the lads in the fore part of the group and men at the back, gathered before the Custom-house. Up at the Main Guard all was in confusion. There were reports of slashings from the soldiers' cutlasses, and murmurs of "D— the rascals." "This will never do. The readiest way to get rid of these people is to attack the Main Guard." "Strike at the root, there is the nest." "A man has been stabbed through the arm. It is very hard when people cannot pass along without injury." "We had better go and see it out. It is the best time now and the only time." The outlook was decidedly squally.

When the door closed on Greenwood, Hammond told him he could see better by going upstairs, but to take no candle or light. Young Green went about, locking windows, the doors, and the gate, while Greenwood, stepping into the back room, got the key of the little drawing-room, the lower west chamber. Ann Green, Mary Rogers, and Eliza Avery followed him up, and all four looked through the panes. Some lads were beating the sides of the sentry-box. Naturally timid, Greenwood became frightened and soon went down. Hammond, from the middle room, called, "What is it?" Thomas supposed the house in danger, but Hammond said, "No fears!" Telling him he should go out, Greenwood took his hat, went in the yard, and by aid of the woodpile climbed on the fence. Some in the street called to him, "Heave over some shillelahs!" Seriously alarmed or angered, the sentinel went impetuously to the door and gave its large brass knocker three very heavy claps. The door opened three-quarters. He spoke hurriedly to one in a light surtout, hair tied, hanging loose,

whose shoulder rested against the side, and then it was shut to. Hesitating no longer, White stamped his gun heavily, as if to force down the lead, the breech was grounded twice on the stone steps, the ramming was distinctly heard. Then he primed and shouldered his firelock, saying if they came nearer he'd blow their brains out, and returned to the west corner of his box; but he was forced by the boys to resume quickly his place on the doorstep. Mr. Benjamin Davis, after wandering about, had planted himself by Mr. Price's office. The street was all lit up by the brilliant moon, and he could see the sentry backed against the door and the boys' laughing faces as they cried, "Why don't you fire?" When White made a feint they would fall back, and he would again shoulder his musket. To the youngsters it was still a teasing play, but the men who looked on felt the game a dangerous one, which should be stopped lest harm come of it.

In the crowd were three men, Thomas Cain, Wm. Tant, and Samuel Condon, who had run up from Long Wharf under an impression the ropewalk quarrel had been renewed. When it was discovered there was no fire, they waited about to see what would happen. Somewhere among the rest stood Patrick Carr, a native of Ireland, who lodged at Mrs. Catherine Field's, being employed¹ by her husband, a Queen Street leather-breeches maker. He had run upstairs and slipped on his surtout, putting a hanger betwixt it and his coat at the first alarm. When he came down Mr. Field gave him a push, felt the sword, and wanted him to leave it. John Mansfield, who was present, tried to keep him within doors. Carr was loath to go without his sword, but had it coaxed from him by a woman living next door, and started, following the crowd so far as the Stocks. Boys and negroes were throwing snowballs when he reached the sentry, huzzaing every time they struck hard. Samuel Maverick had supped that evening at Jonathan Cary's with some other lads, where he still lingered when the bells

¹ *War in America*, I, 224. Murray.

took all outside. Robert Patterson, a seafaring man, who makes his mark, was drawn by the same alarm from Captain McNeil's at the North End. Carr, Patterson, and young Maverick, all three, will be met with again.

Henry Knox, the Cornhill bookseller and subsequent general, a young man of twenty-five, came on a crowd of one hundred and fifty to two hundred in Dock Square. Inquiring what was the matter, he was told the soldiers had been cutting "fore and aft," and then retreated to their barracks. Entering King Street, he found another crowd watching fifteen or twenty lads whose ages ran from seventeen to eighteen years. The sentry held his gun well up and dodged it about in self-defence. He was fast losing his nerve. It could scarcely be otherwise. Finally he snapped his piece. Knox cried to him, "If you fire, you must die for it." White replied: "I don't care, d— them. If they touch me I shall fire."

An eighteen-year-old lad named Usher said, "D— him, we will knock him down for snapping." Knox tried to keep the boys back, striking or pushing one forcibly away. Then he warned the rest to take care, the sentinel meant to fire. They cheered and gathered about ten feet distant. The sentinel still stood on the steps. Some scattered pieces of sea-coal and oyster shells were thrown, and the taunts redoubled. Setting himself against the door, he levelled his gun at the hip and continued to order them back. "Do fire if you dare," mocked some. "D— you, why don't you fire?" as he continued motionless and watchful. A man near Wm. Strong would have hurled the butt end of a bat at the sentinel had not Strong dissuaded him, since he would surely fire on the place it came from.

Fearing the worst, John Green said to Broaders by the Brazen Head, "The sentry is going to fire," and immediately tried to get inside the Custom-house. Finding the gate locked, he called to Greenwood, who refused to open it at such a moment, adding he should do the same by his own father. Greenwood then leaped down into Exchange

Lane, saying, "Follow me," and the two made a circuit 'round by the Post-office to the Main Guard. About the same time Strong shifted his stand to Mr. Sherwin's door, first, from curiosity, trying the latch of the Custom-house door to see if they were prudent enough to have it secured, and finding it fast. Mr. Payne and Harrison Gray were commenting on the mob's folly when an outcry rose, "The sentry is disarmed." Two or three boys flew up where Andrew the negro was standing, with a gleeful shout, "We have got his gun away, now we will have him." The call of "Come away," which had been started by Dr. Young, James Brewer, and others, fell unheeded, and the crowd of sixty or so then gathered, quickly thickened, until some two hundred were in the street. Wm. Strong had been on the point of leaving with the rest when he heard a huzza and rush of feet behind him. Standing to one side, he supposed as many as ninety men and boys now ran past him from Royal Exchange Lane and stopped before the Custom-house. Spying the sentry, they huzzaed, "Here is a soldier." Said one, "This is the fellow that used the inhabitants ill." Another cried, "Not him." All scruples were soon removed by what they heard, and they were as forward as even Garrick could wish.

The cries now became more menacing. Daniel Cornwall, who had arrived breathless from Milk Street, at first heard, "A rascally soldier struck one of the inhabitants with a cutlass." "Where is the d—d villain gone?" he questioned eagerly, but received no reply in the bustle. Then the bell stopped its clanging and Cornwall was borne with the crowd down before the Custom-house, where he heard a hullabaloo. "Burn the sentry-box!" "Heave it overboard!" The sentry meanwhile had hallooed for the guard.

It seems, soon after the bells started ringing, John Gammell saw about fifteen or sixteen issue from the Main Guard. After priming and loading, a file of six marched off, as he understood to fetch Captain Preston from Williams Court; but more probably his lieutenant, James Bassett, since

Preston, we find, was spending the evening at ¹ Concert Hall, on the south corner of Hanover Street. For several days the soldiers had been expecting an organized attack, and about nine o'clock some of the guard ran in and told Preston they took the bells to be a signal for rousing the countryside. As captain of the day,² he immediately left the tavern and hurried to the guard-house, on the way hearing "horrid threats." Thomas Wilkinson noticed the captain as he came up, seemingly from behind the Brick Meeting-house, and heard him cry, "Turn out, d— your bloods, turn out!" About one hundred surged down King Street a moment after, followed by a "prodigious hubbub" from below. The men, meanwhile, had drawn up in two files. As they stood waiting, a townsman brought word that the sentry was close pressed, and was sent back to keep watch. A moment later he returned with word that White was in peril.

John Bulkely, standing by Mr. Quincy's office and not knowing Captain Preston was officer of the day, observed he was in a "great flutter of spirits." One of the crowd in William Whittington's hearing called out to the soldiers about the guard-house door, "Will you stand there and see your sentinel murdered at the Custom-house?" Lieutenant James Bassett and Captain Preston were together. "What shall I do in this case?" appealed Bassett. "Take out six or seven of the men and let them go down to the sentry's aid," was the reply. There were a number standing about listening; the officer of the guard was very young, and Bulkely "pitied his situation." Benjamin Davis, standing at Mr. Price's office, saw two men without hats go to the Main Guard and say, "You must send assistance directly." One is inclined to suppose these men to have been Thomas Greenwood and John Green, but the latter takes pains to disclaim all responsibility, alleging they arrived too late to deliver their message. However this

¹ *History of the U. S.*, III, 361. Bryant and Gay.

² *War in America*, I, 230. Murray.

may be, Captain Preston dallied no longer, but spoke up roughly, "D— you, why do you not turn out?" and about seven from the right-hand file, having left their watch-coats inside, hurried out again, their muskets not shouldered but grasped in their right hands. The corporal led off in front. Captain Preston, saying to Bassett that he would go and "see no mischief was done," drew his sword and brought up the rear, his scarlet coat and laced hat being remarked by several. As they set forth, Ebenezer Hinckley heard one whom he supposed an officer call to them from the chamber window of the guard-house, "Fire upon them, d— them, fire upon them." Greenwood heard others, whom he took to be regulars, cry, "D— them, kill them all; they have no business to be there."

Andrew, who had raced up to the guard-house to see if they meant to turn out, now followed on beside them in the shadow of the buildings as far as Mr. Peck's corner, when he was diverted by a cheer, "Huzza, here is Old Murray with the riot act." Snowballs flew fast and a man was seen to run, whom Andrew followed up as far as Phillips' corner. This may have been James Murray, as he seems to have been in town that night and¹ bore a commission as justice of the peace. Although Andrew remained behind, the chief part of the crowd closed in after the soldiers and kept steadily on with them. Wilkinson supposed they meant simply to relieve guard, and stopped at Waldo's shop. The nearer the redcoats came to the Custom-house the harder it was to make headway, and more than once snowballs were thrown. John Wilson drew back opposite Mr. Stone's and heard the officer cry, "D— you, make way, you boogers." This made him disinclined to give room, and accordingly, he received a blow in the hip with the butt of a musket, which left quite a bruise. "Why don't you prick the boogers," suggested Preston, and Obadiah Whiston and several more felt a nip as the soldiers crowded by. As they went on down, they shouted contin-

¹ *James Murray*, 170. Ed. Tiffany.

ually, "Make way, clear the way," and swung their guns. Nathaniel Fosdick had run north to discover the fire, and paid but little heed to the soldiers, fixing their bayonets, as he turned down King Street after the other running groups. He began at last to wonder where the fire could be, and stopped to get his breath and look 'round. As he stopped he was pushed behind, and turning saw soldiers with their bayonets charged, two of which pressed against him. Fosdick asked if this was the fire he had heard cried, to which they made no reply. Beginning to be angry, Fosdick asked what they meant by crowding on him in that fashion. Their answer was simply, "D— you, stand out of our way." Fosdick indignantly retorted he would not move for any man under the heavens, and the ranks parted, some passing on his right, some on his left.

Driving people roughly from their path, abreast of the Custom-house, they wheeled to the left and came about. As they did so Jonathan Williams Austin, being inside the gutter and close to the sentry-box which stood three or four feet from the corner of the Custom-house, was threatened by William McCauley, one of the soldiers stationed nearest to the sentry-box, who said, "D— you, stand off." They then lined up in loose formation from the corner of Royal Exchange Lane to the sentry-box, between the lane and the Custom-house door. The sentry, with some relief, we may well suppose, fell into the ranks with them.

When John Coburn saw Captain Preston approach, swinging his naked cutlass, the men struggling forward with muskets held breast-high, he thought it imprudent to remain, but went immediately to his own house and called all his family in.

Not long before, Benjamin Davis, Jr., had stood by the garden gate in Green's Lane and seen young Sam Gray coming toward him with a stick tucked under his arm, who called to him, "Where's the fire?" Davis explained it was a scrimmage and not a fire. Gray answered lightly: "D— it, I am glad. I will knock some of them on the

head." "Take heed you do not get killed in the affray yourself," Davis called after the lad. "Do not you fear, d— their bloods," he answered, and sped on. Ferreter met Gray hastening along in Quaker Lane, and at about the same moment as Captain Preston drew up, he joined the crowd before the Custom-house. On first arriving, Gray clapped the watch on the shoulder, asking, "Langford, what's here to pay?" The watch did not know, but said he believed something would come of it by and by. Boy-like, Gray suspected no danger, and clapped Joseph Hinkley on the shoulder, saying, "Do not run, my lad; they dare not fire," and urged this to others.

James Bailey was between the corner of the Custom-house and the post, his arm atop of the post, when the soldiers halted. One of them, John Carrol, clapped his bayonet to his breast, but the sentry, who was a friend, made haste to say, "Do not hurt him." As he spoke, the end soldier on their right wing, Hugh Montgomery, close to Bailey, put out his hand and shoved him right behind him, where he was out of harm's way. James Brewer, standing by the gutter, happened to be too near as the soldiers wheeled, whereupon Matthew Killroy, one of the guard, struck him with his bayonet to make room for them to form; one man so pricked, growled, "D— you, why do you turn your bayonet this way? Turn it the other way." The boys cheered when the soldiers partly formed, three facing upstreet westward, three fronting the street southward. All the while they struck and pushed with their bayonets until they had turned the people from the door, and made them fall back into the middle of the street. Andrew saw the crowd sway to and fro, and was listening to the words in front, "You d—d lobster, bloody back, are you going to stab me!" "By —, I will," when he felt a hand on his shoulder and was advised to go home lest he should be hurt.

Captain Preston, standing a little behind the men, then commanded, "Shoulder your arms, handle your arms,

ease your arms, support your arms, ease your arms, prime and load." Josiah Simpson was as sure he heard all this as he was of his own existence. Being on the edge of the gutter, Simpson, much agitated, pressed between two of the regulars and cried to Captain Preston, "For God's sake, don't fire upon the inhabitants." Receiving no reply, he turned to the people, "Do not trouble these men, for they are on duty." The towners answered doggedly, "We will neither trouble them nor be drove off by them."

CHAPTER VII

BOSTON MASSACRE

AFTER the soldiers had gained a little cleared space, they took things more easily, talked quietly among themselves, and not only did not object, but made room for John Gridley to walk peaceably through their ranks while they loaded. Joseph Hiller also passed by them and joined a group by Exchange Lane, which did not extend quite so high as Stone's Tavern.

Up by the Town-house there was now a general move and call, "Come away, let the guard alone; you have nothing at all to do with them." Gridley after this strolled back to the Bunch o' Grapes and explained to his comrades the trouble was about disturbing the sentry at his post. Mr. Davis and the rest on the steps said, "They are just a parcel of boys." "Yes, Mother Tapley's boys, boys of about my age," he answered. He noticed snow thrown, on the skirts of the crowd, both from the middle of the street and from Quaker Lane. As for the lads' taunts, they could be heard at Long Wharf. Noticing a bickering had begun between the soldiers and the crowd, who were only some ten feet apart, Simpson crossed the street, where he succeeded in restraining a man from hurling a club, as it would surely draw fire.

Nathaniel Fosdick, meanwhile, had almost made his way to the front. He was intent on keeping the peace and spoke out, desiring there might be no disturbance, for if the soldiers were in fault, their officer was present, whom he took to be officer of the day, and capable of settling the affair in one minute. He then asked two, who were nearer, to speak to Captain Preston. Two or three

sprang forward. Andrew saw them talking and others jumping on the backs of the foremost to overhear and see better. Fosdick warned the crowd to keep back and let those that went to the officer settle the dispute.

Henry Knox, plucking Captain Preston by the coat, told him for G— sake to take his men back again, for if they fired, his life must answer the consequences. He replied he knew what he was about, and seemed hurried and troubled. James Brewer, likewise, addressed him, "Sir, I hope you are not going to fire, for everybody is going to their homes." "I hope they are," answered the captain, we may well believe, sincerely.

Fosdick had been unable to catch any of the talk, and now turned, to see the captain passing to the back of the circle, between the fourth and fifth men. Preston had stepped back, because he saw when his eyes were off them his men did not hesitate to strike out at any within reach, and even at the backs of those who had offered no provocation. Peter Cunningham saw the captain put his arm under three or four pieces and knock them up, but so soon as he was called aside the soldiers had them levelled again.

William Wyat of Salem ran up from his coasting vessel, which lay at Treat's Wharf. He heard a gentleman say to the captain, "For God's sake keep your men in order and mind what you are about." He also remarked the despatch with which the men loaded. At his first coming, Captain Preston said to the lads in the forefront of the crowd, "Boys, go off, lest there be some murder done." The boys fell back and snowballed. The soldiers at this swore, saying, "D— you, stand back"; at which the boys laughed and came nearer. Captain Preston many times entreated the people to disperse, and was greeted with the mocking challenge, "Fire, fire; you dare not fire." Ben Frizel, the sailor, heard the fire-bell at Wheeler's Point and ran his best to the heart of the town to learn further. On the west side of the Town-house he saw the two deserted engines and started to follow the crowd gradually flocking

into King Street. The two sentinels at the Main Guard, alarmed perhaps at the numbers that were rallying, forbade more to pass down at their peril. One, bolder than the others, shouldered his stick with the words, "All the inhabitants have a good right to pass through any street or lane of the town. I shall pass." The sailor and a host more went on at his heels.

Each moment the din increased. Borne forward by the newcomers, the front row had been pressed within bayonet reach of the armed grenadiers. Nat Russell judged it so near a hat could not be slipped between. The cries were multiplied. "Fire, fire, d— you, fire!" "Fire, you lobsters. You dare not fire!" said as they rattled and played their sticks at fence with the bayonets. The blows clattering on the guns were heard by many.

People near Eben Bridgham bade two of the soldiers to lay aside their guns and they were their men: cowardly rascals they were, to bring arms against naked men. He also saw a party of twelve pass the soldiers lengthwise in the direction of Exchange Lane, cheering and striking at their guns as they left. Benjamin Burdick, Jr., now pressed up and asked the fourth soldier, who was bald, and in about the middle of the half circle standing in the gutter, if they were loaded. To which he received a short, "Yes." His glance then swept the group. "Do you intend to fire?" "Yes, by the Eternal God," answered the same grenadier, pushing at him with his bayonet, which Burdick warded off with his Highland broadsword. Another soldier, fourth or fifth from Exchange Lane, pushed too, and Burdick clashed the second gun with some force about the lock.

It is difficult to remember, in the fulness of detail, with what rapidity all took place. At this time Richard Palmes had but just come along from Murray's barracks. Pool Spear told him by the Town Pump there was fresh confusion at the Custom-house, and despite his protest Palmes hurried down, hoping to keep it in bounds. When he arrived, Theodore Bliss, just come from the South End,



OLD STATE HOUSE

was questioning Captain Preston anxiously, "Are the soldiers loaded?" "They are." He continued, "With ball?" but received no reply. Still more worried, he asked again, "Are they going to fire?" "Not without my orders."

Immediately after Bliss left him, Richard Palmes went forward, and placing his left hand gravely on the young officer's right shoulder, repeated the question, "Are the muskets loaded?" This time the answer came, "Yes, with powder and ball." "I hope," Palmes urged, "you do not intend they shall fire upon the inhabitants?" "By no means," he replied promptly, and added,¹ "I am before the muzzles, and must fall if they fire. Their pieces are on half cock and their bayonets charged. No officer would order men to fire in such a case." While these words passed, John Hickling had rested a hand on Palmes' shoulder, Preston standing in front of his men at the end of their bayonets. Before they had finished, the soldiers, previously standing at ease, had come to shoving and pushing at the town-born once more. One of them pushed Hickling himself in the side, and swore that he would run him through. Hickling instantly caught hold of the bayonet, crying, "Nobody is going to meddle with you."

At this critical moment a fresh body arrived from Jackson's corner. A little before this, starting from the Pump in the market, a party of twenty or thirty went up Cornhill. About half had broken cordwood sticks, the thickness of one's wrist, which they carried upright above their heads. They cried, "Let us go up to the Town-house," and set forward. At their head was a powerful mulatto, a sailor in port, intending for North Carolina. He had a large cordwood stick, having provided Patrick Keaton with another earlier in the evening, saying, "Take it." This, Keaton alleges, he dropped in the snow at the head of the lane. Some soldiers were then in the streets about the barracks, being driven in for the last time. Finding there would be no fun in this quarter, the party swooped back

¹ *War in America*, I, 231. Murray.

toward the Town-house. Newtown Prince, standing at his door, had asked where the fire was, and been answered, "There is none, it is something better." Now, as he stood, he saw the gang by the west door of the Town-house, on Main Street, in hot discussion. "Let's go and attack the Main Guard," said some. Others, "For God's sake, do not meddle with them." "By —, we will go!" "King Street forever!" "Do not go." In the end, with an answering whoop, they came on down, reinforcing the earlier party whose cheers caught their attention, shouting, "We are not afraid of them! They dare not fire."

Corporal William Wemms now stood on the left of the party, the captain, Thomas Preston, at the right, and by his side Hugh Montgomery. The next but one to the corporal was a tall fellow, Wm. Warren; John Carrol was about in the centre. The remaining soldiers, beside the sentry, Hugh White, were James Hartigan, Wm. McCauley, and Matthew Killroy. They had borne all they could, and the captain ceased to restrain their ill-temper which had risen to wrath. Nat Russell noticed the soldiers fairly a-quiver with pent-up feeling. Some hundred and forty by-standers formed the outskirts of the crowd, leaning on their sticks, or with hands in their bosoms out of the nipping night air, others whistling through their fingers. The sixty directly opposite to the guard surged in still nearer. "Do not press on the soldiers," warned Robert Williams, who was in the hurly trying to see what would be the upshot.

All at once a change of expression in Preston's face made one of the towners quit speaking with him and turn suddenly, with the words, "D— him, he is going to fire."

Incredulous or defiant, the shout rose up against the soldiers, "Fire and be d—d. Who cares for you!" A perfect shower of snowballs came fast and thick from the back, one of them striking a grenadier's hat, a stick rapped another's fingers, a stout fellow directly in front of the soldiers continually whacked their guns, and a powerful fellow with a large stick of cordwood aimed a blow at Preston,

which he warded off with his left arm. "Think you I'll be used in this manner?" Robert Goddard heard him exclaim. Attucks, the mulatto, it is supposed, with a swift turn, now struck Montgomery's arm so violently, as he stood at the captain's right, toward the corner of Exchange Lane, that his gun flew out of his hand, and he slipped and fell in trying to recover it. Gaining possession of the piece, Attucks then gave the soldier a blow on his hat or cheek, making with his left hand a few passes with the captured bayonet, as he cried, "Kill the dogs, knock them over." Two or three boatswain's calls were piped shrilly from out the crowd. At the same instant a slender, white birch cordwood stick was flung from the back. It went almost as high as the sign and Burdick thought cleared the soldiers, flying over their heads. However that may be, the affair had come to a head, and the watchman caught the ominous words: "Are you loaded? Are you all ready?" At the word, "Present," Simpson and Bailey crouched, the former with his back to the soldiers. He next heard an impatient, "D— you, fire!" as he supposed from the sentry-box, where he had last seen Preston, but the confusion was such none could tell positively who gave the command. Montgomery only waited until, by a snatch, he regained his piece and then fired in a blaze of fury. He was followed almost at once by a second soldier, supposed to have been Killroy or Warren. In the interval Attucks had stepped back about fifteen feet and stood confronting the soldiers, resting his weight composedly on his cordwood stick. He may have thought the men were still in Preston's control. What he thought was never known, for with the first fire he fell. Burdick ran to his side and asked him if he was hurt, but received no reply; the poor fellow was gasping and struggling in death. Further up the street, on the right, lay another, who may have been Maverick, whom some heard cry "Murder" at the first shot.

About two hours before he died Maverick told Dr. Hirons he went up Exchange Lane and, hearing a gun,

kept on toward the Town-house. Midway he was wounded. It was supposed the ball must have struck a wall and bounded back. It lodged between the lower ribs, whence it was removed. Mr. Payne exclaimed to his friends, "There is a gun snapped, did you hear it?" and after it was discharged "reached to see" if it was powder, or if any dropped.

There had been a general stampede when the firing opened, the crowd parting to the left and right. As one wing folded back toward Exchange Lane, Williams was carried in the press out of sight of the right-hand soldiers, where the firing began, and could only see those on the extreme left. He supposed Attucks lay about one foot over the south side of the gutter. John Hickling was still at Palmes' shoulder, too absorbed to note the growing animosity, when a lump of ice rattled against one of the soldiers. Almost without warning, so far as they were concerned, a gun or two went off. Hickling had barely time to avoid its fire by springing to the left, inside the soldiers' bayonets. The ball passed between him and Palmes. A moment after, Palmes saw Attucks lying about six feet distant on the snow, which covered the street like a cake.

Almost beside himself with passion, Palmes rushed on the first soldier and struck Montgomery's gun from his hand. He had raised his stick again, meaning to strike Preston, but it glanced ineffectually on the captain's arm, through his right foot slipping on the trampled snow. This brought him on his knee. Montgomery, seeing his chance, sprang forward to run him through, but Palmes flung his walking-stick in the grenadier's face and jumped from him into Exchange Lane. The soldier stepped 'round the corner to pursue him, when he, too luckily, fell, and Palmes ran on and doubled back by the next lane to a safer part of King Street. Nat Fosdick was near enough at this time to "rush in" on the soldiers, and when Montgomery fell in chasing Palmes, he shouted, "Take his gun from him."



BOSTON MASSACRE

The soldiers surrounded Fosdick instantly, giving him three bayonet pushes, one in his left arm and elbow, the third in his breast, the last serious enough to be exhibited at the trial some months later. Fosdick was in a towering rage and drew off by way of Quaker Lane, where he told a number of by-standers not to let the soldiers get away, and, crossing the street, took the lane near the Town-house, urging the crowd at this point to rally and he would fetch his gun and lead them. But before he could get back, returning citizens told him the soldiers were gone off and all was over for the night.

At first several supposed the soldiers used powder only. This was Brewer's opinion, who was speaking to Christopher Monk when the first volley came. The lad seemed to falter, and he asked him doubtingly, "Are you wounded?" and to his, "Yes," responded, "I do not think it." Young Sam Gray was by Langford at this time, his hands rammed into the breast of his coat for warmth. There was a slight delay, owing to the scuffle with Palmes and Fosdick. Then came an emphatic order, "Fire by all means, be the consequence what it will." Preston, stamping his foot and swearing at the men who needed little urging, three or four guns sounded in reply, as measured as the ticking of an old hall clock.

George Costar of the Bay of Bulls, Newfoundland, a mariner, was standing between Attucks and Sam Gray. Between the first and second volleys, young Gray stepped up to Attucks and was looking at him when the men fired again. Charles Hobby saw a soldier, thought to have been Killroy, take deliberate aim at the lad's head. Langford regarded him and bade him not to fire, which he straightway did, and Gray, turning himself round upon his heel, dropped dead on his back in the middle of the street, falling across Langford's left foot. Robert Williams, in great perturbation, sank on his knees. The guns seemed to him to follow the running crowd. Langford had been standing halfway between the lane and the sentry-box, within three

or four feet of the gutter. Seeing what had befallen his friend, he now rushed forward, but Killroy, thrusting his bayonet between his jacket and greatcoat, Langford beat a retreat to the watch-house, where he took stand.*

Colonel Marshall had a mind to take his staff—meaning by this probably a fireward's staff,¹ five feet in length, painted red and tipped with a brass spiral six inches long, used to direct the firemen—when he heard the alarm-bells ring, but was warned to keep in that night, and stayed at his door. He had supposed, with others, Captain Preston only intended relieving the sentry, and wondered at his tarrying so long. The sentry-box cut off his view of Exchange Lane, and the first intimation he had of danger was the first gun, which he supposed accidental. Before the smoke was well away, however, the crowd had parted and he saw several had fallen.

Hickling ran to one, who he heard later was Gray, and saw blood gushing from a hole in his head the size of his hand. Then he went to Attucks, who lay gasping, pulled his head out of the gutter, and left him. Scarce knowing what he did, Hickling went toward the soldiers and asked, What they thought of themselves and whether they did not deserve to be cut in pieces to lay men wallowing in such a manner. The soldiers, who were reloading, told him to keep off at his peril. The rammers were distinctly heard. With a sort of desperate, blind courage the people gave three cheers and shouted, "Let us go in upon them and prevent their firing again." With this they put on their hats and advanced. Robert Patterson had raised his right arm to put on his own hat when the sentinel "up with his gun," the ball went through his forearm, and his hand fell. Josiah Simpson, stooping near by, had a ball clear his back by a bare five inches, and was spattered from Patterson's wound. Caldwell was killed about ten feet distant, and, expecting the soldiers would charge next,

¹ *History of the Boston Fire Department.* Arthur Wellington Brayley. Boston, 1889: John P. Dale and Co.

Simpson darted down Quaker Lane and so up into Main Street. John Wilson helped Patterson home.

There were fewer in the street when the soldiers on the left fired, and these were over the way from the guard. In this last firing, a ball passed through Mr. Payne's right arm, shattering some of the bones; and finding himself wounded, he went indoors, remarking¹ as he left, "Those soldiers ought to be talked to!" Months later he was forced to use his left hand in signature, as John Amory bears witness. Patrick Carr was also wounded, as he supposed, by the first or second man from the box. When he lay dying on the 8th, he said he had no blame for the soldiers; he really thought they fired in self-defence, under just provocation. The gun of the last man on the left flashed in the pan and he primed again. In this pause there was a cry, "Let us pick up our dead and not let the soldiers have them." Samuel Condon, supposing the firing ceased, returned and saw a body being carried off. The street was now practically cleared, the people running promiscuously. Bridgham saw the last gun deliberately aimed at a little boy running along on the left and crying, "Fire, fire!" Happily this missed. The little boy told Hiller men had been killed, but he was slow to believe it had been anything more than powder-firing, and supposed that the men had cast their greatcoats here and there on the snow running off in a fright. After this last shot the officer sprang in front of his men and waved his sword, saying, "D— ye, rascals, what did ye fire for?" to their utter confounding.

Going up behind the soldiers on the right wing, Wyat saw four or five grouped about a body, wondering if the man was dead. A soldier called to them, "D— his—, he is dead. If he ever sprawl again I'll be d— for him." Condon, as he stood there, heard someone, possibly Ben Lee or Leigh, an "undertaker in the Delph Manufactory," ask Montgomery his reason for such doings. The grenadier answered savagely with an oath, "You boogers, I could kill a thou-

¹ *Antiquities*, 782. Drake.

sand of you." He was then busily reloading. Burdick had quickly fetched Dr. Joseph Gardner and Mr. David Bradley to Attucks. While stooping over him in the street, at their first coming, the soldiers presented their pieces threateningly. Hiller, who had just come up to survey Attucks, heard the soldiers cock their guns. The sound seemed to pass from right to left. Captain Preston was forced to shove up their muskets and say, "Stop firing. Don't fire any more." Upon which they shouldered arms. The people continued steadily caring for the fallen. The sailor, George Costar, and Samuel Drowne helped in this. So did Robert Goddard, who helped carry the mulatto into Mr. Stone's store, where he gave one last gasp. Opening his breast, Goddard found two bullet-holes, one in each breast. About the same time Hickling helped in carrying Gray's body into Dr. Loring's shop, where he left him, the shop was so full. Some friends now gathered about Carr and carried him home to Mrs. Field's. The sailor, Ben Frizel, supported and steadied him, or one other of the sufferers, until a chair could be fetched.

About this time a townsman¹ warned Preston that four or five thousand men in the next street were asking for his life. The soldiers were accordingly ordered to march into the road, when they had loaded, with bayonets breast-high. Robert Goddard, glancing from Mr. Stone's door, saw them there, two gentlemen talking with the captain. This was probably the moment when Burdick in righteous wrath went close up to the soldiers who had threatened the surgeons and told them all he came to see some faces that he might be able to swear to another day. The captain spoke betwixt two of them, rather diverting his scrutiny, and assented in a "melancholy tone," "Perhaps you may." When he had finished, Burdick turned on his heel and Captain Preston's party marched without hindrance to the Main Guard. They had only been gone some twelve or fifteen minutes. It was less than half an hour since

¹ *War in America*, I, 232. Murray.

Hugh White's cry for aid. Here they were formed in ¹ position for street-firing, and a sergeant sent to acquaint Colonel Dalrymple. Hearing the town drums beat to arms, Preston ordered his drum to beat and the rest of the 29th fell in, some officers bringing stories of tussles with the towners while joining their command; one had been wounded and lost his sword. Returning to Dr. Jeffries, we find he had only been within doors a short time when the girl ran in from the kitchen and surprised him by saying, "There is a gun fired;" hearing which, he hurried out. There was much need of doctors that night, and little parties sorrowfully made their way in every direction as bearers or escort to the injured.

They were eleven in number. Of the killed: —

1. Samuel Gray, a journeyman ropewalker, instantly.

2. Crispus Attucks, who was at first spoken of as Michael Johnson, but subsequently identified as a mulatto of Indian descent — Attucks in the Natick tongue signifying Deer. A native of Framingham, he had latterly hailed from New Providence, Nassau, and was on the eve of sailing for North Carolina on Captain Folger's Nantucket whaler. His age was about forty-seven. He was six feet, two, in height. In his case, too, death came instantly. As also to

3. James Caldwell, called Covil, by Prentiss, mate of Captain Morton's vessel; two balls entering his breast.

4. Samuel Maverick, a lad of seventeen or less, son of Mrs. Mary Maverick, a widow, was mortally wounded in the belly, and died next morning. He was a youth of much promise, and apprenticed to Greenwood, the joiner.

5. Patrick Carr, the Irishman, about thirty years of age, had a ball enter his hip, which was cut out at the side. He lingered until the 14th, and, attended by many, was placed in the same grave as the preceding. Of the wounded:

6. Christopher Monk, about seventeen, apprentice to Thomas Walker the shipwright, had a ball enter his back near the spine, which was cut out of the breast. March

¹ *War in America*, I, 232. Murray.

5, 1774, at the Anniversary Oration,¹ £319 13s. 3d. O. T. was raised for young Monk, "now languishing under a wound received in his lungs." In 1780, at a later memorial service, a collection was still being taken.

7. John Clark, Jr., Samuel Howard's apprentice, about seventeen years, was also dangerously wounded, the ball coming out at his hip. Clark's parents lived in Medford. He died 1778.

8. Mr. Edward Payne, merchant, in his entry-way, as described.

9. John Green, a tailor, wounded just as he turned Messrs Amory's Corner coming from Leverett's Lane, (that is, Quaker Lane, or Congress Street). He had a ball extracted from his thigh; the town² voting him £12 15s. to discharge his surgeon's bill, with a further allowance of £18 because of "his numerous Family" and enforced loss of work for seven months.

10. Robert Patterson, the sailor, as described. It is curious to note he had had his trowsers shot through in the Richardson affair the previous month.

11. Lastly, David Parker, apprentice to Eddy, the wheelwright, had a ball lodged in his thigh.

As 'prentice lads, Christopher Monk, Clark, and Parker may have worn short blue coats with metal buttons, and small beaver hats. The spot where this took place is indicated in the street-paving to this day by a circle of granite blocks ten feet in diameter.

The bodies of the two sailors, Attucks and Caldwell, were carried eventually to Faneuil Hall; Palmes and Gridley, with others, following on after them as far as the prison (where the present Court-house now stands). Charles Hobby picked up a round hat and kept with the party carrying Gray to a house near the Post-office, doubtless his brother Benjamin's, in Royal Exchange Lane on

¹ *Life of Hancock*, 183. Brown.

² *Boston Town Records*, 1770-7, 45-6, 49. Document 91, Boston, 1887. Eighteenth Report of the Record Commissioners.

the north side of the Exchange. Young Maverick's mother lived in Union Street. Sobered and sorrowing, the little groups moved slowly homeward. While the rest were busy with the wounded, Cato, negro servant to Tuthill Hubbard, Esq., saw several soldiers with cutlasses enter the Custom-house. There had been many witnesses to more than connivance on the part of its inmates. Cato, himself, had seen two flashes in quick succession from the chamber window there. Francis Read marked two, high above the rest, as did Gillam Bass. Jeremiah Allen, at the first firing, stepped to the balcony of the Bunch o' Grapes. Noticing these same flashes, Allen had said to his companions, William Molineaux, Jr., and John Simpson, "There they are, out of the Custom-house." Samuel Drowne could see from his position one gun flash from the window west of the balcony, and another pointed through the ballisters of the balcony; the man who fired the latter was in a stooping position, his face partly muffled with a handkerchief. Costar heard people within laugh and speak before the casement was lowered. Frizel and Bass only differed in supposing there were three fired in all.

It was a curious fact that Benjamin Andrews, on being desired to get the range of sundry bullet-holes, found one, two and one-half inches deep, in Mr. Payne's front door-post, ranged under the stool of the westernmost window of the Custom-house. The ball which passed through the lower story window-shutter here, and lodged in the back wall of Mr. Payne's shop, ranged breast-high from the ground, between the second and third windows, from the western corner of the Custom-house. The holes in Warden and Vernon's shop, through the outer shutters and in the wall of the back partition, ranged with the westernmost side of the first window west of the great door of the Custom-house. Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr., when requested by the coroner, Robert Pierpont, to examine Attucks' body, apprehended the gun was discharged from some elevation. Finally we have the statement of a French boy,

Charlotte or Charles Bourgate, indented to Edward Manwaring, Esq., an officer of the Customs lodging with the Hudsons at the North End. About half an hour before the bells rang Mr. and Mrs. John Munroe went off to drink a glass of wine at the Custom-house. The boy followed them there at the alarm, and was let in by Hammond Green. Four or five men instantly hauled the lad upstairs with the words, "My good boy, come." He found but one light in the corner of this chamber, a number of gentlemen, and two guns, one being loaded by a tall man. When ready, it was thrust in the boy's hand and the tall man said Bourgate "must fire, or he would kill him." The boy protested, but the man drew a sword out of his cane and said he should run him through if he refused, and slid the gun barrel through the window opening. Bourgate fired sideways up the street. The man reloaded, threatened the boy for hesitation, who again fired as before. Manwaring then came in and fired. The tall man now clapped Bourgate on the shoulder. "That's my good boy; I'll give you some money to-morrow." The boy answered he did not want any. He caught a better view of this man as he went down, from a door standing ajar on the lower floor with light inside. Two or three were about in the entry. Hammond let Bourgate out, who ran home and sat up all night in the kitchen in great distress of mind. Having been beaten by Manwaring for telling Mrs. Waldron about his firing, Bourgate from fear denied all this to Justice Quincy, but felt uneasy until he had made a clean breast of it at the trial.

Hammond Green kept all this in the background. After seeing the dead from the chamber window he let Eliza Avery out by the front door and let his father, Bartholomew, in, who asked what this was about, and his son told him. He next asked, "Where are the girls?" and leaving the kitchen went up to them. Here Mr. Green opened the window, which his son quickly shut. Presently both looked out. In the meantime, Matthias King, from the

Widow Torrey's upper chamber window, saw a drum and guard go to Murray's barracks; he also saw one of the guard kneel and present his piece and swear he'd fire on a parcel of boys then in the street, but nothing came of it.

The firing had been remarked throughout the neighborhood. At the report, Dr. Hiron heard Captain Goldfinch, still on the barrack steps, say: "I thought it would come to this. It is time for me to go." Thomas Jackson, Jr., hearing the drum beat to arms, said to his guests he feared some disturbance. "Foh!" said one, "I believe it is nothing but boys." The drum approached, and Jackson caught up his hat. Outside he was told the military had shot down and killed six. A man by Concert Hall confirmed the story. Knocking at the Custom-house, he demanded admittance. Hammond called from the window over the sentry-box, "Who's there?" Jackson could see the young women beside him. Green promptly refused to let him in since he had orders to refuse all, and neither his father, if he were out, nor even one of the Commissioners might enter. Jackson then stood about with Captain John Riordan and saw a party of the 29th march down Queen Street and join the assembling regiment, and presently the whole force stood under arms in three divisions. One is inclined to think the last grenadiers who were driven back from Cornhill and disappeared past the Main Guard came from the ropewalk district, for when, on hearing the firing, John Brailsford asked Swan in Green's Lane, "What can that mean?" Swan said confidently, "It's the Guards. You had better go home." Mary Gardner, who lived on Atkinson Street, noticed a bunch of soldiers opposite her gate, standing very still in front of Green's barracks. At the sound of the report they clapped and cheered. "This is all that we want," cried one, and running inside they were speedily on the march. Wm. Fallass, at the head of the lane leading to Green's barracks, after the massacre, saw the soldiers rushing by so furiously they could hardly keep their ranks. As they went there was a shout, "This

is our time," or "chance." King heard one of the officers of the 29th by the Main Guard exclaim, "This is fine work and just what I wanted." The officers were walking excitedly backwards and forwards there, and John Allman heard them rejoice, "D— it, what a fine fire that was. How bravely it dispersed the mob." Eben Dorr saw the 29th paraded, their lines crossing the southern fork of King Street. The whole of the first platoon presented their arms ready for immediate firing; the first rank were kneeling. And in this position they continued minute after minute, fronting the people still gathered below. Isaac Pierce so found them as he accompanied Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson to the Town-house. Captain Preston was then on the right, and as they drew near, Pierce said to him, "There is his honor, the Commander-in-Chief." "Where?" inquired Preston. "*There*," Pierce continued meaningly, "and you are presenting your firelocks at him." Before he could rally, Hutchinson turned ceremoniously on the young officer. "Are you the commanding officer?" "Yes, sir." He then continued, "Do you know, sir, you have no power to fire on any body of people collected together, except you have a civil magistrate with you, to give orders." "Sir, we were insulted. I was obliged to save my sentry," he began by way of defence. "Then," retorted Pierce, "you have murdered three or four men to save your sentry."

Declining to enter the guard-house, Hutchinson now repaired to the Council Chamber. Palmes supposed a thousand had gathered. Looking out at the door, the Lieutenant-Governor desired the people's attention, bade them go home, and promised an inquiry should be set on foot next morning, and the law should take its course; closing characteristically, "I will live and die by the law." A gentleman desired his Honor to order the soldiers to their barracks. Hutchinson disclaimed the power, which lay with Colonel Wm. Dalrymple, adding, however, he would send for him, which he did after some time. Upon that

a gentleman desired his Honor to look out of the window facing the Main Guard and see the position the soldiers were in. After a good deal of persuasion he came, and called for Colonel Carr, and desired him to order the troops into their barracks in their present order, which was done, the guard being first strengthened by "picquet."

Respecting this spirited scene Deacon Tudor¹ writes: "Leut. Governor Hutchinson, who was commander in Chefe, was sent for & Came to the Council Chamber, were som of the magistrates attended. The Governor desired the Multitude about 10 o'clock to sepperat & go home peaceable & he would do all in his power that justice should be don &c. The 29th. Rigiment being then under Arms on the south side of the Townhouse, but the people insisted that the Soldiers should be ordered to their Barracks 1st before they would sepperat, which being don the people sepperated about 1 o'clock." This was brought about the sooner by the High Sheriff's appearing² in the Town-house balcony, and ordering silence, after which he proclaimed that Preston and the soldiers should be given up; "let all disperse."

John Brailsford, private in the 14th, told Mary Russell, for whom he had occasionally worked, it was well the inhabitants did not fire back. All of his regiment were in readiness to turn out. On being asked if he would really have fired on towners, Brailsford replied, "Yes, if ordered, but if he saw in time, he should aim wide of Mr. Russell." About nine, alarmed by the bells, John Adams,³ who was attending a club meeting at Mr. Henderson Inches' in the South End, caught up his hat and cloak and ran outside with the rest, where he met a "crowd of people flowing down the street." All was over when he reached the Townhouse, by the south door of which he saw the field-pieces surrounded by a guard of engineers and grenadiers. Fearing that Mrs. Adams, at home alone, save for her maids

¹ *Diary*, 31. Ed. Tudor.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 16. Niles.

³ *Diary*, II, 229.

and a boy, might become alarmed, he turned his steps toward her, taking Boylston Alley into Brattle Square. There he found a company or two of the 29th regulars drawn up by their barracks in front of Dr. Cooper's church with muskets shouldered and bayonets fixed. There was only a narrow footway left for passers-by, which he traversed without any more notice being taken than if they "had been marble statues," and so on to his house in Cole Lane (now Portland Street).

Rumors of what had taken place spread rapidly abroad, and Julia Bernard¹ tells us they learned at Cherry House one morning there had been a "general rising" on the soldiers' part, and that the streets "ran with blood." When they heard Captain Preston was lodged in gaol they were doubly concerned, as he was a personal friend, having often performed in parlor concerts at the Province House. It was long, indeed, that night before the streets quieted down. Spencer Walker, a tailor, going home alone past Murray's barracks, was attacked, as he well saw from the bright moonlight, by a man of middling height with a lusty rough face, "his hair curled round his head." Walker supposed him a disguised officer. Rushing from the gate, past two soldiers, he flourished a sword and collared him, demanding why he carried a stick. The tailor declared it was all he had for self-defence. The officer seized it. Walker resisted, but with three tugs it was taken from him. A woman and another officer stood in the front door, amused spectators. Walker asked indignantly, "Do you keep soldiers to disarm people?" Their only reply was a laugh. When the tailor continued, "You would think it hard if a soldier's gun was taken as he went to relieve sentry," there was renewed laughter. Encouraged by this, a soldier ran up and struck him with his gun breech on the hip, and he moved on. Next day he recognized the person carrying his cane as a commissioned officer of the 29th.

On hearing at Mr. Winniet's in New Boston how dis-

¹ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 221. Higgins.

turbed the streets were, Joseph Allen started home, stopping on the way at Daniel Rea's, where he was given a stout cudgel. A party of soldiers were drawn up at Murray's barracks as he came along. He and Edward Winslow, Jr., were passing quietly on when overtaken by one of them. Allen found himself collared, his shirt torn, his shoulders drubbed, and his stick seized, all in an instant. Lieutenant Minchin here came striding up, and Allen made a complaint. The officer demurred the inhabitants were always wrangling over trifles. Allen answered stoutly, "Could a man be inactive when his countrymen were butchered in the street?" The lieutenant, pleased possibly by his frankness, handed back his stick, saying, "Mr. Molineux is the author of all this." A remark which may or may not throw light on the personality of the man in the red cloak and white wig, who addressed the crowd just before it centred in State Street. About eleven a messenger sought Dr. Jeffries to come to Carr, but he was still engaged with Mr. Payne. About midnight, or a trifle after, George R. T. Hewes, returning from his house to the Town-house, met Sergeant Chambers, 29th, and eight or nine soldiers. One of them, Dobson, asked Hewes how he fared; who answered: Badly, to see his townsmen shot in such a manner. Did not *he* think it a dreadful thing? "By — it was a fine thing; you shall see more of it," was the unfeeling response. Dobson then called the sergeant's attention to Hewes' cane, which they wrested away, and carried to the Main Guard, despite his saying that he "had as much right to carry a cane as they to carry clubs." Between eleven and twelve, Edward Crafts at his gate was met by Joseph Ayers on the way to Thomas Theodore Bliss's, as both were to give evidence in the Council Chamber regarding the orders to fire. Shortly after leaving Bliss's with Mr. Haldan in their company, all four were met by two corporals and about twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets, — probably the "picquet" which reached the Main Guard about midnight.

The soldiers, on starting from the guard-house by the fortifications, had been ordered to fire if assaulted, and their pieces were accordingly loaded with a brace of balls. Seeing the towners move towards the Town-house, the soldiers encircled them, and one cried, "For three coppers I'd blow out your brains." The gentlemen answered, They had nothing to say; they were on other business. Corporal Eustice ordered half the party, notwithstanding, to cock and the rest to make ready. One of them struck Haldan, while another clubbed his gun and aimed a blow at Crafts' head, which he warded off with his arm. Reversing his firelock, the soldier then made a fierce lunge at Crafts with his bayonet, which he again parried with his bare hand. He next presented his piece at Crafts' breast, six or seven more closing in. Luckily, just then Crafts recognized the other corporal as one McCan, and cried to him by name, who ran up directly and drove the soldiers off, saying, "This is Mr. Crafts. If you touch him I'll blow out your brains." Corporal Eustice sulked at the turn things had taken, and went off murmuring, "He is as d— a rascal as any of them." Next evening Crafts saw McCan at Rowe's barracks, and learned that the corporal's gun had been broken. He could scarcely believe that Crafts' arm was whole. Indeed, McCan made no secret of his peril, telling Crafts, "You would have been in Heaven or Hell in an instant if you had not called me by name."

In the above story reference is made to giving evidence. Henry Prentiss, apprenticed to Mr. Wendall, writing ¹ a couple of days later to his father, a minister at Holliston, says: "The Governor & Council were immediately called together, to consider what was necessary to be done at this crisis. The first step was to send for Colo. Dalrymple, who came in a few minutes after he was sent for, he told the people, that he had served his Majesty twenty years and never had seen such a horrid crime before and was

¹ *History of Middlesex County, I, 472-3.* "Holliston." Rev. George F. Walker. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1880: Estes and Lauriat.

extreem sorry to see it now, he further said; that the Inhabitants should have all possible satisfaction and that he himself wou'd see that both officers and soldiers were deliver'd into the hands of Justice; upon which the Summonds was made out by Justice Dania & Tudor against the Captn. & deliver'd to the Sheriff, together with Colo. Dalrymple's letter to Colo. Carr, in which Letter he order'd the Colo. to see that the said Capn. Preston was deliver'd into the hands of the Sheriff immediately." To continue from Deacon Tudor's account: ¹ "He came under Examination about 2 O'Clock and we sent him to Goal soon after 3, having Evidence sufficient, to committ him, on his ordering the soldiers to fire." Happily for the town the tumult was at once stayed through the Lieutenant-Governor's prompt action in placing Preston under arrest. In making his report to Lord Hillsborough, Hutchinson states: ² Expresses had gone "out to the neighboring towns, and the inhabitants were called out of their beds, many of whom armed themselves, but were stopped from coming into town by advice that there was no further danger that night. A barrel of tar which was carrying to the Beacon to set on fire was also sent back." The beacon here referred ³ to stood on the easterly slope of Beacon Hill, then rising at its original elevation some two hundred feet above the town. It consisted of a tall pole and a crane sixty-five feet from the base, supporting an iron frame into whose socket a blazing tar barrel could be set.

The evening had been spent by Thomas Jackson and Captain Riordan at the British Coffee-house. While there, they heard Mr. Wells, master of the *Rose*, man-o'-war, say he had sent one boat ashore after another for orders, and their not bringing any back he finally came himself. Every boat was in readiness, even to the barges which had been laid up all winter. Wells bragged he had done more than he had ever done in his life, pointing to

¹ *Diary*, 32. Ed. Tudor.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 159-60. Hosmer.

³ *Landmarks*, 349. Drake.

his hat as he spoke, from which he had removed the cockade. He appeared to have something like arms under his coat, which he said were "good stuff." Next morning some seamen from the *Rose* came to Wm. Rhodes' shop and were asked if they had heard the news. "Oh, yes," said they, adding all their boats were ashore and most of the crew had been kept up all night. When questioned further, they explained they had not stood at their quarters nor had their guns been loaded, and that the master, only, carried arms and he had left his pistols at the wharf with the cockswain of the barge.

Thomas Greenwood went the same evening to Commissioner Burch's, where he saw him and his wife, Mr. Commissioner Paxton, and Mr. Richard Reeves, the secretary, and told them that the soldiers had fired with fatal results on the people. Hearing which, Reeves exclaimed, "God bless my soul!" and left the room. Greenwood, who, in company with the other Custom-house tenants, seemed very much in the confidence of the soldiery, then went on to the barracks at Wheelwright's Wharf, where he slept the night. He heard the men there say they wished they could be let out, for if they were, there would not be many people alive in the morning. March 6th, John Rowe writes:¹ "The inhabitants are greatly enraged and not without reason. Most all the town in uproar and confusion." Early in the forenoon the eight soldiers concerned in the firing were also sent to gaol. Then while the crier went about to warn a town meeting for eleven o'clock at Faneuil Hall, the Governor called his Council. There were² present Samuel Danforth, Harrison Gray, Royal Tyler, John Erving, Esq., James Russell, Esq., James Pitts, Esq., Thomas Hubbard, and Samuel Dexter. These gentlemen suggested the propriety of desiring the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, the commanding officer, and

¹ *Diary*.

² *Provincial Pictures by Brush and Pen*, 28-30. Daniel Goodwin, Jr. Proceedings Bostonian Society. Chicago, 1886: Fergus Printing Company.

Lieutenant-Colonel Carr of the 29th; and a message was despatched praying them to attend. When they were come Tyler, Pitts, and Dexter spoke with great earnestness of the heavy responsibility of continuing the troops in the body of the town. "The people are determined," Tyler¹ assured the Governor, "to remove the troops out of the town by force, if they will not go voluntarily. They are not such people as formerly pulled down your house that conduct these measures, but men of estates — men of religion. The people will come in to us from all the neighboring towns; we shall have ten thousand men at our backs, and your troops will probably be destroyed by the people, be it called rebellion or what it may." Hutchinson answered¹ gravely, "An attack on the King's troops would be high treason, and every man concerned in it would forfeit his life and estate." Affected by what they heard, Dalrymple here interposed and signified that he was prepared to send the offending regiment, the 29th, to the Castle, confine the 14th to its barracks, and discontinue the Main Guard and all parades, pending orders from General Gage.² At this stage of the debate "a respectable committee" of fifteen,² Thomas Cushing, John Hancock, Joshua Henshaw, Sam Adams, W. Henderson Inches, Samuel Pemberton, Dr. Benjamin Church, John Ruddock, William Phillips, Ezekiel Goldthwait, Benj. Austin, Samuel Austin, William Molineux, Jonathan Mason, and Joseph Jackson, waited on the Governor to desire the troops might be removed. After conferring with the officers, Hutchinson announced their decision as aforesaid. The inhabitants had adjourned at noon to the Old South Church¹ (still standing on the corner of Milk and Washington Streets), since it could hold more people. Now as the committee passed out of the south door of the Town-house and turned in that direction, the crowd thronging the Main Street cried, "Make way for the Committee," and parted right

¹ *Our Country*, II, 685. Lossing.

² *Provincial Pictures*, 29-30. Goodwin.

and left to let them through. As they went forward, it is said, Sam Adams, with bared head and with gray locks, although he was but forty-eight, bowed on one side and the other, and repeated the words:¹ "Both regiments or none! Both regiments or none!" So that when the answer of the Lieutenant-Governor was given to the meeting in the church, there went up from a thousand tongues in the excited assembly: "Both regiments or none! Both regiments or none!"

After some debate the town unanimously (4,000 plus only one dissentient) voted:² Not to accept the Lieutenant-Governor's proposals, but choose another Committee of seven — viz., Sam'l Adams, chairman, Dr. Warren, John Hancock, Joshua Henshaw, Samuel Pemberton, William Phillips, and William Molineux—to wait on him again and insist on all the troops being removed from the town, and "without this is complied with, (to follow Rowe once more)³ it would not be satisfactory to the inhabitants." Hutchinson wrote to Sir Francis Bernard⁴ that he wished to have been "clear of the Council in the afternoon, but it was not possible." The present Old State House, the scene of all this, was built 1748-49. On the second floor, the east room was used as Council Chamber, the west as a Court Chamber, and the Representatives' Chamber came between them. Overhead were town officers' rooms, the whole resting on ten Doric columns in these days,⁵ with doors at either end, open for thoroughfare during the day-time. The Council Chamber was furnished with a large table and chair and one or more glassed bookcases. The Royal Arms (since carried off and set on a church at St. John, New Brunswick) were conspicuous. The Representatives' Chamber had a painting of Admiral Russell (who

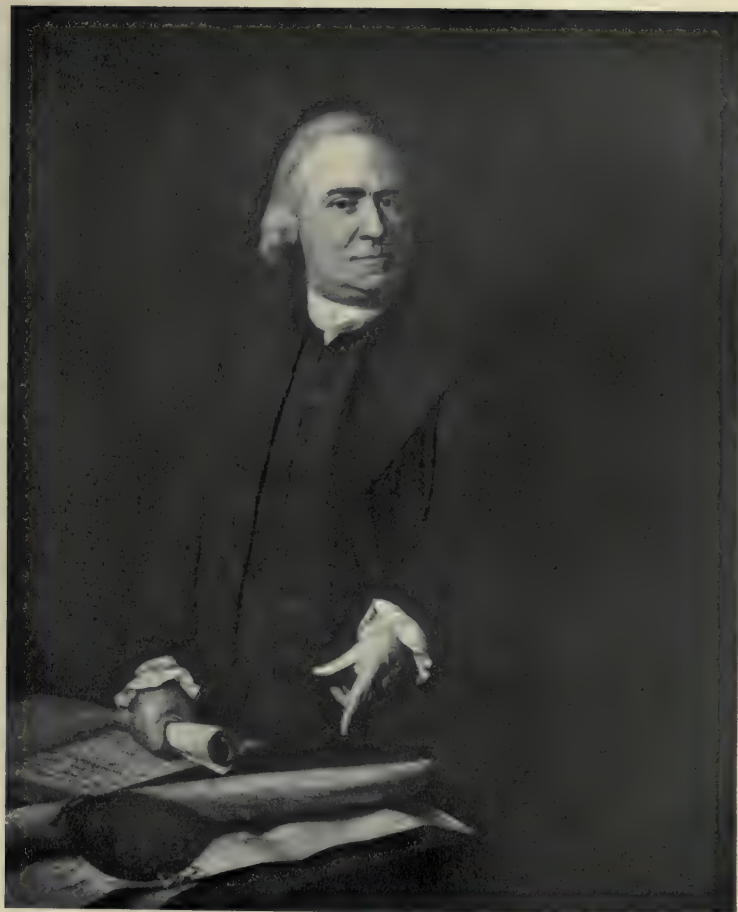
¹ *Life of Sam'l. Adams*, 50. Fallows.

² *War in America*, 226. Murray.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Provincial Pictures*, 28. Goodwin.

⁵ *Re-dedication of the Old State House, Boston, July 11, 1882*, 215, 218-19. Boston, 1889. Printed by Order of the City Council.



SAMUEL ADAMS

won the victory at La Hogue) between the windows, over the Speaker's chair on the south side; before him stood a table and the clerk's place, filled by Sam'l Adams, the "Boston Seat" of four members probably facing it. Directly over the table was fixed a brass branch of candlesticks, gift of Isaac Royal, and the ancient arms of the Province, carved and gilded, stood over the door. A carved wooden cod-fish, emblem of the staple of commodities, hung from the middle of the ceiling. It was not until three years later, in 1773, that the members' wooden benches were cushioned. Since 1766 the House had debated with open doors, a gallery for visitors being provided on the westerly side.

Upon the arrival of the second deputation¹ Prentiss tells us "the Governor said he could not give an immediate Answer, the Committee reply'd that they would retire into the other room till his Honor was ready. After waiting some time he call'd them in & gave them his answer in writing, the purport of which was that he had persuaded the Commanding Officer to send both Regiments to the Castle with all possible speed, this was voted Satisfactory to the inhabitants who were then assembled, I suppose at least 3,000 in the Old South meeting-house — after three huzzas, the meeting was dissolved," amidst the joyful ringing² of the old meeting-house bell overhead. Prentiss closes enthusiastically, "the transactions of the 6th of March, 1770, will shine bright in the Annals of America to the last ages of time."

John Adams has pictured³ the Council Board as he saw it on this eventful day: "Eight-and-twenty Counsellors," says he, "must be painted, all seated at the council Board. Let me see — what costume? What was the fashion of that day in the month of March? Large white wigs, English scarlet cloth cloaks, some of them with gold-laced

¹ *History of Middlesex County*, I, 472-3. Drake.

² *Our Country*, II, 686. Lossing.

³ *John Adams, Life and Works*, X, 249-50.

hats, not on their heads, . . . but on the table before them, or under the table beneath them."

On the walls hung "glorious" portraits of King Charles II., King James II., and George II.¹ at full length, together with more Provincial likenesses of Governors Winthrop, Endicott, Leverett, Bradstreet, Burnett, Belcher, and Pownall. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, Lieutenant-Colonel Carr, and the commander of the *Rose* frigate, Captain Caldwell, occupied the seats of honor. Samuel Adams himself probably wore his "customary suit of reddish brown, with hair slightly powdered."

With much vividness John Adams relates² how "The heads of Hutchinson and Dalrymple were laid together in whispers for a long time; when the whispering ceased, a long and solemn pause ensued, extremely painful to an impatient, expecting audience. Hutchinson, in time, broke silence; he had consulted with Colo. Dalrymple, and the Colo. had authorized him to say that he might order one regiment down to the castle, if that would satisfy the people. With a self-recollection, a self-possession, a self-command, a presence of mind that was admired by every man present, Samuel Adams arose with an air of dignity and majesty, of which he was sometimes capable; stretched forth his arm, though even then quivering with palsey, and with an harmonious voice and decisive tone said: 'If the Lieutenant-Governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two, and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town by all the regular troops will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the Province. A multitude, highly incensed, now await the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand free men demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail, then, at

¹ *Old State House Re-dedication*, 218.

² *Life and Works*, X, 352, and *Historic Pilgrimages in N. E.*, 301. Bacon.

your peril to comply with this requisition: on you alone rests the responsibility of this decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The Committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. They wait upon your final determination.'” Adams continues: “These few words thrilled the veins of every man in the audience, and produced the great result. After a little awkward hesitation it was agreed that the town should be evacuated and both regiments sent to the Castle.” Hutchinson might even then have withheld his assent, through fear of ministerial displeasure, had not his Secretary, Oliver, whispered¹ in his ear, “You must comply or leave the Province.” Sam Adams in after years, speaking of him, said to James Warren, “I observed his knees to tremble. I thought I saw his face grow pale, and I enjoyed the sight.” The statue by Miss Anne Whitney in Adams Square illustrates this fateful pause. A monument to Attucks by Kraus has been set up on the Common a little below West Street. The *Gazeteer* of the 12th says: “Tuesday A.M. presented a most shocking scene, the blood of our fellow-citizens running like water through King Street and the Merchants Exchange. Our blood might also be tracked up to the head of Long Lane [Federal Street], and through divers other streets and passages.” The late Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins of Brookline, then a child of five years, living close by, was taken² to see the body of one of the slain at the Exchange Tavern, and used to say he should never forget the look of the frozen blood in the street. Joseph Crosswell and James Carter saw some blood dried five or six inches high on Killroy’s bayonet, and Samuel Hemmingway recalled that in talking over the inhabitants’ differences with the soldiers, a week or two before, Killroy had said he

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 289. Gordon.

² *Memoir of Thomas Handasyd Perkins*, 7. Thomas G. Cary. Boston, 1856: Little, Brown and Company.

never should miss an opportunity to fire on the people and that he had wanted to have a chance ever since he landed. Mrs. Bouker, Mr. Apthorp's housekeeper, and the negro boy were present at the time. Hemmingway told Killroy he was a fool to talk so, who said he did not care. When Dr. Jeffries got to Carr's bedside during the day, he found it was not his first experience of a mob. Carr had often seen soldiers handle them in Ireland, showing much less patience.

The doctor advised him never to go to a riot again, and Carr said he was sorry he had ever been. Dr. Jeffries and Dr. Lloyd then dressed his wound and left him as comfortable as they could. Ten days later he died. It is interesting to recall that Dr. John Jeffries had his degree from Aberdeen University and that Dr. James Lloyd was a pupil of Dr. William Hunter and Dr. Joseph Warner, chief surgeon of Guy's Hospital, London.¹

The excitement into which the town had been thrown appears in the records of the meeting held on the 6th at Faneuil Hall. After an opening prayer² by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, Mr. John Singleton Copley gave information that Mr. and Mrs. Pelham and some of Mr. Samuel Wentthrop's family had heard a soldier say, The Devil might give quarter; he should give them none. Mr. Pool Spear also reported that last week Kilson of Pharras company said he didn't know what the inhabitants were after, breaking an officer's window (*i.e.*, Nat Rogers'); but that *they* had a scheme on foot, they meant to carry pistols in their pocket, and if more windows were broke, were to get £10 for each man killed and £50 for every prisoner. Mr. John Scott mentioned that one of Mr. Pierpont's lads, being at Mr. Charndon's, heard a soldier say his officer told them if they went out at night to go armed in squads. At the afternoon meeting in the Old South it was voted that the town regarded with the "greatest abhorrence" that Samuel Waterhouse should accommodate troops "in defiance of the united sentiments

¹ *Boston Herald*, April 30, 1899.

² *Boston Town Records*, 1770-7, 1, 2, 4.

of his fellow citizens" and lower "a once respectable Mansion House to the use of a Main Guard." The *Boston Gazette* of March 12th, announcing the Massacre, had four coffins with skull and cross-bones above the names of the dead, and over young Maverick's, in addition, an hour-glass, scythe, and "Æ 17."

There was a military watch set on the 7th to prevent a rescue of the prisoners, and between four and five on the afternoon of the day following, Thursday, Gray, Maverick, Caldwell, and Attucks were buried. "On this sorrowfull Occasion," says Deacon Tudor,¹ "most of the shops & stores in Town were shut, all the Bells were order'd to toll a solom peal in Boston, Charleston, Cambridge & Roxbery. The several Hearses forming a junction in King Street, the Theatre of that inhuman Tragedy, proceeded from thence through the Main Street, lengthened by an immense Concourse of people, So numerous as to be obliged to follow in Ranks of 4 & 6 abreast and brought up by a long train of Carriages." Prentiss adds, "Gray's corpse went first then his Relations, then Covil and his Relations, then Maverick and his Relations & then Jackson (Attucks), and after Jackson the inhabitants." "The sorrow Visible in the Countenances," continues Rowe, "together with the peculiar solemnity, Surpass description, it was suppos'd that the Spectators & those that follow'd the corps amounted to 15,000, som suppos'd 20,000." They were buried in a vault in the extreme northeast corner of the Old Granary burying-ground on Tremont Street; "all in one grave," so Prentiss tells us, "and young Snider dug up & put with them." A recently placed stone marks the spot. Parson Byles of the Hollis Street church seems to have been somewhat differently impressed,² as he stood on the corner of School and Washington Streets to watch the procession. It seemed to him made up largely of men

¹ *Diary*, 34. Ed. Tudor.

² "Nathaniel Emmons and Mather Byles." James R. Gilmore. *New England Magazine*, August, 1897.

from "the wharf ends," and turning to his companion, Dr. Emmons, he remarked dryly, "They call me a brainless Tory; but tell me, my young friend, which is better — to be ruled by one tyrant 3,000 miles away, or by 3,000 tyrants not a mile away?" Early in Preston's imprisonment Robert Goddard had visited the gaol and identified him as the officer in command. "Don't say so," exclaimed the young officer. "Yes, sir," persisted Goddard, "you look very much like the man." Hearing this, Preston clapped his hands together and cried, "If you say so, I am ruined and undone."

The Monday following the Massacre James Murray¹ writes rather drearily to his sister, the Widow Smith, congratulating her on her absence and expressing his fears for Preston. "There will be little Chance for him and his Men," he writes, "with enraged prejudiced Juries. The King's Mercy must be their only hope. . . . Your Barrack is clear, but not yet given up. . . . Mr. Comm'r Robinson, who carries this, goes home to represent all these things in their proper light." From the Boston *Evening Post*² we find that Robinson sailed the 16th, to convince the authorities that the Massacre grew out of an attempt on the treasure at the Custom-house. No wonder, with such opposite views abroad, the Rev. George Whitfield should write, September, 1770, "Poor New England is much to be pitied, Boston most of all. How falsely represented."

In reality the town shrank from the least appearance of partiality, and John Adams and Josiah Quincy consented to appear for the defence with Robert Auchmuty, Captain Preston's personal counsel. Indeed, the captain was so sensible of the fair play shown toward him, that he wrote³ gratefully from the

"Boston Gaol, Monday, 12th March, 1770.

Messieurs Edes and Gill—Permit me through the Channel of your paper, to return my Thanks in a most Public

¹ *James Murray*, 162. Ed. Tiffany.

² March 19, 1770.

³ *Boston Gazette*, March 12, 1770.

manner to the Inhabitants in General of this Town — who throwing aside all Party and Prejudice, have with the utmost Humanity and Freedom stept forth Advocates for Truth, in Defence of my injured Innocence in the late unhappy Affair that happened on Monday Night last, and I assure them, that I shall ever have the highest sense of *Justice* they have done me, which will be ever gratefully remembered by their much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS PRESTON."

That this action on the part of Adams and Quincy represented no small sacrifice is attested by the following correspondence between Mr. Quincy and his son.¹ "I have been told," the old gentleman writes, "that you have actually engaged for Captain Preston; and I have heard the severest reflections made upon the occasion by men who had just before manifested the highest esteem for you, as one destined to be a savior of your country. I must own to you it has filled the bosom of your aged and infirm parent with anxiety and distress, lest it should not only prove true, but destructive of your reputation and interest; and, I repeat, I will not believe it unless it be confirmed by your own mouth, or under your own hand. . . .

Your anxious and distressed parent,

JOSIAH QUINCY."

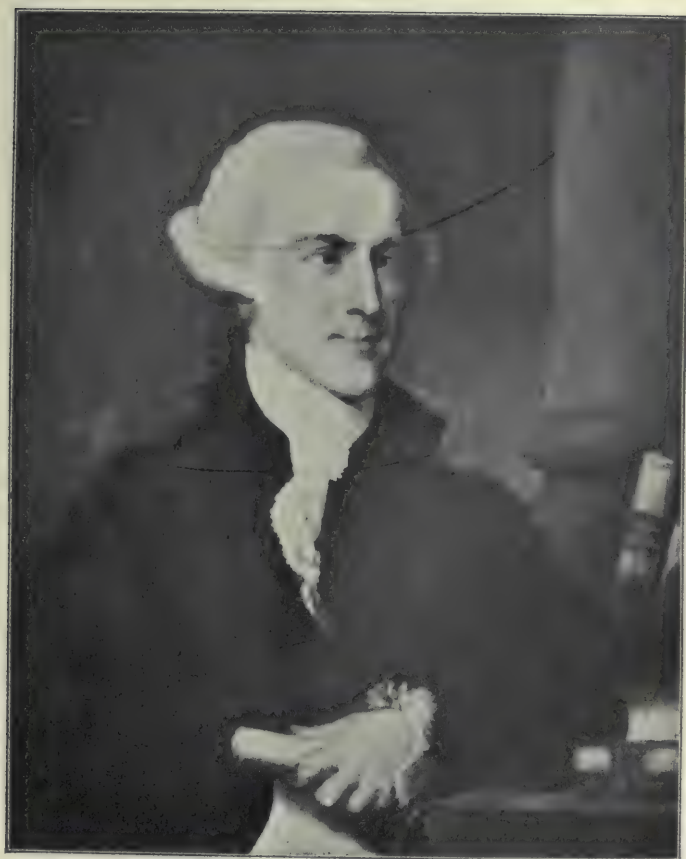
Josiah Quincy, Jr., in reply, writes, regarding his accusers: "Let such be told, Sir, that those criminals, charged with murder, are *not yet legally proved guilty*, and therefore, however criminal, are entitled by the laws of God and man to all legal counsel and aid; that my duty as a man obliged me to undertake; that my duty as a lawyer strengthened the obligation; that, from abundant caution, I at first declined being engaged; that, after the best advice and most mature deliberation had determined my judgment, I waited on Captain Preston and told him that I would

¹ *Memorial History of Boston*, IV, 583-4.

afford him my assistance; but prior to this, in presence of two of his friends, I made the most explicit declaration to him of my real opinion on the contests (as I expressed it to him) of the times, and that my heart and hand were indissolubly attached to the cause of my country; and finally, that I refused all engagement until advised and urged to undertake it by an Adams, a Hancock, a Molineux, a Cushing, a Henshaw, a Pemberton, a Warren, a Cooper, and a Phillips. This and much more might be told with great truth; and I dare affirm that you and the whole people will one day rejoice that I became an advocate for the aforesaid criminals, *charged* with the murder of our fellow citizens."

On Friday, the 9th, Ephraim Fenno, going home by the hospital in the Common, saw Dr. Hall looking from the window, who hailed him, "Dirty travelling, neighbor," adding, "What news in town?" Fenno replied, "Nothing but you already know; the talk is about the people that were murdered." He continued, "Are not the people of the town easier?" Fenno answered he believed not, nor would be 'til all the soldiers had left the town. The doctor next asked if Fenno had heard whether the 14th was going. "Yes, for the people will not be quiet 'til all are gone." Hearing this the surgeon remarked: "The Townspeople have always used the soldiers ill which occasioned this affair. I wish instead of killing five or six, they had killed five hundred, d— me, if I don't." That day or the next David Loring, who made shoes for the 14th, being at their woodyard, said to Sergeant Whittey he believed the Massacre would never have happened if the 14th had been on guard; he never had liked the 29th. The sergeant asking him, "Why?" he explained they seemed a bloodthirsty set of men, and supposed the affair had grown out of their ropewalk quarrel. John Dudley, 29th, who was by, said, on the contrary, it had been plotted a month before.

It must have given Rowe uncommon satisfaction to scribble in his diary on the 10th: "Yesterday two Companies of the 29th went to the Castle and four companies more



JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

went this day; still a military watch. March 12th., The remainder of the 29th went to the Castle this day; still a military watch. March 16th., Mr. Otis got in a mad freak to-night, and broke a great many windows in the Town house. All the 14th Regiment are gone to the Castle, the last of them this day."

When the troops left for the wharf, Wm. Molineux,¹ one of the committee who asked that they might be removed, walked by their side to see that they met with no offence. From that day to this the 14th and 29th foot have gone locally by the name of "Sam Adams' Regiments." A so-called "Castle Island Song" runs:²

You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware,
Of your liberty Tree, I would have you take care,
For if that we chance to return to the town,
Your houses and stores will come tumbling down,
Derry down, down, hey, derry down.

If you will not agree to Old England's laws,
I fear that King Hancock will soon get the *yaws*:
But he need not fear, for I swear we will,
For the want of a doctor, give him a hard pill.

A brave re-inforcement we soon think to get;
Then we will make you, poor pumpkins, to sweat;
Our drums they'll rattle, and then you will run
To the devil himself, from the sight of a gun.

Our fleet and our army, they soon will arrive,
Then to a bleak island, you shall not us drive.
In every house, you shall have three or four,
And if that will not please you, you shall have half a score.
Derry down, down, hey, derry down.

The 5th of March prompted Revere's engraving entitled "The Fruits of Arbitrary Power or the Bloody Massacre, Perpetrated in King Street, Boston, by a party of the XXIXth Regt." Below are the lines:³

¹ *John Adams Life and Works*, X, 252.

² *Scribner*, September, 1891.

³ *Life of Revere*, 71-2. Goss.

Unhappy BOSTON! see thy Sons deplore,
 Thy hallowed Walks besmear'd with guiltless Gore:
 While faithless P—n and his savage Bands,
 With murd'rous Rancour stretch their bloody Hands;
 Like fierce Barbarians grinning o'er their Prey,
 Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day.
 If scalding drops from Rage from Anguish Wrung,
 If speechless Sorrows lab'ring for a Tongue,
 Or if a weeping World can aught appease
 The plaintive Ghosts of Victims such as these,
 The Patriots' copious Tears for each are shed,
 A glorious Tribute which embalms the Dead.
 But know, FATE summons to that sordid Goal
 Where JUSTICE strips the Murd'rer of his soul.
 Should venal C—ts the scandal of the Land,
 Snatch the relentless Villain from her Hand,
 Keen Execrations on this Plate inscrib'd,
 Shall reach a JUDGE who never can be brib'd.

A cut on the left showed a death's head and cross-bones, surrounded by a wreath, and beneath it the text: "How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage." Ps. xciv 4, 5. On the opposite side was a picture of two broken swords, and the following text: "They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless. Yet they say, the Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." Ps. xciv 6, 7. This picture is so prized, an original impression in colors was sold at Libbie's in 1901 for no less than eight hundred dollars.

Wishing to correct Commissioner Robinson's statements, Captain Samuel Dashwood volunteered to carry despatches by a fishing schooner to London without fee. On the 16th, 17th, and 19th, depositions were taken, and James Bowdoin, Samuel Pemberton, and Dr. Warren were chosen to prepare a report to the Duke of Richmond. At a subsequent meeting thanks were made to Captain Dashwood¹ for his generous offer, but it was felt that Captain Gardner, whose schooner could be hired for £120, would answer every purpose as messenger.

¹ *Town Records*, 1770-7, 15, 17.

CHAPTER VIII

PRESTON'S TRIAL. THE GASPÉE INCIDENT. COMMITTEES OF SAFETY FORMED

IN the meantime, with the troops' departure there was a general scattering on the part of the commissioners. Robinson left for England, Paxton retired to Cambridge, Burch took his wife to Brookline¹ and, leaving her with Mrs. Hulton, accompanied Mr. Hulton to Portsmouth. The meetings of the board which had been held four days in a week since November, 1768, were quite broken up for the moment. March 13th a committee of five was chosen by the Boston town meeting to wait on the tea dealers and desire them to make no sales until the tax was repealed. As a result, in about a week 212 signatures were received. It was also "SOLEMNLY VOTED" that² there should be "entered on the Town Records the Names of those Persons, *few* indeed, to the Honor of the Town, who were so lost to the feelings of Patriotism and the common Interest, and so thoroughly and infamously selfish" as to continue importing, "that Posterity may know who those Persons were that preferred their little private Advantage to the Common Interest of all the Colonies," viz., John Bernard [son of Sir Francis], in King Street, almost opposite Vernon's Head; James McMasters, on Treat's Wharf; Patrick McMasters, opposite the Sign of the Lamb; John Mein, opposite the White Horse, and in King Street; Nathaniel Rogers, opposite Mr. Henderson Inches' store, lower end of King Street; Wm. Jackson, at the Brazen Head, Cornhill; Theophilus Lillie, near Mr. Pemberton's meeting-house, North End; John Taylor, nearly opposite the Heart and Crown in Corn-

¹ *History of the Massacre*, 114-15. Kidder.

² *Boston Town Records*, 1770, 12, 16.

hill; Ame & Elizabeth Cummings, opposite the Old Brick Meeting-house; all of Boston; [Col.] Israel Williams, Esq. & Son, Traders in the Town of Hatfield and Henry Barnes, Trader in the town of Marlborough. Henry Pelham,¹ writing from Boston to his step-brother Copley, the painter, May 1st, says: "Our patriotic Merchs. . . . have resolved to return to England 30,000£ worth of Goods imported contrary to agreement. . . . Yesterday Messrs. Hutchinson who had a large quantity of Tea under the Custom-house agreed to have it stored by the committee of Inspection till the Tea Act is repealed. . . . Capt. Scott says the London Remonstrance was presented to the King, by three Gentlemen at the head of the largest Number of People ever assembled together in London and was most graciously Received."

The Assembly was to have met at Boston, March 14th, but on orders from the King was adjourned to Cambridge, where it accordingly opened the 15th, in the Philosophy Room of the College. The Speaker, Thomas Cushing, being ill, John Hancock had been chosen temporarily to fill the place by a vote of 70 out of 74. He was disapproved, however, by Hutchinson, and James Warren of Plymouth substituted.² During April the Governor laid before the House an account of the disturbances in Gloucester. Catching at the opportunity, the members in a lengthy reply noted it as a sign of the times and promised to inquire into the grounds of the people's uneasiness and "seek a radical redress of their grievances." On the 7th of June a committee informed Hutchinson it had been voted 96 to 6 that the Assembly should meet in Boston instead of Cambridge. To which the Governor replied² it was his misfortune to be at variance with so large a number, but as "the servant of the crown" he had no choice. After recalling that when the old Boston Court-house was destroyed by fire he had

¹ "Some Pelham-Copley Letters." Paul Leicester Ford. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1893.

² *London Magazine*, June, August, 1770.

thrown the casting vote which prevented its rebuilding elsewhere, he added,¹ "I have still a very good affection for the town of Boston," and ended by a warning that to refuse to do business because the place of meeting was not to their taste would bring down judgment on *their* heads and not on his. The Governor would have been well pleased to prorogue the House, then and there, had not a committee been appointed to reply to his address, a committee which irked him by taking upwards of a week to consider the matter. When presented, it was found Sam Adams did not mince matters, but unflinchingly declared:²

"We are obliged . . . to struggle with all the powers with which the Constitution has furnished us, in defence of our rights, . . . We have seen of late innumerable encroachments on our charter. Courts of Admiralty extended from the high seas, where by the compact in the charter they are confined, to numberless important causes upon land; multitudes of civil officers, the appointment of all which is by charter confined to the Governor and Council, sent here from abroad by the Ministry; a revenue not granted by us, but torn from us; armies stationed here without our consent; and the streets of our metropolis *crimsoned* with the blood of our fellow-subjects. These and other grievances and cruelties, too many to be here enumerated, and too melancholy to be much longer borne by this injured people, we have seen brought upon us by the devices of ministers of state."

The request was then renewed that Boston might be the place of meeting. Hutchinson,¹ with what feelings it can be imagined, at once prorogued the House, stating, "It would be happy for them if at the next court attention was paid to the real interests of the Province."

May 17th, "This morning," writes Rowe³ "the 29th Regiment marched from the Castle to Providence [whence

¹ *London Magazine*, September, 1770.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 178-9. Hosmer.

³ *Diary*.

they shipped for New Jersey]. May 18th. Just as I was going to bed there was a very great hallooing in the street, and a mob of upward a thousand people; it seems they had got an informer, and put him in a cart covered with tarr and feathers, and so exhibited him thro' the streets." Throughout the summer the Tory importers had little peace. March 13th, Mrs. Henry Barnes¹ writes to the Widow Smith: "The vile Town of Marlboro have this day put up a notification to warn the inhabitants to Town Meeting to Vote against importation of English Goods." In June, she again writes:

"I want to vent myself. . . . These poor deluded people with whom we have lived so long in peace and harmony have been influenced by the Sons of Rapin to take every method to distress us. At their March meeting they entered into resolves similar to those you have often seen in the Boston newspapers. At their next meeting they chose four inspectors, — men of the most vioulent disposition of any in the town, — to watch those who should purchase goods at the store, with intent that their names should be recorded as enimes to their country. This did not deter those from coming who had not voted . . . chiefly young people . . . when they saw . . . our custom still encreased, they fixed a paper upon the meeting house, empowering and adviseing these unqualified voters to call a meeting of their own and enter into the same resolves with the other. This was a priviledg they had never enjoyed, and, fond of their new-gotten power, [they] hastened to put it in execution. . . .

While all this was in agitation . . . they . . . begun to commit outrages. The first thing that fell a sacrifice to their mallace and revenge was the coach. . . . This they took the cushings out of and put them in the brook [to the left of the house, beyond Bolton Street], and the next night cut the carriage to pieces. Not long after they broke the windows at the Pearl Ash Works. It is said that a

¹ *James Murray*, 174-7. Ed. Tiffany.

young gentleman who has formilly headed the mob in Boston and now resides with us is the perpetrator of all this mischief, but I will not believe it until I have further profe.

The greatest loss we have as yet met with was by a mob in Boston, who, a few nights ago, attacked a wagon-load of goods which belonged to us. They abused the driver, and cut a bag of pepper, letting it all into the street; then gathered it up into their handkerchiefs and hatts, and carried it off. The rest of the load they ordered back into the publick store, of which, the Well Disposed Commity keeps the key. Mr. Barnes has applied to the Left. Governor for advice, and he advised him to put in a petition to the general court. He then repaired to Mr. Murray and begged his assistance in the drawing of it up. . . .

The 10th. of June the unqualified voters had a meeting, and the next day an effigy was hung upon a hill in sight of the House, with a paper pinned to the breast, whereon was wrote, "Henry Barnes," as infamous importer. This hung up all day, and at night they burnt it. A few nights after they stole the covering from the wagon, which was tarred to secure the goods from the weather, and the same night stole a man's horse from a neighboring stable. They dressed an image in this wagon covering, tarred the horse, saddle, and bridle, placed the image upon his back, and set him loose about the town, with an infamous paper pinned to the breast, which was summed up with wishing of us all in hell. But still finding that their malace had no effect, they made a bold push and dropped an incendiary letter. . . . It is not possible for me to express what I suffered upon the perusal of this letter. I could not recollect any one person that we had ever injured, or even wished ill to, nor could I imagine such villainy ever entered into the heart of man. Mrs. Murray and Miss Polly had been paying us a vissit of a few days, and were just setting off for Brush Hill [Milton] when the letter was found. Mr. Barnes detained them while he wrote a copy of it, and sent it to Governor Hutchinson."

A Proclamation, dated June 28th, founded on this petition is on file in the¹ State Archives. It opens: "Whereas on the 21st. Inst. a Letter was left by some unknown Person at the House of Henry Barnes Esq. of Marlborough, directed to him, threatening to fire his Shop and destroy all his substance that he hath on ye Earth, to take his Body & Tar it & if nothing else will do but death he shall certainly have it if he did not shut up his Shop and forbear Selling and importing of Goods; to the receiving of which Letter in manner as aforesaid the said Henry Barnes made solemn oath etc. etc." and closes, by the customary futile offer of £50 reward for any information, Mrs. Barnes, continues:²

"The ladys had not been gone many minutes when I received a letter from Miss Cummings, which was far from being a cordial to my drooping spirits. She writes me word that one of the McMasters had been carted out of town at noon day in a most ignominious manner, and that the other two brothers had fled for their lives. That the news arrived by Hall had revived the spirit of the other party to such a degree that they had every thing to fear, and that it was everybody's opinion poor Preston would be hanged. This is the officer who is in jail for the unhappy affair on the fifth of March.

A gentleman arrived from Boston in the evening and told us that Mr. Hulton's windows had been broke and the family had fled to the Castle for protection. You may judge what sleep I had that night, and indeed, ever since we have slept in such a manner that it can hardly be called rest. It is the business of the evening to see the firearms loaded, and lights properly placed in the store and house; and this precaution we have taken ever since we received the letter. . . .

June 29th. Last night young Nat Coffin came from Boston to pay us a vissit, and he brings this account: That a trader about eleven miles above us, one Cutler, was

¹ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 88, pp. 229-30.

² *James Murray*, 177-9. Ed. Tiffany.

bringing out a load of goods, and had got about six miles out of town, when a party from Boston persued him and brought him back in his wagon. . . . It seems he had purchased some tea. . . .”

She concludes rather complacently, “July 5th., . . . I received a letter this morning from Miss Ame [Cummings], who acquaints me that Mrs. Murray is just come to town in high spirits and bespoke a new pair of stays to make an appearance when the troops arrive, which she says she is every hour in expectation of.”

From other sources¹ we learn that McMasters was carted about town for a while in company with a barrel of tar and a bag of feathers. This had such an effect on his spirits the rabble hurried him into the Town-house in a fainting condition, where he promised faithfully to quit town if he was spared further punishment. Accordingly he was hoisted in a chair and driven to the Roxbury line. The same evening, Tuesday, June 19th, between eleven and twelve, Commissioner Hulton’s windows were broken in Brookline. “You will easily judge the distress of Mrs. Hulton, Mrs. Burch, and daughter,” wrote Hutchinson.² “Burch, who has lately moved to Thomas Oliver’s house at Dorchester, lay upon his arms the next night, and kept his scouts out, but the women being so distressed, both Hulton and he went the day after to the Castle with their friend, Porter, and several of the officers lodged upon Jamaica Plain. Lady Bernard told me yesterday, at Cambridge, that all the Gentlemen upon the Plains left their houses the night before, upon intimation that they were in danger, and that a search for officers was intended.”

Again the honorable Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty’s Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, made Proclamation:³

¹ *Evening Post*, June 25, 1770.

² *The Town of Roxbury*, 409. Francis S. Drake, 1878. Published by the author

³ *Mass. State Archives*, Vol. 88, pp. 224-5.

Whereas it hath been represented to me by Henry Hulton, Esq., one of his Majesty's Commissioners of the Customs in America That on the night after the 19th. of June Instant about Midnight being then at his House in Brooklyn he was awakened by a gentle knocking at his door which knocks being repeated, he got out of his bed and enquired of the person his business at that time of night? Who told him he wanted to deliver him a letter that came by express that morning from New York — and that he had been detained at Cambridge, which made him thus late. That thereupon he the said Henry Hulton put on his Cloaths & just opened his parlour Window so as to be able to receive the Letter. That the Man asked for a Lodging as it was so late; but that he the sd Henry Hulton assured that he would not open his doors, but asked for the Letter. He said he had a Letter indeed & seem'd to have an Intention to push up the Window, upon which the sd Henry Hulton clap'd it hastily down; instantly whereupon several violent blows were struck which broke the frames of the upper Sash, but resting on the middle frame prevented any personal hurt. That immediately hereupon all the lowest windows of the South & West sides of the house (eight in number), were instantly broke in like manner, although before this he had no apprehension of there being any other person in company, soon after which the people without went away making a loud noise and huzzaing. I have therefore thought fit with the unanimous Advice of his Majesty's Council to issue this Proclamation hereby promising a reward of Fifty pounds to be paid out of the public Treasury to any person or persons who shall inform against or discover any one or more concerned in the fore mentioned Offence so that he or they shall be convicted. And if the Informer shall have been an Accomplice or anyways engaged in the same, He shall receive his Majesty's Pardon and be also entitled to the reward above-mentioned upon conviction of the Party informed against as aforesaid.

And I do hereby require all Justices of the Peace, all

Sheriffs, and their Deputies, & all other civil officers whose duty it is to be aiding or assisting in preserving the peace; to exert themselves in discovering these Offenders and in preventing the like disorders and Outrages for the future.

Given at the Council Chamber in Cambridge the twenty first day of June, 1770, in the tenth year of the reign of our Sovereign and Lord George the third by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France & Ireland King, Defender of the Faith &c.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON,

By his Honor's command.

A. Oliver, Secretary.

As for Eben Cutler,¹ it seems he belonged in Oxford and coming to town went about all one Thursday bragging that nobody should frighten *him* from buying all the tea he had a mind to. After a while he showed a twelve-pound bag in proof that he had made his boast good. About four the following morning, people living along the road to the Neck were roused by two wagons clattering out of town at full speed. Although Cutler had the start, he was overhauled at Little Cambridge (Brighton) and his load of goods driven back to the public store, one of the committee sitting by his side for his protection.

The following letter² from an aunt of Commissioner Hulton's, whose son held a post in his department, is of interest, especially in the light of Mrs. Hulton's having been a Miss Preston, and not improbably related to Captain Preston, then awaiting his trial:

For a protection almost miraculous, afforded to our dear connections at Boston in hour of the greatest danger, we have great reason to pay the most grateful acknowledgements. How are poor Captain Preston's friends? How my heart bleeds for them! But I hope yet he will be delivered from the hands of his merciless Enemies. Mr. H[ulton] and family, your dear Brother, with the rest of the

¹ *Evening Post*, July 2, 1770.

² *Notes and Queries*. London, May 30, 1857.

256 BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Government's Servants, were all got safe to Castle William, on the Island which was their Asylum before, on the 1st July last, and were well; but I should not think them safe anywhere, but for a trust in that power and goodness which has defended them from the attempts of those that came with a design to destroy them.

July 22d, says Rowe:¹ "Capt. Smith of the *Nassau* arrived from London, and gives an account of the prorogation of the Parliament, the 20th. of May, without repealing the duty on tea. The people, I hope, will have virtue enough never to make use of it as long as the duty is demanded." The Bostonians were not without encouragement from their Whig friends at this time, as a private letter, dated London, July 23d, bears witness. "For that noble stand you have made," so it² runs, "in the cause of both civil and Christian liberty, the whole Christian world owe you much thanks. The star rising out of your wilderness will, I trust and pray, become a luminary and enlighten the whole earth. May your patience and fidelity continue steadfast to the end." As the autumn drew near the trial of the soldiers began to fill men's thoughts. August 27th, we find James Murray³ writing from Milton to Colonel Dalrymple the following letter respecting Preston, where, after summing up the purport of an earlier communication [wherein I had stated] "that I was well convinced of his Innocence, Zealous for the peace and Credit of the town, and should be sorry to hear of any violence against him; that I should be ready, as a Civil Magistrate, to escort, I should have said to be escorted by, a party of two hundred men of your Regiment with their Officers to Town, there to remain in Smith's Barrack during his Trial and to the Issue of it; that a Sentry from the top of the House could see or hear a Signal from the Goal; that no mortal knew of the proposal and that it did not seem to me necessary that any

¹ *Diary*.

² The source for this has not been found.

³ *James Murray*, 166-7. Ed. Tiffany.

should know it, but General Gage and you, Sir, and Captain Preston for his peace of mind," he continues:

I have recapitulated, because you say you sent the Letter to the General after communicating it to the Lieut. Governor. I should have been glad indeed when you saw this Step necessary of showing it to his Hon'r, that you had been pleased to give me an opportunity of mending my letter, in that Respect. My not mentioning His Hon'r proceeded from no Disrespect to him; but Experience had convinced me that such an Offer from me would not avail with him, unless previously recommended by the General.

In this day's Letter you are pleased to signify that part of your Orders and Instructions are "to be aiding and assisting to the Civil Magistrate in the Execution of Laws and in repressing violences whenever you receive a Regular Requisition for that purpose." What greater Violences in any state, tollerably civilized, can be committed than what have lately been committed in Boston? which violences I do in my Conscience believe will be crowned with the Murder of Captain Preston, if there is no military force to support a Magistrate and the Laws for his protection. In this firm belief I do require of you such an aid as I before mentioned, and fear not we shall all behave on the Service so as to obtain the Approbation of God and all good men.

This requisition, being made without the participation or even privity of the Lieut. Governor, can not be disagreeable to his Honor, as he will not be answerable for the Consequences should they prove unfortunate. I have the Honor to be with much Respect, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES MURRAY.

The 10th of September, we learn from Rowe, Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson delivered up the Castle to Colonel Dalrymple in defiance of all charter rights, by express order from his Majesty in council. Says Hutchinson,¹ "They were

¹ *Provincial Pictures*, 31. Goodwin.

all struck when they heard the order. Pitts said: 'perhaps it is executed already.' I made no reply." Whatever one's opinion may be as to the course Hutchinson had mapped out for himself, at least he was consistently loyal to his own sense of duty and to his prince, going steadily forward deeper and deeper into the storm that threatened, with open eyes.

October 3d, he wrote¹ with entire grasp of the situation: "I think it must puzzle the wisest heads in the kingdom to restore America to a state of government and order. . . . In general I can say that the wound may be skinned over, but can never be healed until it is laid open to the bone. Parliament must give up its claim to a supreme authority over the Colonies, or the Colonies must cease from asserting a supreme legislative among themselves. Until these points are settled, we shall be always liable upon every slight occasion to fresh disorders."

On Wednesday, October the 24th, Captain Preston's trial was called. Jonathan Sewall, the King's attorney, had absented himself, and Robert Treat Paine conducted the prosecution with Samuel Quincy, for the Crown. John Adams, Josiah Quincy, Samuel's younger brother, and Sampson Salter Blowers defended the prisoners. Nehemiah Davis of Brookline² was "challenged peremptorily" from serving on the jury which, as finally made up, consisted of two men each from Roxbury, Dorchester, and Milton, one each from Stoughton, Braintree, and Dedham, and three from Hingham. In the course of Preston's defence, young Quincy argued,² "We ought to recollect, that our present decisions will be scanned, perhaps through all Europe. . . . Consider, Gentlemen, the danger which you, and all of us are in, of being led away by our affections and attachments." "You are to think, judge, and act, as jurymen, and not as statesmen." After commenting on the "ferment" of mind when the troops landed, he continued:

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 197. Hosmer.

² *History of the Massacre*, 126, 175-8. Kidder.

Matters being thus circumstanced, what might be expected. No room was left for cordiality and friendship. Discontent was seated on almost every brow. Instead of that hospitality that the soldier thought himself entitled to, scorn, contempt, and silent murmurs were his reception. . . . Scarce an eye but flashed indignant fire. . . . The constitutional legality, the propriety, the expediency of [quartering troops in the Province] are questions of state, not to be determined nor even agitated by us in this court. It is enough for us . . . they were ordered here by your sovereign and mine . . . What though an impertinent boy had received unjustifiable correction from the sentinel; the boy and the persons in Cornhill, must have recourse only to the law for their redress. . . . Let me remind you of an author, whom, I could wish were in the hands of all of you. . . . I allude to the third letter of the Farmer of Pennsylvania to his Countrymen. "The cause of liberty," says that great and good writer, "is a cause of too much dignity to be sullied by turbulence and tumult. It ought to be maintained in a manner suitable to her nature. Those who engage in it, should breathe a sedate, yet fervent spirit animating them to actions of prudence, justice, modesty, bravery, humanity, and magnanimity." What has there transpired on this trial, savoring of any of these virtues? Was it justice or humanity to attack, insult, ridicule and abuse a single sentinel on his post? Was it either modest, brave, or magnanimous to rush upon the points of fixed bayonets, and trifle, vapor, and provoke at the very mouths of loaded muskets? ¹

John Adams pursued the same line of thought:¹ "The law," he quoted from Algernon Sidney, "no passion can disturb. 'Tis void of desire and fear, lust and anger. 'Tis *mens sine affectu*; written reason; retaining some measure of the divine perfection. It does not enjoin that which pleases a weak, frail man, but, without regard to persons, commands that which is good, and punishes evil in all,

¹ *History of the Massacre*, 258-9. Kidder.

whether rich or poor, high or low. 'Tis deaf, inexorable, inflexible," and then exclaimed, "Yes, on the one hand it is deaf to the cries and lamentations of the prisoners; on the other it is deaf, deaf as an adder, to the clamors of the populace." While the Court sat an incendiary paper was posted up over night on the Town-house door, which read:¹

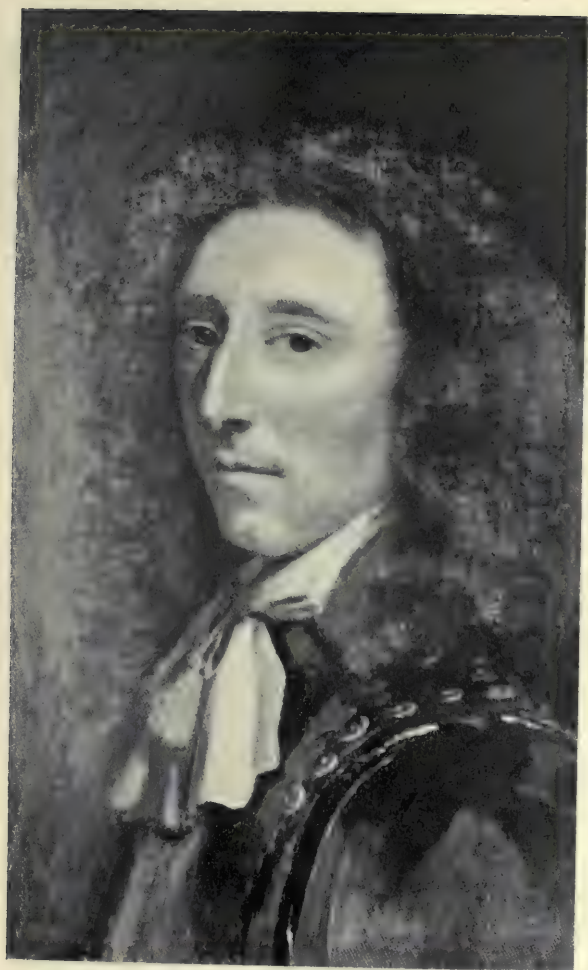
To see the sufferings of my fellow-townsmen
And own myself a man; To see the Court
Cheat the INJURED people with a shew
Of justice, which we ne'er can taste of;
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,
While no hold is left to save us from destruction,
All that bear this are *slaves*, and *we as such*,
Not to rouse up at the great call of Nature
And *free the world from such domestic tyrants*.

Hutchinson hastened to offer £100 L.M. out of the Public Treasury for discovery of the writer, but again without avail.

The trial, happily, was not to end so discredibly to the Province. On Monday the judges, Edmund Trowbridge, Peter Oliver, John Cushing, and Benjamin Lynch, Jr., began their charge, expressing their belief in Preston's innocence. Next day the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," when he was immediately discharged and rejoined his command at Castle William. The soldiers' trial ended December 5th, when six of them were likewise acquitted and two found guilty of manslaughter, viz., Matthew Killroy and Hugh Montgomery, both of whom, in open court were branded, presumably on the ball of the left thumb, with an "M,"² and discharged. Adams says: "I never pitied any men more than the two soldiers. . . . They were noble, fine-looking men; protested they had done nothing contrary to their duty as soldiers; and when the

¹ *Historic Mansions and Highways around Boston*, 241. Samuel Adams Drake. Boston, 1899: Little, Brown and Company.

² This form of punishment is cited in *A Colonial Officer and his Times*, Colonel Alfred Moore Waddell. Raleigh, 1890: Edwards and Broughton.



ALGERNON SIDNEY

Sheriff approached to perform his office, they burst into tears.”¹

Respecting Preston's trial, John Adams writes² in his diary: “Nineteen guineas was all I ever received for fourteen or fifteen days' labor in the most exhausting and fatiguing cause I ever tried, for hazarding a popularity very general and very hardly earned, and for incurring a clamor, popular suspicions, and prejudices, which are not yet worn out, and never will be forgotten as long as the history of this period is read.”

Captain Preston seems only to have lingered until the fate of his men was known, as he sailed on the 6th for England. A little later he is said to have been in receipt of a Government pension of £200 a year.³

The anniversary of the Massacre continued to be observed in Boston until 1784. The first year, commemorative exercises were held in the Manufactory house, and some transparencies exhibited by Revere. Paul Revere,⁴ whose name is so identified with the opening of the Revolution, was now thirty-six years of age, having been born January 1st, 1735, on Hanover Street (then North Street), opposite Clark and near the corner of Tileston. He was of Huguenot descent, his grandfather leaving St. Foy for Guernsey, and removing thence to Boston; the name was originally spelt Rivoire. Toward the close of his life Paul had his home in Charter Street near Hanover, Revere Place marking its site; but at this earlier period he was living on North Square. The central transparency representing the Massacre itself was entitled Foul Play. In the north window appeared the Genius of Liberty seated on a stump, upholding a staff and liberty cap, and trampling on a soldier hugging a serpent — the emblem of military oppression — while she pointed at the Massacre as its natural fruit.

¹ *Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, by his son, Josiah Quincy, 2d ed., 29. Boston, 1874: John Wilson and Son.

² *John Adams, Life and Works*, II, 231.

³ *Evening Post*, December 10, 1770, and October 28, 1771.

⁴ *Life of Revere*, I, 27-9. Goss.

The south window showed an obelisk bearing the names of the five slain, and surmounted by Snider's bust. In the background a ghost was seen surrounded by weeping friends who strove to staunch an open wound, and the couplet:

Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands,
And Vengeance for his death demands.

Crowds gathered about the house gazing on the pictures in "solemn silence and melancholy gloom;" to add to the effect, the church-bells were tolled an hour at noon, and again from nine to ten at night. In the latter part of March the French lad, Charlotte Bourgate, who, it will be remembered, gave damaging testimony against Manwaring at the time of the Massacre, was convicted of perjury. He was ¹ sentenced to sit one hour in the pillory and receive twenty-five stripes at the whipping-post, but Rowe ² tells us he escaped being flogged, since "the Populous hindered the Sheriff doing his duty."

During the month Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson received his commission to succeed the late Governor Bernard; his wife's brother-in-law, Andrew Oliver, the recent stamp distributor, being at the same time advanced to the office of Lieutenant-Governor.

Thomas Hutchinson was now sixty years of age, having been born in 1711 in Garden Court Street at the North End. The appointment of a governor native to the country warmed the people toward him at first, and the Harvard students sang joyously, at his inauguration in Holden Chapel, the anthem: ³ "Thus saith the Lord: From henceforth, behold! all nations shall call thee blessed; for thy rulers shall be of thy own kindred, your nobles shall be of yourselves, and thy Governor shall proceed from the midst of thee." The future looked brighter than for some time past to the Tory party. As John Adams put it, ⁴ "the

¹ *Evening Post*, March 25, 1771.

² *Letters*, 213. Ed. Cunningham.

³ *Life of Hutchinson*, 203. Hosmer.

⁴ *Diary*, II, 282.

bigoted, the superstitious, the enthusiastical, the tools, the interested, the timid, are all dazzled with his glare, and can't see clearly when he is in the horizon." When the Assembly met in May, Otis, temporarily recovered, was, to be sure, in attendance, but in his weakened state he turned jealous of Sam Adams and drew rather away from his old friends. This was peculiarly mischievous, as he had a large following. It almost seemed as if even Hancock might be won over. John Adams was attending to his private law practice, leaving Sam Adams the only strong force to combat. At this session, while remonstrating on their removal from Boston, the Assembly omitted their usual denial of the Crown's right to cause this removal and even went so far as to admit, if he pleased, the Governor might call them "to Housatonic¹ in the western extreme of the Province." Sam Adams strengthened himself in the belief there yet¹ remained a great majority who "would not go up to the house of Rimmon or bow the knee to Baal." But for the moment the tide set the other way, and there came a lull in the onward course of events. Daniel Leonard, a lawyer and member of the Assembly, had been one of the ablest speakers on the Patriots' side. By his marriage he had come into great wealth and presently "made the world stare,"² setting up a coach and constantly rumbling back and forth between Boston and Taunton, wearing the broadest possible gold lace about his hat brim, and still broader upon his cloak. Desirous of bringing him over into the Tory ranks, Hutchinson now began to pay him court, and between flattery and fear, it is said, accomplished his purpose.

April 29th a recruiting party³ was established in Boston and used as a guard, June 4th, at the Birthnight Ball, given in Concert Hall by Mrs. Gambier, wife of the naval commander.

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 213, 215. Hosmer.

² *Annals*, 204-5. Morse.

³ *History of Boston*, 236. Snow.

264 BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

June 16th, Rowe records: ¹ "There were 3 seizures made, some tea at Plymouth, a schooner from St. Peters with brandy, wine, &c, another schooner that short-entered her cargoe of molasses belonging to Mr. Forster of Cape Ann. These affairs give great uneasiness, and 'tis believed will raise the minds of the people. July 17, another sloop . . . seized."

During September Sam Adams wrote to the *Boston Gazette* pointing out that "should we acquiese in [the ministry taking 3d], only because they pleased, we at least tacitly consent that they should have sovereign control of our purses, and when they please they will claim an equal right, and perhaps plead a precedent from it, to take a shilling or a pound."²

No opportunity for commending home manufactures was lost. The Harvard class of 1770 had graduated in homespun,³ and Boston ladies held spinning parties, without tea, on alternate nights, cheering the workers with liberty songs accompanied by the spinet. Elsewhere, this year was marked by uprisings. The collector of the port, Charles Dudley,⁴ was assaulted while on duty at Newport, and the men at Providence burnt the King's *Wasp*.⁵ As long before as the spring of 1767 a body of so-called Regulators organized in North Carolina to redress grievances. At first they were reasonable in their demands, and succeeded in presenting Edmund Fanning, recorder of conveyances, for trial upon five distinct charges of extortion. Fanning's conviction, however, became a further ground of complaint, since he was let off by the Royal Judges with a fine of 5*d* and costs.⁶ In their exasperation the Regulators, led by an unprincipled agitator named Herman

¹ *Diary*.

² *The Writings of Samuel Adams*, II, 211. Collected and edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. New York, 1906: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *Historic Pilgrimages in N. E.*, 304. Bacon.

⁴ *Historical Address Newport*, 36. Sheffield.

⁵ *The War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 164. Botta.

⁶ *A Colonial Officer and his Times*. Waddell.



CHARLES JAEMS FOX

Husbands, exceeded all bounds and fell into such disrepute the Council and Legislature united in urging their suppression. Accordingly the militia were called out and on the 16th of May, 1771, some eleven hundred of the Governor's party defeated a mob of two thousand Regulators on the shore of the Allamance, near the head-waters of the Cape Fear, a number falling on both sides. November 16th, the printers of the *Massachusetts Spy* were sent for by the Governor and Council, who ordered the King's attorney to prosecute them. A Scotchman visiting Boston that autumn remarks,¹ "The men-of-war lying close up to the town make them sing small." During the winter much attention was given by Parliament to the question how far the press should be under control. Lord Mansfield held² that in the case of a given pamphlet the jury's sole concern was with the bare fact of its issue, leaving it to the judge to determine its character as actionable or otherwise. The Whigs justly felt if this theory should become the rule, no freedom worth having remained. Captain Constantine Phipps of the navy (later Lord Mulgrave) and Sergeant Glynn exerted themselves on the Whig side, while Thurlow, for his address in parrying their propositions, was promptly made Attorney-General. About this time Wedderburn forsook the Liberal party and was made Solicitor-General. Henceforth, when Lord North threw scorn on a pretence of patriotism concealing a zeal for office in the ranks of the Opposition, everyone gazed on Wedderburn, seated on the Treasury bench "pale as death."² Anything like a formal record of speeches made in the House was unknown at this time. The accounts that have come down to us are based, at the best, on the recollection of several hearers. Accuracy was not always even attempted by the reporter; indeed Dr. Johnson affirmed³ that he always took care the "Whig dogs" had the worst of it!

¹ The source for this has not been found.

² *Life of Fox*, 291, 334. Trevelyan.

³ *Warwick History of England*, 148.

In March of 1771, Colonel Onslow ("Cocking George"), bent on making an example, denounced a printer for referring to an adherent of Government as "a paltry insect,"¹ and indiscretion in publishing certain debates. Wilkes, pending his admission to Parliament, was now an alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without; accordingly, when two of the printers appealed to the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, for protection and were brought before him and his colleague, Richard Oliver, they ordered the men discharged, and arrested in their turn a messenger of the House, and committed him to the Compter on the charge of assault. His offence lay in his attempt to take into custody a citizen without lawful warrant, the Lord Mayor bearing sole jurisdiction east of Temple Bar. The King at once adjured Lord North to put the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver in the Tower. Sir William Meredith, an old-time Jacobite, quoted from Clarendon on the danger of magnifying the House unduly, affirming to his mind there was but one course, and that was "to put a stop to this business."¹ Lord John Cavendish and Henry Herbert, later Lord Portchester, took the same ground. Sir Gilbert Elliot, in the King's interest, spoke, amidst the clamor of the Court party, on the ignominy of being browbeaten by three City officials. Charles James Fox, already a Lord of Treasury at twenty-two, and one of North's ablest supporters, observed¹ it was worth noting that the catch phrase "the people of England" was first identified by the Opposition with the Middlesex electors, next with the citizens of London, and now it was narrowed down to the Lord Mayor and two aldermen; arguing perversely that, since the City Rights, whatever they might be, were derived from the Crown, the People's Cause lay perforce with the House of Commons. A division was then called which stood 267 to 80 in favor of Administration. The entire way to the House Crosby and Oliver were greeted with applause as Guardians of the City's Rights and the Nation's Liberties.

¹ *Life of Fox*, 308, 314-17, 322. Trevelyan.

All London was in an uproar. One member was a good two hours working his way in through the crowd¹ massed before the door of the House. When called upon for his defence, Oliver's upholders asked with what was he charged. "That will depend," launched out Fox, glibly,¹ "on what his defence may be!" Oliver, seeing his case was prejudged, defied the House, and it was at once moved he should be lodged in the Tower. William Burke bade the House "Good night." Barré turned on Administration with fury and strode off, bidding all good men and true to follow him.¹ Fox maintained it was the duty of the House to vote without prejudice from the coercion of either guards or of rioters, and the vote for committal was carried. The whole affair ran against Lord North's judgment, but he was practically a figurehead, with the King and his hirelings, under Sir Gilbert Elliot, in actual command; and Crosby¹ disdaining the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, although suffering with gout, was despatched to bear Oliver company.

March 29th, the day following the Lord Mayor's committal, the King went to the House amidst the jeers and hisses of some eighty thousand. Fox, mistaken for North, had his chariot wrecked on this occasion and hung out of a coffee-house window in Palace yard, shaking his fist and stinging the rioters to fresh violence, while Selwyn² applauded his boyish sallies in the background. April 1st effigies of the Princess Dowager and Bute were beheaded by chimney-sweeps and then burnt.³ A few days later, at midday, a hearse and two carts with gallows and pasteboard effigies of L—d B—n (Barrington), L—d H—x (Halifax), Alderman H— (Hon. Thomas Harley), L. the Usurper (Luttrell), De G—y (Attorney-General De Gray), J. T. (Jemmy Twit-cher, *i.e.*, Sandwich), C—g Geo. (Cocking George Onslow) were paraded through the City to Tower Hill and presently

¹ *Life of Fox*, 336-7, 337-9, 344. Trevelyan.

² *Caricature History*, 326. Wright.

³ *Memoirs*, IV, 203. Walpole, ed. Barker.

burnt. The dying speeches of "some supposed malefactors"¹ being subsequently hawked about the streets. Wilkes had been also ordered before the House, but since he refused to attend² unless summoned in his rightful capacity as member for Middlesex, a fact they were loath to admit, he escaped sentence. To complete the humiliation of the City, the Lord Mayor's clerk was compelled, standing at the bar of the House, to strike out the record of committing its late messenger. Burke led the Opposition at this time, and is said to have headed twenty-three divisions and kept the members sitting until five in the morning at the height of the excitement. The state prisoners meanwhile lived on the fat of the land, and Alderman Oliver was toasted as "Oliver the Second." Before the month was out they received a complimentary visit from two dukes, a marquis, an earl, and Burke and Dowdeswell representing the Commons. When Parliament broke up early in May, their liberty was restored; the King's progress from the Palace to the Lords being fairly dwarfed by the triumphal parade of the late prisoners back into the city, scarlet-gowned aldermen dividing the glories with the artillery company in full muster.² There was cause for rejoicing, since the struggle for unchecked freedom in reporting debates was practically won.

As if in utter defiance of public opinion, a little before this, the first lord of Admiralty, Sandwich — for whom Captain Cook named the Hawaiian Islands — was made Secretary of State, in place of Lord Weymouth, resigned. Churchill wrote of him:²

Too infamous to have a friend;
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whose weight
Earth groans; who hath been spared by fate
Only to show, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.

¹ *Caricature History*, 326. Wright.

² *Life of Fox*, 327, 309-10, 345-6, 69. Trevelyan.



JOHN EARL OF SANDWICH

Walpole, however, says,¹ "No man had so many public enemies who had so few private," and that no man in the Administration was so much master of business; at the same time he was the soul of the Catch Club and threw his house open to musicians.

In 1772, by a further change in the Cabinet, Lord Dartmouth succeeded Hillsborough as Colonial Secretary. March 5th of that year Dr. Chauncy preached in memory of the Massacre, and transparencies were exhibited from Mrs. Clapham's balcony² in King Street. It was little suspected then how soon a fresh event would take up everyone's thoughts.

Early in the month, the schooner *Gaspée*,³ eight guns, had been sent into the Narragansett waters by order of Admiral Montague to enforce the laws against smuggling. The commander, Lieutenant Wm. Dudingston, was needlessly overbearing in his duties: holding up market boats, busy about their simple everyday concerns; stopping the regular packet, and compelling its flag to salute, without deigning to show his commission. The complaints were such, Deputy-Governor Darius Sessions of Providence at length forwarded a list of grievances to Governor Joseph Wanton at Newport. Although a loyalist, Governor Wanton felt the small craft of the bay could not rightly be held up without cause shown. In this opinion Chief Justice Hopkins concurred. A letter was thereupon sent to Lieut. Dudingston by the High Sheriff, requesting the commander to produce his commission in future. No satisfaction being received from this letter, a second was despatched. This last letter drew an angry retort from Rear Admiral John Montague, to whom the matter had been referred, running in part: "I shall report your two insolent letters to my officer, to His Majesty's secretaries of State, and leave them to determine what right you have to demand a sight of all orders I shall give to the officers of my squadron,

¹ *Memoirs*, IV, 171. Ed. Barker.

² *Evening Post*, March 9, 1772.

³ *Our Country*, II, 695-7. Lossing.

and I would advise you not to send your sheriff on board the King's ship again on such ridiculous errands." Governor Wanton in replying writes: "I am greatly obliged for the promise of transmitting my letter to the secretary of state. I am, however, a little shocked at your impolite expression, made use of on that occasion. In return for this good office, I shall also transmit your letter to the secretary of state, and leave to the King and his ministers to determine on which side the charge of insolence lies. As to your advice not to send the sheriff on board any of your squadron, please to know that I will send the sheriff of this colony at any time and to any place, within the body of it, as I shall think fit." When the Assembly was acquainted with the correspondence, it was voted to lay the matter before Lord Hillsborough. Before any action could be taken in England, a crisis had been reached.

On the 9th of June the sloop *Hannah*, a weekly packet commanded by Captain Ben Lindsey, plying between Providence and New York, had made her call at Newport, running up her colors on entering that harbor as her wont was, to remain until safe docked in port. On the packet's homeward course, having duly reported her cargo at the Newport Custom-house, the *Gaspée* was encountered. Wearied by her repeated orders to hold up and dip the colors,¹ the packet took advantage of a favoring wind to skim ahead toward the west shore and entice the stranger-craft upon Namquit Bar, now Gaspée Point — then covered by the flood tide — where she speedily grounded. On reaching Providence the captain's story of the schooner's plight stirred the merchants to immediate action. A meeting was called at Sabin's tavern¹ by beat of drum, where Abraham Whipple, John Brown's ablest skipper, organized a party of sixty-five men, who set off between ten and eleven, to take advantage of the ebb tide, in eight long-boats or whale boats, four rowers with muffled oars to each. The

¹ *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island*, VII, 57-192. Ed. John Russell Bartlett. Providence, 1862.

seven-mile pull took some time, but by a quarter to one in the morning the *Gaspée* was reached. The boats stole up out of the night so silently that Bart Chivers, seaman, acting as sentinel on the quarterdeck, at first supposed them to be merely shore-rocks.¹ When he made out they were boats and found that his hail was not returned, he snapt his gun, and Lieutenant Dudingston ran up on deck in his nightshirt. Five of the *Gaspée's* men, it appears, were absent on a detail in Boston, leaving but nineteen aboard. Hurrying midshipman William Dickenson to the cabin below in search of the key to the arm chest, Dudingston ordered the boats off, but was answered the sheriff of the county of Kent was aboard and they must come on. Regaining the deck, the midshipman fired once, without effect, into the boats, some forty or fifty feet distant. Seeing only five on deck, Dudingston now ran to the hatch and called down to the men to tumble up and not stop for their clothes. The rowers, meanwhile, with a halloo, had shipped their oars alongside in something like three minutes from the time of discovery, and in an instant were scrambling over the rails. The lieutenant struck at one man clambering into the chains on the starboard bow with his hanger. The man fell back into the boat, but the rush of the boarders was not checked, for with the return fire the lieutenant's left arm was broken and he received a ball in his left groin. He was at once thrown down and forced with the others into the hold, where the crews' arms were tied behind their backs. The so-called "sheriff" at first supposed the lieutenant was shamming an injury and d—d him for a scoundrel, but when he found Dudingston really hurt, a medical student in the party was called to give him every attention. Then all hands from the schooner having been landed at Pawtuxet, a neighboring beach, a train was laid to the magazine and the *Gaspée* blown up. A formidable Commission of Inquiry was established to consider this

¹ *Rhode Island Historical Society Proceedings*, 1890-91, 88. W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq., of the Public Record Office, London.

bold deed, consisting of Governor Joseph Wanton, of Rhode Island; Daniel Horsmanden, chief justice of New York; Frederick Smyth, chief justice of New Jersey; Peter Oliver, chief justice of Massachusetts; and Robert Auchmuty, judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court. The King, says Stiles,¹ had ordered particular inquiry to be made "as to Mr. John Brown [Treasurer of Brown University 1775-96]; Mr. Joseph Brown of Providence; Captain Potter of Bristol; and Dr. Weeks of Warwick, and if evidence appear, not to adjudge upon them, but deliver them up to Admiral Montague to be sent to England and take Trial there." Later, letters were despatched to Providence calling upon Mr. George Browne, Mr. Jno. Cole, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Andruss, Mr. Fenner, and Mr. Sabin for information supposed to be in their possession, but nothing came of it. The offer of a large reward produced no result beyond a local rhyme which runs as follows:²

Now for to find these people out,
 King George has offered very stout,
 One thousand pounds to find out one
 That wounded Wm. Duddington;
 One thousand more, he says, he'll spare
 For those who say the sheriffs were;
 One thousand more there doth remain
 For to find out the leader's name;
 Likewise five hundred pounds per man
 For any one of all the clan.
 But let him try his utmost skill,
 I'm apt to think he never will
 Find any of those hearts of gold,
 Though he should offer fifty-fold.

No conclusion was reached by the Commission, which broke up with "much Stillness."¹ As for the lieutenant, by the 2d of September he was sufficiently recovered to be sent home, with a favorable recommendation from Admiral Montague, to stand his court-martial. This took place

¹ *Diary*, I, 330, 324, 338, 391. Stiles.

² *Colonial Days*, 101. Markham.

at Portsmouth, aboard the *Centaur*, when he was honorably¹ acquitted. The Rhode Island Historical Society² to this day preserves among its treasures a silver goblet said to have been taken from the *Gaspée* before she was fired.

Hutchinson wrote at this time:³ "I hope if there should be another like attempt, some concerned in it may be taken prisoners and carried direct to England. A few punished at Execution Dock [Wapping] would be the only effectual preventive of any further attempts. In every Colony they are sure of escaping with impunity. I have brought the Assembly to such a state that though there are a small majority sour enough, yet when they seek matter for protests, remonstrances, they are puzzled where to charge the grievances which they look for . . . Under such circumstances, and the advantage of having them in the town of Boston, where I can see a company of them every day, which, by the way, you would think to be dearly earning your salary, I hope to pass through a session without much trouble. Some foolish thing or other from such people is always of course." These hopes may have been premature, for on August 27th we find him writing over to England:⁴ "The opinion that every colony has a legislature within itself, the acts and doings of which are not to be controlled by Parliament and that no legislative power ought to be exercised over the colonies, except by their respective legislatures, gains ground every day." He then adds meaningly, "there is sufficient grounds for parliament to proceed, if there is a disposition;" and after asking "What, it will be said, can be done?" answers his own question as follows: "For assemblies or bodies of men, who shall deny the authority of Parliament, — may not all their subsequent proceedings be declared to be *ipso facto* null and void, and every member who shall continue to act in

¹ *R. I. Hist. Soc. Pro.*, 1890-91.

² "The Rhode Island Historical Society." Edward Fuller. *New England Magazine*, January, 1901.

³ *Hutchinson*, 232-3. Hosmer.

⁴ *Annals*, 168. Morse.

such assembly be subject to penalties and incapacities?" and concludes, "Thus you have a few of my sudden thoughts, which I must pray you not to communicate as coming from me."

Stiles,¹ under August 25th, 1772, tells how Mr. Aaron Lopez the Jewish merchant at Newport, who had twenty sail of trading ships, by keeping out of the non-importation agreement had received special favor from the Collector of the Port, Charles Dudley, his captains being exempt from swearing their entries. On the other hand a sailor on Mr. Christopher Ellery's vessel, having a single twenty-pound bag of tea aboard, *he* was obliged to go before the commissioners in Boston and spend \$60 or \$80 to get her delivered. "I have known," continues Stiles,¹ "Collector Dudley refuse a present, a Cask of Wine or &c. and tell the Owner that he was obliged to refuse all Gratuities and dare not take anyThing — neither did he from him in several Voyages. The Collector answered his End — this Man believed it, and trumpeted through Town, that the Collector received nothing but lawful Fees. Much about the same Time I heard a Captain say that his people had wheeled home to the Collector Wines, Fruits, &c., and they were not rejected nor returned. I have been informed of much higher Custom house Frauds and Peculations. How did Dudley get his Office? His Father is an English Clergyman in the West of England in some of those diminished Towns where 30 or 40 Freeholders elect two Members of Parliament: the Father was the *omnis Homo* of the Parish and could by his Influence command the Election. He set his price, as is said, that his son shd. have the Collectorship of Rhode Island, The Member of Parliament procured it for him. Dudley behaves in Office as well as any of them: but bad is the best." To show what filled the popular mind, a young Englishman² writes from Philadelphia, "Our Play-bills promise to exhibit to us the Noble Struggles for liberty of those renowned Romans, Brutus and Cassius, though poor Cassius was so

¹ *Diary*, I, 270-1.

² *The Francis Letters*, I, 118. Ed. Francis.

deficient in his Latin as to call Publius 'Puppy-Lies,' throughout the whole Piece." "It became the fashion," John Adams tells us, "to read books that dealt with the laws of nations and the principles of Government." Mrs. Macauley's "History of the Stuart Reign" in five volumes, Clarendon's "History of the Civil Wars," and Cato's "Letters" were especial favorites. "How often," he exclaims,¹ "have I heard in conversation in private parties, and how often it was said in the streets, 'I will never live to see such acts of Parliament executed in this country,' constantly echoed 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' no man venturing an 'I will.'" It was at about this time Mrs. Macauley, "that matchless spirited Lady," as the agent for Rhode Island calls her, presented her Works to Redwood Library in Newport. "Her Spirit," continues Mr. Marchant, "rouses and flashes like Lightning upon the Subject of . . . anyThing noble and generous."²

There had been so much annoyance in the past from Governor Hutchinson's practice of proroguing an Assembly almost as soon as it was come together that the Boston town meeting, some time during the fall of 1772, presented a petition against the exercise of this power for the approaching session. For some time past the Governor had felt that the Boston town meeting was inclined to usurp his powers as well as the King's, and he now quietly snubbed it for interfering with what did not belong to its business.³ Sam Adams was quick to take advantage of his fellow-townsmen's irritation at this rebuff, and November 2d carried a Resolve: That a committee of 21 should be chosen to correspond with other towns in the Province, viz., James Otis, Saml. Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, Dr. Benjamin Church, Wm. Dennie, Wm. Greenleaf, Joseph Greenleaf, Esq., Dr. Thomas Young, Wm. Powell, Nathaniel Appleton, Oliver Wendell, John Sweetser, Josiah Quincy, Esq., Capt. John Bradford, Richard Boynton, Esq., Capt.

¹ *Annals*, 208, 201. Morse.

² *Diary*, I, 293, 251. Stiles.

³ *Town Records*, 1770-77, 92-3.

Wm. Mackay, Major Nathaniel Barber, Deacon Caleb Davis, Alexander Hill, Wm. Molineux, and Robert Pierpont. This step had long been favored by Adams since it supplied means for the ready extension of any movement while uniting the whole Province in a solid front. He even hoped eventually that all the Colonies might be drawn into a compact body. This vision has come true, for this was the little seed which was to spring up and grow until seen of all men as the future United States.

About the same time the General Assembly of Virginia¹ adopted a similar plan, having direct reference to an immediate general correspondence between the Colonies. These two great States led the way. It was natural it should be so. Both were of English origin, and spirit, and tradition. New York, New Jersey, and Delaware had been settled by Dutch and Swedes; Pennsylvania in large part by Germans; South Carolina had many French Huguenots. Pennsylvania, to be sure, was an English Colony, but its Quaker population shrank from contention and perhaps remembered Massachusetts had been no friend to their faith in the past. All these influences at work led to the first steps being taken by Massachusetts and Virginia. When once the remaining Colonies came to see what was at stake, they heartily threw in their lot with the leaders, and made success possible.

November 20th, 1772, the Votes and Proceedings of the Town of Boston² were printed as a Pamphlet and sent to each Town stating the Rights of the Colonists. Having referred to "that great jurist," Mr. Justice Blackstone, admitting that the Magna Charta was "justly obtained of King John sword in hand," the town does not hesitate to add, "peradventure it must be one day, sword in hand, again rescued and preserved from total destruction and oblivion." It asks: "Can it be said with any colour of truth and Justice, that this Continent of three thousand miles

¹ *History of the U. S.*, I, 299. Spencer.

² *Town Records*, 1770-71, 97-8, 104.

in length, and of a breadth as yet unexplored, in which, however, it's supposed, there are five millions of people, has the least voice, vote, or influence in the decisions of the British Parliament? Have they, all together, any more right or power to return a single member to that house of commons, who have not inadvertently, but deliberately assumed a power to dispose of their lives, Liberties and properties, than to choose an Emperor of China!" And notes further: "Although by the Charter all Havens, Rivers, Ports, Waters &c. are expressly granted the Inhabitants of the Province and their Successors, to their only proper use and behoof forever, yet the British Parliament passed an act, whereby they restrain us from carrying our Wool, the produce of our own farms, even over a ferry; whereby the Inhabitants have often been put to the expence of carrying a Bag of Wool near an hundred miles by land, when passing over a River or Water of one quarter of a mile, of which the Province are the absolute Proprietors, would have prevented all that trouble." "If it should be the general voice of this Province," it goes on, "that the Rights as we have stated them, do not belong to us; or that the several measures of Administration in the British Court, are no violations of these Rights, or that if they are thus violated or infringed, they are not worth contending for, or resolutely maintaining; — should this be the general voice of the Province, we must be resigned to our wretched fate; but shall forever lament the extinction of that generous ardor for Civil and Religious liberty, which . . . induced our fathers to forsake the bosom of their Native Country, and begin a settlement on bare Creation." It then concludes: "It becomes every well wisher to his Country, while it has any remains of freedom, to keep an Eagle Eye upon every innovation. . . . Let us disappoint the Men who are raising themselves on the ruin of this Country. Let us convince every Invader of our freedom, that we will be as free as the Constitution our Fathers recognized, will Justify." ¹

¹ *Town Records*, 1770-71, 107, 108.

The original replies of the Massachusetts towns may still be seen in the Lenox Library in New York. "One may well read them," writes Hosmer,¹ "with bated breath, for it is the touch of the elbow as the stout little democracies dress up into line, just before they plunge in at Concord and Bunker Hill. There is sometimes a noble scorn of the restraints of orthography, as of the despotism of Great Britain, in the work of the old town clerks, for they generally were secretaries of the committees; and once in a while a touch of Dogberry's quaintness . . . yet the documents ought to inspire the deepest reverence. It is the highest mark the Town-Meeting has ever touched. Never before and never since have Anglo-Saxon men, in lawful Folkmote assembled, given utterance to thoughts and feelings so fine in themselves and so pregnant with great events. To each letter stand affixed the names of the committee in the autograph. This awkward scrawl was made by the rough fist of a Cape Ann fisherman, on shore for the day to do at Town-Meeting the duty his fellows had laid upon him; the hand that wrote this was cramped from the scythe-handle, as its possessor mowed an interval on the Connecticut; this blotted signature where smutted fingers have left a black stain was written by a blacksmith of Middlesex, turning aside a moment from forging a gun barrel that was to do duty at Lexington. They were men of the plainest; but as the documents, containing statements of the most generous principles and the most courageous determination, were read in the town-houses, the committees who produced them and the constituents for whom the committees stood, were lifted above the ordinary level. Their horizon expanded to the broadest; they had in view not simply themselves, but the welfare of the continent; not solely their own generation, but remote posterity." It is interesting to note how the idea of Correspondence was greeted in one little town. The 11th of December, Brookline, on the outskirts of Boston, called a meeting of freeholders

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 237-8. Hosmer.

and inhabitants, at which time a Standing Committee was chosen to correspond with the Town of Boston, viz.,¹ Wm. Hyslop, Esq'r; Isaac Gardner, Esq'r, Town Clerk and Selectman; Deacon Ebenezer Davis, Town Treasurer; Captain Benjamin White, Selectman and Representative; Mr. Isaac Child, also Selectman; Mr. John Goddard; and Mr. John Harris. The meeting then adjourned to the 28th, when all met, Mr. Hyslop acting as moderator. The records read the meeting was "as full as Usual" and the following Resolutions "unanimously passed by the Town."

Viz. 1st. Voted that the Rights of the Colonists, and this Province in particular as men, as Chrystians, & as Subjects, as Set forth in the Said Votes & Proceedings of the Town of Boston, are in the Opinion of this Town well Stated & appear to be founded on ye Laus of Nature, Divine Revelation, the British Constitution, and the Charter of this Province.

2d Voted that the Infringement & Violation of those Rights, as also Set forth therein are in the Opinion of this Town great Grievances which this People have for years past been burdened with, and for the Redress of which Petitions & Remonstrances have been made, but hitherto in Vain.

3d Voted The Raising a Revennue within this Province by an assumed Power in the Brittische House of Commons, to give and grant our Money without our Consent & appropriating the Money so Raised for the Support of the Government of the Province and the Payment of the Charges of the Administration of Justice therein so repugnant to the first Principles of a free Constitution and the obvious meaning & Spirit of the Royal Charter of this Province.

4th Voted that an Establishment for the Support of the Govonor of the Province, and the Judges of the Superior Court, &c. (if the latter be already made as we have Just reason to apprehend) to be paid out the Monies raised as aforesaid, independent of the free Gifts and Grants of the Commons of this Province are in the Opinion of this Town leading and alarming Steps towards rendering the whole

¹ *Brookline Town Records*, 234, 236-7.

executive Power independent, of the People, and setting up an despotic Government in this Province.

5th Voted that the Representative of this Town be and hereby is instructed to exert his utmost Powers and Abilities in the General Assembly with constant Perseverance in promoting such Measures there as will speedily and effectually to Remove these and other intolerable Grievances enumerated in the aforesaid Votes and Proceedings of the Town of Boston.

6th Voted that the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Town of Boston in thus clearly stating our Rights, and holding up so many of our Grievances in one View, have done an acceptable Service to this Town and Province and that the sincere & hearty Thanks of this Town be hereby given to them therefore.

7th Voted that there be Committee now Chosen to Write to the Committee of Correspondence in Boston and communicate to them a true attested Copy of the foregoing Votes, and also further correspond with said Committee of Boston or any other Towns if they shall think it needful.

“Then the Town made choice of the following Gentlemen for the purpose aforesaid.” The names of the Standing Committee follow: “attest Isaac Gardner Town Clerk.” The meeting had continued so long, the Disposal of a Pew and care of the Burying yard were referred to a future meeting. The letter that follows was addressed early in the New Year:

*To the Committee of Communication & Correspondence at Boston.*¹

BROOKLYN, January 4, 1773.

Gentlemen: The Freeholders and other Inhabitants of this Town at a meeting Legally assembled upon the 28th. of Decem'r last by adjournment, having duly considered a Letter from the Town of Boston, directed to the Select Men of this Town, accompanied with a State of the Rights

¹ *Brookline Town Records*, 238-9.

of the Colonies, and of this Province in particular, as also a List of the Infringements of their Rights to be communicated to this Town, take this Opportunity to Return you our hearty and unfeigned Thanks which was Voted by said Town; for the early Care that you took in clearly and Truly Stating our Rights and Priviledges and making manifest the many and glaring Violations and Infringements thereof, which if not speedily prevented must inevitably ruin the Constitution of this Province as Settled by the Charter granted by King William and Queen Mary of glorious Memory, and also that this Town think themselves happy in being always ready to add their Mite towards with Standing any arbitrary despotick Measures that are or may be carried on to overthrow the Constitution and deprive us of all our invaluable Rights and Priviledges which are & ought to be as dear or dearer than Life it selfe.

We have inclosed you a Copy of the Votes and Proceedings of the Town so far as we have gone. May he that ruleth in the Kingdom of Men direct all our Counsels, & grant Success to all our Lawful Endeavors, that are or may be taken for the Preservation of the civil and religious Rights & Priviledges, of the Colonies & of this Province in particular. So as that we the Children of so worthy Progenitors may be enabled to transmit to our Children those invaluable Rights & Priviledges, as we had them transmitted to us. they were many times in Trouble on various Accounts, and in their affliction they cryed to God, and he delivered them; and if we their Children follow their Example, may depend upon the same Success they had: which God grant may be the Case with us in our Present Difficulties.

We wish all Prosperity to the Town of Boston and may unerring Wisdom direct all her Consultations and Counsels.

We are with great Respect, Gentlemen,

your Friends and Servants,

In the common Cause of our Country,

WILLIAM HYSLOP per Order

Attest Isaac Gardner Town Clerk."

Governor Hutchinson¹ makes special reference to similar resolutions passed by the towns of Plymouth, Charlestown, Cambridge, Marblehead, and Roxbury. At a town meeting in Petersham a committee, taking into consideration the "awful frowns of Divine Providence" now manifest, concludes hopefully:²

God will not suffer this land, where the Gospel hath flourished, to become a slave of the world; he will stir up witnesses of the truth; and in his own time spirit his people to stand up for his cause, and deliver them. In a similar belief, that patriot of patriots, the great *Algernon Sidney*, lived and died, and dying breathed a like sentiment and prophecy, touching his own and the then approaching times, a prophecy, however, not accomplished until a glorious revolution.

Approved of by vote of the Town without contradiction.

SYLVANUS HOW, per order.

January 6th, Hutchinson convened the Legislature, restored at length to its "ancient & convenient Seat," and took the bull by the horns, challenging the Assembly to show if they could that his interpretation of the Constitution was in error, and ending by the announcement that the Crown in future would be responsible for his salary and that of the judges. This led to a grand battle of quills. Sam Adams drafted a reply which was revised by John Adams (now thirty-eight years of age), and acknowledged as the most notable state paper of the day. The gist, says Hosmer, of the whole was apropos the¹ "dilemma proposed by the Governor; that if Parliament is not supreme, the Colonies are independent. The alternative is accepted, and the claim made that since vassalage of the Colonies could not have been intended, independent the Colonies are." The Legislature at the same time warned the judges,

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 249, 251-2, 254, 256-7. Hosmer.

² *American Revolution*, I, 319-20. Gordon.

as surely as they accepted their salary from the Crown, they might expect to be impeached.

May 27th, Rowe notes that Mr. Hulton and Mr. Hallowell, two of the commissioners of customs, on coming out from a public dinner at Concert Hall were very much abused; "William Mollineaux, William Dennie, Paul Revere and several others were the principal actors."¹ This spring a standing committee of correspondence was appointed:² The Speaker, Mr. Cushing, Sam Adams, Hon. John Hancock, Wm. Phillips, Captain Wm. Heath, Hon. Joseph Hawley, James Warren, Esq., R. Derby, Jr., Esq., Elbridge Gerry, J. Bowers, Esq., Jedidiah Foster, Esq., Daniel Leonard, Esq., Captain T. Gardner, Captain Jonathan Greenleaf, J. Prescott, Esq. — fifteen in all, of whom eight were to constitute a quorum. No one had greater influence than Mr. Cushing by reason of his "good sense, sound judgement, urbanity of manners, large connection, and wide association with all sorts of people."³

August 14th, "This day," says Rowe,¹ "the Sons of Liberty held their annual feast at Roxbury in the training field by John Williams'; there was upwards of four hundred that dined there."

In the interval, Boston had been convulsed by certain original letters, forwarded from England to the Speaker, Thomas Cushing, chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, by the Colonies' Agent, Benjamin Franklin. Six of these⁴ letters were from Hutchinson, four from Andrew Oliver, and the rest from various individuals. They had been written three or four years previously and contained matter "much to the prejudice of the Province," says John Andrews.⁵ It was intended at first they should be shown only⁶ to Bowdoin, Pitts, Doctors Winthrop,

¹ *Diary*.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 95. Niles.

³ *Annals*, 222. Morse.

⁴ *Life of Hutchinson*, 269. Hosmer.

⁵ *Letters of John Andrews*, June 4, 1773. Mass. Hist. Soc. Pro., July, 1865.

⁶ *American Revolution*, I, 328-9. Gordon.

Chauncy, and Cooper; later the Speaker had leave to show them to the Committee of Correspondence, and then to trusty folk generally, on the understanding that no copies were to be taken. Finally Cushing was overborne, and they were read in the House and then publication was insisted on. At this period, Trevelyan tells us, mail was constantly tampered with in the interest of party, until it came to be almost an understood thing. "I don't know," Rigby wrote¹ to the Duke of Bedford, "who is to read this letter, whether French ministers or English ministers; but I am not guarded in what I write, as I choose the latter should know through every possible channel the utter contempt I bear them."

It has never been known in just what way the letters came into Franklin's hands. By one account Thomas Whateley, an under Secretary who died in 1772, is supposed to have shown them to George Grenville, at whose death they are supposed to have come into the possession of Sir John Temple, Councillor James Bowdoin's son-in-law, who turned them over to Franklin.² Another rumor³ has it: Dr. Hugh Williamson of Philadelphia, coming to London, learned that Hutchinson's letters had gone to a different office from the one where they should have been filed. Taking advantage of this, he went boldly to the chief clerk and said he had called for the correspondence. The letters were at once given up and Williamson, having delivered them to Franklin, sailed next day for Holland. Parson Stiles,⁴ on the other hand, writing on the 10th of June of the same year, states: "Mr. Storer [Story?] of Boston suffer'd in the Stamp Act 1765 and went home for Redress. The Ministry put him off, till he should obtain Governor Hutchinson's Recommendation, and indeed it was finally referred to the Governor to provide for him some provincial office. It has not been done. Mr. Storer to have a

¹ *The American Revolution*, I, 170. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. New York, 1899: Longmans, Green and Co.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 273. Hosmer.

³ *Annals*, 174-5. Morse.

⁴ *Diary*, I, 380.

Rod over &c. procured 18 Letters of Lt. Gov. Oliver and half a dozen of Governor Hutch. to one of the Secretaries of some of the Ministerial Boards in London, as a specimen of their Correspondence for 15 years past, urging and recommending the present arbitrary Government over the Colonies. The Governors Hutchinson and Oliver were last year given to understand that Mr. Storer had them in his power by means of a Collection of these Letters, and that the only Condition of not exposing them was his being provided for. The matter was neglected. Judge Oliver now here once took occasion to ask the Governor whether there was any Danger &c. when the Governor said he was under no Apprehensions. The Judge says, he himself apprehended both for Governor Hutchinson and especially for his Brother, the Lieutenant-Governor, who was greatly exasperated in the Time of the Stamp Act."

In the budget was Paxton's letter praying for troops, one¹ from another source proposing a "Patrician Order," and one that excited special wrath, in which Hutchinson observes:

I never think of the measures necessary for the peace and good order of the Colonies without pain; there must be an abridgement of what are called English liberties. I relieve myself by considering that in a remove from the state of nature to the most perfect state of government, there must be a great restraint of natural liberty. I doubt whether it is possible to project a system of government in which a colony 3000 miles distant from the parent state, shall enjoy all the liberty of the parent state. I am certain I have never yet seen the projection. I wish the good of the Colony when I wish to see some further restraint of liberty rather than the connexion with the parent state should be broken; for I am sure such a breach must prove the ruin of the Colony. Pardon me this excursion, it really proceeds from the state of mind into which our perplexed affairs often throws me.

I have the honor to be &c.,²

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, III, 368. Bryant and Gay.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 436-7. Hosmer.

Taken in its context, and accepting Hutchinson's statement that there was no collusion between the several writers, the expression concerning English liberties might pass as a mere personal opinion. The people, however, were now convinced, if they had not been before, he could never be made a lever to work on the British Government and a party sprang up determined on forcing him out of office. A resolve, requesting his removal, was accordingly drawn and ¹ voted upon, with the result of 15 yeas, 5 nays, in the Council, and 83 yeas, 28 nays, in the House. This paper was at once forwarded to Franklin, who made it over to the Secretary of State, who sent it to the King, who laid it before the Privy Council.² Wm. Whateley, the banker, a brother of the late under Secretary, meanwhile accused Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law, of abstracting the letters. A duel followed between John Temple and Mr. Whateley, before Franklin, who was out of town, could publish a note ³ in which, after stating the Secretary had never had the letters and naturally Mr. Temple could not have taken them from him, he continues, the letters were "not of the nature of *private* letters between friends. They were written by public officers to persons in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures; they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be influenced by them to produce those measures. Their tendency was to incense the mother-country against her colonies, and, by the steps recommended, to widen the breach; which they effected.—The chief caution expressed with regard to privacy, was, to keep their contents from the colony agents; who the writers apprehended might return them, or copies of them to America. That apprehension was, it seems, well founded; for the first agent who laid his hands on them, thought it his duty to transmit them to his constituents.

Craven Street, Dec, 25, 1773."

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 270. Hosmer. ² *Our Country*, II, 694. Lossing.

³ *Annals*, 171. Morse.

CHAPTER IX

DEADLOCK OVER THE TEA SHIPS. BOSTON TEA PARTY

ALL this time the East India Company was feeling its lack of a market. Seventeen million pounds of tea¹ are said to have been heaped up in its warehouses awaiting American buyers. The members had been doubtful of Lord North's scheme from the first, and would have preferred the old method of paying an export tax and assessing it in the price to the consumer. The company, however, was much concerned at this moment, lest it should forfeit its charter; irregularities in India having been made a pretext for investigation, and Lord Clive at once censured, thanked, and pardoned.² Rather than do anything to incur the King's displeasure, the company let matters for a time take their course, but at length, threatened with bankruptcy, the members resolved tea should be sent out at all hazards. The people of the Colony meanwhile were as set as ever in their determination to abstain from its use. A rhyme of the day runs: ³

Rouse every generous, thoughtful mind;
The rising danger flee:
If you would lasting freedom find,
Now, then, abandon tea.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,
Though they allure the sight:
Bid them defiance, if they claim
Our freedom and birthright.

¹ *Our Country*, II, 698. Lossing.

² *Life of Fox*, 436. Trevelyan.

³ *Colonial Days*, 93. Markham.

Shall we our freedom give away,
 And all our comfort place
 In drinking of outlandish tea,
 Only to please our taste?

Forbid it, Heaven! let us be wise,
 And seek our country's good;
 Nor ever let a thought arise
 That tea should be our food.

Since we so great a plenty have
 Of all that's for our health,
 Shall we that blasted herb receive,
 Impoverishing our wealth?

Adieu, away, O Tea! begone!
 Salute our taste no more;
 Though thou art coveted by some
 Who're destined to be poor.

To every warning Lord North¹ said: "It is to no purpose making objections, for the King will have it so. He means to try the question with America." The attempt was to begin with Boston; Bohea² was to be sent chiefly, together with Singlo, for which the company hoped to create a market, since it was a tea it carried to a far greater extent than other nations, and being more perishable² than some, if the Colonies would but give it their preference, the company could enjoy a monopoly of sale. The American agents were to receive six per cent. commission² on the gross sales and remit² net gains in good money every two months, after paying cartage, storage, etc. The company stood the risk of the sea, and on receipt of a certificate of lading, the agents paid the "tribute"² in London. Many felt it would be a successful venture if only, as exporters, the company stood the tax. During July² there were frequent meetings² at the East India house arranging details, and August 20th the company was duly licensed to send 1700 large chests of

¹ *Our Country*, II, 698. Lossing.

² *Tea Leaves*, 245, 242, 232, 225, XVI, 235. Drake.

Bohea, 600,000 pounds' weight, to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, South Carolina, reserving not less than ten millions of pounds as required.¹ It was estimated that one-third of the Colonists, one million souls, drank tea twice daily,¹ and there was some competition for the place of American agents, English friends offering security without hesitation. As it chanced, the Boston consignees, with the single exception of Benjamin Faneuil, nephew of Peter, were more or less related¹ to one another; Jonathan Clark of the Boston house — Richard Clark & Sons, tea merchants — then in London, made one; Joshua Winslow, late of Nova Scotia, son-in-law of Commodore Loring, was another; Richard Clark, Sr., had married a daughter of Edward Winslow of Boston and was also an uncle of the Hutchinson brothers, Thomas and Elisha, who completed the number. It was decided to send four ships to Boston, laden chiefly with Bohea and Singlo, as already stated, together with some Congo, Hyson, and a little Souchong. If rejected there, they might pass to Halifax,¹ but this decision of the company was reached too late to be of any service. These ships were: the *Dartmouth*,¹ named for a portion of New Bedford, Captain James Hall, 114 chests, Francis Rotch, a young Quaker of twenty-six, a native of Nantucket, being owner; the *Eleanor*,¹ 80 whole, 34 half chests, Captain James Bruce, John Rowe, part owner; the brig *Beaver*,¹ Captain Hezekiah Coffin, 116 chests, owned in Nantucket in part by Francis Rotch; and the brigantine *William*,¹ Captain Joseph Royal Loring, 58 chests, owned by the Clarks.

October 21st, a circular letter¹ from the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence spoke strongly against the measure; the other Colonies were equally roused. In New York¹ it was asked what odds whether Americans were forced to swallow a hot red poker or a red hot poker. A consignee there, Abraham Lott, Esq., having received a threatening letter, signed Cassius, wrote back to England

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 245, 247, 200, 210, 304, 350, 348, 357-8, XV, XVI. Drake.

in November, "The people would as soon buy poison as tea subject to tax, and are determined not to take what they call the 'nauseous draught.'" In Philadelphia the tax was resented as a "badge of slavery,"¹ tending to make their Assemblies "cyphers,"¹ but happily, the agents there agreed frankly to tell the people, when themselves informed fully, as to the tax—whether it was payable in England or America—and promised to be no party to enslaving America, thus giving general satisfaction. Meanwhile a committee of tar and feathers notified the pilots on the Delaware that they might tell Captain Ayers of the *Polly*, if² he should persist in coming to Philadelphia, he might expect to have "a halter around his neck, ten gallons of liquid tar scattered over his pate, with the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven his appearance."

Nightly discussions were held in Boston. On November 2d Mr. Clark, who³ lived on Chapman Place, off School Street, in a two-story brick house with dormer windows and a small courtyard in front, was roused from sleep about 1 A.M. It was a bright¹ moonlight night, and looking from the window he saw two men inside the gate. One of them said he had brought a letter from the country, which he handed to a servant at the door. It ran:

BOSTON, 1st Nov., 1773.

Richard Clark & Son:

The Freemen of this Province understand, from good authority, that there is a quantity of tea consigned to your house by the East India company; which is destructive to the happiness of every well-wisher to his country. It is therefore expected that you personally appear at Liberty Tree, on Wednesday next, at twelve o'clock at noonday, to make a public resignation of your commission, agreeable to a notification of this day for that purpose.

Fail not upon your peril.

O. C.

¹ *Tea Leaves*, XVI, 273, 276, 282. Drake.

² *Our Country*, II, 700. Lossing.

³ *Landmarks*, 334, 65. Drake.

The next morning John Rowe,¹ walking out, spied an advertisement stuck up at almost every corner: —

To the Freemen of this and the Neighboring Towns, —

Gen^m, you are desired to meet at Liberty Tree this day at Twelve of Clock at noon, then and there to hear the Persons to whom the Tea shipped by the East India company is consigned, make a publick Resignation of their Office as Consignees upon Oath and also swear that they will re-ship any Tea that may be Consigned to them by said Company by the first Vessell sailing for London.

Boston, Nov. 3d, 1773, O.C. Secretary.

The same date the North End caucus, meeting at the Green Dragon, put Dr. Thomas Young, Dr. Benjamin Church, and Dr. Joseph Warren on a committee to draw up a resolution to be read to the consignees at noon of the 3d. "This day," says Rowe,¹ "the inhabitants of the town are alarmed, occasioned by the advertisement of yesterday. The gentlemen to whom the tea was supposed to be consigned did not obey the summons, and make their appearance at Liberty Tree, upon which the Sons of Liberty appointed a committee to go and wait on them to know their determination, upon which the committee with a large concourse of people went from Liberty Tree to the store of Mr. Rich^d Clark and Sons at the bottom of King Street, where they found Mr. Rich^d. Clark, Mr. Benjm. Faneuil, the Governor's two sons [Thomas and Elisha], and Mr. Jos. Winslow of Marshfield, who are the gentlemen these teas are supposed to be consigned to. There were several of their friends there with them, Colo. Hatch of Dorchester, Judge Lee of Cambridge, Mr. Nat. Cary, Mr. Thos. Laugh-ton, Mr. John Winslow, and many others. Mr. Molli-neaux, as chairman of this committee, then read to them a paper [speaking, it is said, from a window on the stairs], and produced another which they required them to sign, &c. Mr. Rich^d Clark and the other gentlemen [asked

¹ *Diary.*

them from whom they came, "The whole People." The consignees then] gave them for answer, they would not comply with their request, or words to that purpose; this was an unexpected answer to them, and has given them much displeasure. The principal people that accompanied Mr. Molineaux were as follows: Mr. Saml. Adams, Mr. Wm. Dennie, Mr. John Pitts, Col. Heath of Roxbury, Dr. Church, Dr. Warren, Dr. Young, Capt. Jno. Matchet, Capt. Hopkins, Nat Barber, Gabriel Johonnot, Ezekl Chever, and about five hundred more as near as I could guess."

Of this visit we have Mr. Clark's own ¹ account. "You may well judge that none of us ever entertained the least thoughts of obeying the summons sent us to attend at Liberty Tree. After a consultation amongst ourselves and friends, we judged it best to continue together, and to endeavor, with the assistance of a few friends, to oppose the designs of the mob, if they should come to offer us any insult or injury. . . . We were so happy as to be supported by a number of gentlemen of the first rank. About 1 O'clock, a large body of people appeared at the head of King Street, and came down to the end, and halted opposite our warehouse. Nine persons came from them up into our counting-room." The paper presented to the consignees for signature; Engaged by a solemn promise that they "would not land or pay any duty on any tea that should be sent by the East I. Com.y but that they would send back the tea to England in the same bottom, not breaking bulk; which extravagant demand," continues Clark, "being firmly refused, and treated with a proper contempt by all of us, Mr. Molineux then said that since we had refused their most reasonable demands, we must expect to feel, on our first appearance, the utmost weight of the peoples' resentment, upon which he and the rest of the Comtee. left our counting-room and warehouse, and went to and mixed with the multitude that continued before our warehouse."

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 284-5. Drake.

Clark's final answer was, "I shall have nothing to do with you;" on hearing which the hangers-about¹ cried, "Out with them!" He continues:

Soon after this, the mob having made one or two reverse motions to some distance, we perceived them hastening their pace towards the store, on which we ordered our servant to shut the outward door; but this he could not effect, altho assisted by some other persons, among whom was Nathaniel Hatch, Esqr., one of the Justices of the Inferior Court for this country, and a Justice of the Peace for the County. This gen^m made all possible exertions to stem the current of the mob, not only by declaring repeatedly, and with a loud voice, that he was a magistrate, and commanded the people, by virtue of his office, and in his Majesty's name, to desist from all riotous proceedings, and to disperse, but also by assisting in person; but the people not only made him a return of insulting & reproachful words, but prevented his endeavors, by force and blows, to get our doors shut, upon which Mr. Hatch, with some other of our friends, retreated to our counting-room. Soon after this, the outward doors of the store were taken off their hinges by the mob, and carried to some distance; immediately a number of the mob rushed into the warehouse, and endeavored to force into the counting-room, but as this was in another story, and the stair-case leading to it narrow, we, with our friends — about twenty in number — by some vigorous efforts, prevented their accomplishing their design. The mob appeared in a short time to be dispersed, and after a few more faint attacks, they contented themselves with blocking us up in the store for the space of about an hour and a half, at which time, perceiving that much the greatest part of them were drawn off, and those that remained not formidable, we, with our friends, left the warehouse, walked up the length of King Street together, and then went to our respective houses, without any molestation, saving some insulting behavior from a few despicable persons.¹

¹ *Tea Leaves*, XXVIII, 285-6. Drake.

[This may refer to the flinging of mud, alluded to in a private letter.¹] The night following, a menacing letter was thrust under the door of Mr. Faneuil's house on Tremont Street; this was to be communicated to the other consignees with a design to intimidate them from executing their trust. It ran:¹

Gentlemen:

It is currently reported that you are in the extremest anxiety respecting your standing with the good people of this Town and Province, as commissioners of the sale of the monopolized and dutied tea. We do not wonder in the least that your apprehensions are terrible, when the most enlightened, humane & conscientious community on the earth view you in the light of tigers or mad dogs, whom the public safety obliges them to destroy. Long have this people been irreconcilable to the idea of spilling human blood, on almost any occasion whatever; but they have lately seen a penitential thief [Levi Ames, October 22d²] suffer death for pilfering a few pounds from scattering individuals. You boldly avow a resolution to bear a principal part in the robbery of every inhabitant of this country, in the present and future ages, of everything dear and interesting to them. Are there no laws in the Book of God and nature that enjoin such miscreants to be cut off from among the people, as troublers of the whole congregation. Yea, verily, there are laws and officers to put them into execution, which you can neither corrupt, intimidate, nor escape, and whose resolution to bring you to condign punishment you can only avoid by a speedy imitation of your brethren in Philadelphia. This people are still averse to precipitate your fate, but in case of much longer delay in complying with their indispensable demands, you will not fail to meet the just rewards of your avarice & insolence. Remember, gent^m, this is the last warning you are ever to expect from the insulted, abused, and most indignant

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 262, 292. Drake.

² *Evening Post*, Oct. 25, 1773.

vindicators of violated liberty in the Town of Boston.
Thursday evening, 9 o'clock. November 4, 1773,

O. C. Secy. per order.

To Messrs. the Tea Commissioners.

Directed to B— F— Esq.

Friday was Guy Fawkes Day and Faneuil concealed himself for two or three hours, having heard that his house was to be broken into one night that week. Notwithstanding his seventy-two years, the poor old gentleman does not appear to have lacked courage, and, despite a natural uneasiness, continued firm in his resolution to sleep under his own roof.¹

Friday morning eight Resolves² were passed in Boston town meeting with reference to the tea tax and the best way to meet it. An alleged Tradesmen's Protest against the patriots' course, printed by Ezekiel Russell, was presented on this occasion. But when the tradesmen present, four hundred in number, were desired to collect on the south side of the hall, and asked if it expressed their will, they declared indignantly it was none of theirs but came from Tory sources and was scandalous. One present stated that he had seen, with his own eyes, Charles Paxton, commissioner of customs, giving the Protests away the day before in King Street.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon a committee of the selectmen, John Hancock, Esq., Mr. Henderson Inches, Benjamin Austin, Esq., and Mr. Jona. Mason were deputed to call on Mr. Clark and ask, in the interest of good order, that the consignees should resign. The Messrs. Clark were disposed to defer a reply until Monday, when the Governor's sons would have returned from Milton. In any case, they assured the committee they should require an authenticated copy of the town's vote. Sam Adams, Wm. Molineux, and Dr. Warren then formed a fresh committee to remind them they were not joint factors and

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 294. Drake.

² *Boston Town Records*, 1770-77, 141-5.

"it was supposed they could determine, for themselves, and therefore it was the expectation of the Town that they return an immediate answer." Leaving the consignees to frame their reply, the committee returned to Faneuil Hall, when a fresh committee, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., Mr. John Pitts, Mr. Sam Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, Mr. William Powell, and Mr. Nathaniel Appleton were chosen to "repair to Milton and acquaint Messrs. Thomas and Elisha Hutchinson, with the request of the Town, that they immediately resign their appointment."

The letter that follows was then delivered: ¹

BOSTON, November 5, 1773.

Sir:

It is impossible for us to comply with the request of the Town, signified to us this Day by their Committee, as we know not what terms the Teas if any part of it should be sent to our care, will come out on, and what obligations either of a moral or pecuniary nature, we may be under to fulfil the trust that may be devolved on us. When we are acquainted with these Circumstances we shall be better qualified to give a definite answer to the request of the Town.

We are

Sir

Your most humble Serv^t.

Richard Clark & Sons.

Benjamin Faneuil, Jun^r., for
himself & Josh^a Winslow—

To

The Hon^{ble} John Hancock, Esq.
Moderator of a Town Meeting
at Faneuil Hall.

This was voted Not Satisfactory.

The subject was approached by the two parties from opposite sides. As representing an old, established, mer-

¹ *Boston Town Records, 1770-77, 145.*

cantile house, Mr. Clark seems to have regarded it from a commercial point and been loath to break faith with his English correspondents. To the townsmen it was wholly a burning governmental issue, which concerned their remotest posterity.

On Saturday Thomas Hutchinson's ¹ reply was read.

Sir:

I know nothing relative to the Teas referred to in the request or Vote of the Town, except that one of my Friends has signified to me by Letter, that part of it he had reason to believe would be Consigned to me and my Brother Jointly. . . . Under these circumstances, I can give no other answer to the Town at present, than that if the Teas should arrive & we should be appointed Factors, we shall then be sufficiently informed to answer the request of the Town—

I am for my brother & self

Sir your humble Servant

T. HUTCHINSON junr.

Hon'ble John Hancock Esq. Moderator of a Town Meet^d.

A cry was immediately raised, "To arms! to arms!" It was received with clapping,² but hushed. These letters were then voted by the impatient meeting to be "daringly affrontive." The consignees, learning they condemned their reply, and parted without declaring their purpose, were more alarmed than ever.

On November 11, Hutchinson despatched the following notice: ²

Massachusetts Bay, By the Governor.

To Colonel John Hancock, Captain of the Governor's Company of Cadets etc.

The Cadet company, under your command, having signalized itself heretofore upon a very necessary occasion [the stamp riots], and the late tumultuous proceedings in

¹ *Boston Town Records*, 1770-77, 146.

² *Tea Leaves*, XXXI, XXXIII. Drake.

the town of Boston requiring that more than usual caution should be taken at this time for the preservation of peace, I think it proper that you should forthwith summon each person belonging to the company to be ready, and to appear in arms at such place of parade as you think fit, whensoever there may be a tumultuous assembly of the people, in violation of the laws, in order to their being aiding and assisting to the civil Magistrate as occasion may require.

Despite the confused state of affairs, the course of the seasons took its even way, and Rowe¹ enters, November 11, "The geese flew to the s^oward yesterday." November 17th he continues, "This morning Capt. Scot arrived from London; [with] advice that Hall, Loring, Coffin, and Bruce are to bring the tea for the East India company."

Jonathan Clark seems to have come with Scott, for that night a family party² gathered at Mr. Richard Clark's to welcome home the traveller and tell him what difficulties had come up over the tea. As they talked, a violent beating at the door and tooting of horns startled the household. The ladies were hurried to safe quarters, and the men took posts on the lower floor; the yard filled, and when warned from an upper window to go away, stones were hurled. A pistol was then discharged on the mob without effect, after which much damage was done to the panes of glass. At length, in two hours' time, some cooler-headed patriots broke up the band. Rowe¹ says of it: "Last night a considerable body of people paraded thro' the streets and attacked the house of Mr. Richard Clark. One of his family fired a gun from the house, but luckily did no hurt. They broke all his windows and window frames, but very little other damage. This morning a town meeting was called on this and the tea affair." Thomas Newell³ tells us:

Nov. 18, Town Meeting. A Committee was appointed

¹ *Diary*.

² *Tea Leaves*, XXXIV. Drake.

³ *Diary of Thomas Newell*. Mass. Hist. Soc. Pro., February, 1859.

to acquaint the tea-commissioners it was the desires of the town that they would now give a final answer to their request; viz., whether they would resign their appointment. Upon which they sent into town the following letter, viz.:

Sir, — In answer to the message we have this day received from the town we beg leave to say that we have not yet received any orders from the East India company respecting the expected teas, but we are now further acquainted that our friends in England have entered into penal engagements in our behalf, merely of a commercial nature, which puts it out of our power to comply with the request of the town.

We are, Sir, your most humble servants,

Richard Clark & Sons.

Benj. Faneuil, Jr., for self and

Joshua Winslow, Esq.

Elisha Hutchinson, for my Brother and self.

Hon. John Hancock, Esq., Moderator of Town-meeting assembled at Faneuil Hall.

November 19th, the consignees¹ petitioned the Governor and Council relative to resigning and placing the tea under the Council's protection. Here the matter rested for a day or two. Monday, November 22d, the Committees of Correspondence of¹ Dorchester, Brookline, Roxbury, and Cambridge met the Boston Committee in the selectmen's room at Faneuil Hall. Having agreed to do all they could to prevent the landing or sale of the tea, they acquainted the other towns with the position they had taken. Soon after this Charlestown, because of its zeal, was added to this inner group, and daily meetings were held, "like a little Senate," as the Governor pettishly complained.¹ "Americans! defeat this last effort of a most pernicious, expiring faction," urged the *Gazette* of this date, "and you may sit under your own vines and fig trees, and none shall, hereafter, dare to make you afraid."

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 312, XXXVIII. Drake.

Little Brookline was indeed awake to the occasion and at a town meeting held on the 26th added four names to the Standing Committee of Correspondence, viz., Major Wm. Thompson, Capt. Elisha Gardner, Capt. Thomas Aspinwall, and "Leut." John Heath, desiring them¹ to "git all the Intelligence from the Committee of Corrispondence of the Town of Boston Respecting the Landing & Sale of the East India Company's Tea and make Report." The town clerk was asked to send a copy of "ye Resolves" to the Committee of correspondence in Boston, which were as follows:

At a Meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Brooklyn from Friday the 26th To Monday the 29th of Nov'r. To consider what was proper for this Town to do, relative to the large Quantitys of Tea belonging to the India Company, hourly expected to arrive in this Province, Subject to any American Duty.

1st. The Town came unanimously into the following Resolves Viz. That the Act of the British Parliament imposing a Duty on Tea, payable in America, for the Express purpose of raising a Revenue, is unconstitutional, has a direct Tendency to bring the Americans into Slavery, and is therefore an Intolerable Grievance.

2ly. That this Grievance which has been so Justly complained of by the Americans, so far from being redressed, is greatly aggravated by another Act, passed in the last sessions of Parliament for Benifit and Relief of the India Company, permitting them to Export their Teas to America or Forring Parts, free of all custom & Dutyes usually paid in Great Britain, but Subject to the Duty payable in America; thus have the Parliament discovered the most glaring Partiality in making one & the Same Act to opperate for the Ease & Convenience of a Few of the most opulent Subjects in Britain, on the one hand, & for the Oppressions of Millions of Freeborn & most loyal Inhabitants of America, on the other.

¹ *Brookline Town Records*, 242-4.

3ly. That the last mentioned Act, can be considered no otherwise than as Subtle Plan of the Ministry to ensnare and enslave the Americans, and that whoever shall be instrumental in carrying the Same into Execution, is in the Judgment of this Towne, an inevitable Enemy to this Country.

4ly. That Richard Clark & Son, and Thomas & Elisha Hutchinson of Boston (who brought themselves into Contempt by their Conduct in the Non Importation Time) and the other Persons appointed Consignees of the India Company's Teas in Boston, have by their repeated Refusal to Resign their Appointment and send Back the Said Teas manifested to the full conviction of this Town, their utter Disregard to the Interest & welfare of this their native Country, to which Such unfeeling Wretches are a Disgrace and have discovered the most sordid Attachment to their private Interest, and have incurred the highest Displeasure of the good People of this Province in general, & of the Inhabitants of this Towne in particular who are determined to afford them not the Least Favour or Protection now that they are become Fugitives from the Just Resentment of their affronted Townsmen.

5ly. That we fully approve of the Proceedings, & Resolutions of the Town of Boston on this Alarming Occasion and while we see them Earnestly consenting for the general Liberty of America, Should we fold our Armes & Calmly look on we should be Justly chargeable with the most shameful Supeness & criminal Neglect — therefore Resolved

6ly. That this Town are ready to afforde all the Assistance in our Power to the Town of Boston, & will hartily unite with them and the Other Towns in this Province to oppose and frustrate this most detestable and dangerous Tea Scheem and every other that shall Appear to us to be Subversive of the Rights and Liberties of America, and consequently dishonorably to the Crown and Dignity of our Sovereign Lord the King.

7ly. That whoever shall hereafter presume to import any Teas into this Province while Subject to the Odium

Duty Shall be considered & treated by this Town as an Enemy to his Country.

A True Copy. Attest

ISAAC GARDNER, T. Clerk.

In this ¹ crisis Dorchester, Marblehead, Roxbury, Charlestown, Newburyport, Malden, Lexington, Leicester, Fitchburg, Gloucester, and other towns loyally stood by Boston and their birthrights.

Comparing old diaries, we find that the *Dartmouth*, Captain Hall, eight weeks out from London, arrived on Saturday² evening, November 27th, bringing as cargo 114 chests of the so much ² "detested" East India Company's tea. This created ³ "great noise."

"Nov. 28 — Sunday. This a.m.," continues ³ Rowe, "was brot me a threatening letter signed 'Determined,' which is on file. This agitated my mind, and I did not go to Church." Notwithstanding the day, the selectmen¹—John Scollay, John Hancock, Timothy Newell, Thomas Newhall, Samuel Austin, Oliver Wendell, John Pitts, and the town clerk, Wm. Cooper, met and were in session until 9 P.M.¹ As a result the shipmaster was ordered by a committee of the town to bring up his vessel and unload all of his cargo except the tea. The committee of correspondence also sat,¹ and obtained young Rotch's promise that he would not enter the ship at the customs before Tuesday. A mass meeting of the towns was then called for Monday in these ¹ words:

A part of the tea shipped by the East India Company is now arrived in this harbor, and we look upon ourselves bound to give you the earliest intimation of it, and we desire that you favor us with your company at Faneuil Hall, at nine o'clock to morrow forenoon, there to give us your advice what steps are to be immediately taken, in order effectually to

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LVI, XLI, XLII, XLIII. Drake.

² *Diary*. Thomas Newell. November 29, December 12.

³ *Diary*. Rowe. November 28.

prevent the impending evil, and we request you to urge your friends in the town, to which you belong, to be in readiness to exert themselves in the most resolute manner, to assist this town in its efforts for saving this oppressed country.

“Nov. 29th. This morning,” to follow¹ Rowe once more, “there were papers stuck up to the following purpose: ‘FRIENDS, BRETHREN, COUNTRYMEN! That worst of Plagues, the Detestable TEA, ship’d for this Port by the East India Company, is now arrived in this harbor; the Hour of Destruction or manly Opposition to the Machinations of Tyranny stares you in the Face; every Friend to his Country, to himself and Posterity is now called upon to meet at FANEUIL HALL at nine of clock THIS DAY (at which time the Bells will begin to Ring) to make a united & successful Resistance to this last worst and most Destructive Measure of Administration.

Boston, Nov. 29, 1773.’

“In consequence of the above notification, about one thousand people met at Faneuil Hall, where they past a vote that they would at all events return this tea; from Faneuil Hall [because of numbers] they adjourned to the Old South Meeting [house]; afternoon they met again and adjourned until the morning; there were in the meeting this afternoon ab^t. twenty-five hundred people as near as I could guess.”

Such a body could not be without influence. John Andrews notes² same date: “What will be done with [the tea], can’t say: but I tremble for y^e consequences should y^e consignees still persist in their obstinacy and not consent to reship it. They have softened down so far as to offer it to the care of Council or the town, till such times as they hear from their friends in England, but am perswaded, from the present disposition of y^e people, that no other alternative will do, than to have it immediately sent back to London again.”

¹ *Diary*.

² Letters of John Andrews. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Pro.*, July, 1865.

At the morning session, by some accounts, Dr. Young is said to have ¹ first suggested pitching the tea overboard. However, when they came together in the afternoon expecting to hear from the consignees, they were waited upon by the painter, John Singleton Copley, son-in-law of old Mr. Clark, who said the agents had not received their London letters until late the previous night and were so dispersed they had been unable to confer since, they accordingly asked for more time.

"Out of great tenderness to them and from a strong desire to bring this matter to a conclusion, notwithstanding the time they had hitherto expended upon them to no purpose," the meeting was again adjourned to nine the next morning, Tuesday, the 30th. The ship was then ordered 'round to Griffin's Wharf, Captain Edward Proctor chosen to command a night watch, and 24 names of volunteer-guards speedily passed up to the moderator, — among others, Paul Revere, Dr. Elisha Story, Thomas Chase, Benjamin Edes, and John Crane. This watch was maintained 19 days and 23 hours, Hancock and S. Adams² taking their turns with the rest. Sentries were set in the belfries and every half hour "All's well" was passed along. Tar barrels were also kept in readiness for lighting on Beacon Hill; if molested by day, bells were to ring, if at night, toll. After the first, names of volunteers were left at Edes & Gill's printing office. This meeting also chose six post riders "who are used to horses, to be in readiness to give an alarm in the country towns when necessary." Their ¹ names were Wm. Rogers, the constable Jeremiah Belknap, Steve Hall, Nat.¹ Corbett, Thomas Gooding, and Benⁿ. Wood of Charlestown.

A crisis was near, and old Mr. Clark left town.³ His fellow consignees had begun to dream of tar and feathers and already taken shelter at the Castle where Colonel

¹ *Tea Leaves*, XLIV, 323, XLV, XLVI, and XLIX. Drake.

² *Life of Revere*, L. 121. Goss.

³ "Some Pelham-Copley Letters." Ford. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1893.



J. S. COPLEY, HIS WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FATHER-IN-LAW, RICHARD CLARKE, ESQ.

Leslie entertained them hospitably, although ¹ Thomas Hutchinson could not refrain from bemoaning the bleakness of the fort at this season.

On Monday the Council,¹ replying to the Governor's request for advice, through James Bowdoin expressed entire sympathy with the townsfolk, who, by the new act felt "a distress that borders upon despair." Moreover, since the tax must be paid or guaranteed, before landing, they refused utterly to receive it under their care, feeling such an act would be "inexpedient and improper." As for the rabble who had annoyed the consignees, the Board had already advised legal prosecution of the offenders. They ended by desiring the Governor to direct the justices to keep the peace. There were present in council, that day: Sam'l Danforth, Esq., James Bowdoin, George Leonard, Isaac Royal, James Russell, Artemas Ward, John Erving, James Pitts, John Winthrop, and Samuel Dexter, Esq. At the meeting held Tuesday a proclamation from the Governor was read, as follows:

To Jonathan Williams, Esq^r., acting as Moderator of an assembly of people, in the Town of Boston, and to the people so assembled: Whereas, printed notifications were on Monday, the 29th. inst., posted in divers places in the town of Boston, and published in the news papers of this day, calling upon the people to assemble together for certain unlawful purposes, in such notifications mentioned; and whereas, great numbers of persons belonging to the town of Boston, and divers others belonging to several other towns in the Province, did assemble in the said town of Boston, on the said day, and did then and there proceed to chuse a moderator, and to consult, debate, and resolve upon ways and means for carrying such unlawful purposes into execution, openly violating, defying and setting at nought the good and wholesome laws of the Province, and the constitution of government under which

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LI, 315, 318-19. Drake.

they live; and whereas, the people thus assembled, did vote or agree to adjourn, or continue their meeting to this the 30th inst., and great numbers of them are again met or assembled together for the like purpose, in the said town of Boston:

In faithfulness to my trust, and as His Majesty's representative within the Province, I am bound to bear testimony against this violation of the laws, and I warn and exhort you and require you, and each of you thus unlawfully assembled forthwith, to disperse and surcease all further unlawful proceedings at your utmost peril.

Given under my hand, at Milton, in the Province aforesaid; the 30th day of Novr., 1773, and in the fourteenth year of His Majesty's reign.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON,

By his Excellency's command,

Tho. Flucker, Sec^y.¹

The moderator here mentioned, Samuel Phillips Savage, came from Weston² and had been selected to show that the town and the country were at one in their demand. Newell continues,³ "After (the Proclamation) was read by the Sheriff (Stephen Greenleaf) there was immediately a loud and very general hiss. A motion was then made, and the question put, whether the Assembly would disperse, according to the Governor's requirement. It passed in the negative."

At this meeting a letter¹ received from the consignees by John Scollay, selectman, was also read.

Monday, Nov^r. 29, 1773.

Sir: We are sorry that we could not return to the Town satisfactory answers to their two late messages to us respecting the teas. We beg leave to acquaint the gentlemen, Selectmen, that we have since received our orders from the Hon^{'ble} East India Com^y.

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 325-6, 323-4. Drake. ² *American Revolution*, I, 339. Gordon.

³ *Diary*. Thomas Newell. November 30.

We still retain a disposition to do all in our power to give satisfaction to the Town; but, as we understood from you and the other gentlemen, Select men, at Messrs. Clark's interview with you last Saturday, that this can be effected by nothing less than our sending back the teas, we beg leave to say this is utterly out of our power to do, but we do now declare to you our readiness to store the teas until we shall have an opportunity of writing to our constituents, and shall receive their further orders respecting them, and we do most sincerely wish that the Town, considering the unexpected difficulties devolved upon us, will be satisfied with what we now offer.

We are, Sir,

Your most humble servants,

Tho^r. & Elisha Hutchinson

Benjⁿ. Faneuil, Jun^r., for self and

Joshua Winslow, Esq.^r

Richard Clark & Sons.

To John Scollay, Esq^r.

This did not go as far as the people wished, and Copley,¹ anxious to be peacemaker, offered to interview the Clark brothers, and requested safe conduct, if he could persuade them to a conference, setting the space of two hours for his passage to the Castle and return. Rowe,² who began to have anxieties, enters with regard to his examination: "I told him that I had purchased a cargo for Capt. Bruce's ship, that it was on the wharff, . . . and that I would endeavor to prevail on him to act with reason in this affair, and that I was very sorry he had any tea on board, — and which is very true, for it hath given me great uneasiness. I staid some time at the meeting and was chose a committeeman much against my will, but I dare not say a word. After dinner I was sent for by the Body by two messengers, John Ingersoll and Jos. Eyres. This was at the motion of Mr. Hancock, I wish he had omitted it."

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 327. Drake.

² *Diary*. November 30.

Rowe then engaged when the *Eleanor*, of which he was part owner, came in he would use his endeavor to send her home. Mr. Timmins, representing the *Beaver*, which was owned in Nantucket,¹ promised no tea should be landed until the owner's arrival.

The tangle seemed to be smoothing out, when Copley returned without success. He apologized for so greatly exceeding his time as it was difficult to make the trip at that season. And then, as he reported² to Mr. Clark (Dec. 1st):

I made use of every argument my thought could suggest to draw the people from their unfavorable opinion of you, & to convince them your opposition was neither the effect of obstinacy or unfriendliness to the community, but altogether from necessity on your part to discharge a trust committed to you, a failure in which would subject you to ruin in your reputation as Merchant, to ruin in point of fortune, your friends having engaged for you in very large sums, that you were uninfluenced by any persons whatsoever, that you had not seen the Governor that Day (this last I urged in answer to some very warm things that were said on this head in which you were charged with acting under the Immediate Influence of ye Governor which in justice to you & him I undertook to say from my own knowledge was not true). . . . I further observed you had shown no disposition to bring the Teas into the Town nor would you but only must be excused from being the active instrument in sending it back, that the way was Clear for them to send it back. . . . I have done every possible thing, & although there was a unanimous vote past Declaring this unsatisfactory yet it cooled the Resentment & they Desolved without Adding or saying anything that showed an ill temper to you. I have been told & I believe it true that after I left the Meeting Addams said they must not expect you should Ruin your selves. I think all stands well at pres-

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 329. Drake.

² "Some Pelham-Copley Letters." Ford. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1893.

ent. Before the temper of ye People could be judg'd of, we sent Cousin Harry to your Hond. Father to urge his Immediate Departure to you, you will see him this Day. I have no doubt in my own mind you must stay where you are till the Vessel sails. . . . Then I think you will be able to return with Honour to Town, some few things in the meanwhile being done on your part. I had a long & free conversation with Doctr. Warren. . . . I must conclude with recommending that you avoid seeing the Governor. I hope he will not have any occasion to go to the Castle, if he should, do not converse with him on the subject, this I think is the best advice I can give.

The utmost concession Copley had been empowered to make was that the committee could inspect the tea if stored, and as the consignees had not been active to bring it over, they should not "obstruct the people in their procedure now."¹ A vote was then passed that the importers merited their displeasure, — such action in future would be deemed hostile to the country, and word to this effect should be sent to England and posted up in the seaports of the Province.

The eyes of the other Colonies were on Massachusetts. A letter from Philadelphia¹ ran: "Our tea consignees have all resigned, and you need not fear, the tea will not be landed here or in New York. All that we fear is that you will shrink at Boston. May God give you virtue enough to save the liberties of your country."¹ John Adams' wife wrote: "The flame is kindled, and like lightning it catches from soul to soul. . . . My heart beats at every whistle I hear, and I dare not express half my fears."

On Dec. 1st, Andrews tells us:²

Mr. Palfrey [Hancock's confidential clerk] sets off express for New York and Philadelphia at five o'clock to-morrow morning, to communicate y^e transactions of this town respecting the tea. . . . The consignees have all taken their

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 329-30, LIV, LV. Drake.

² *Letters*.

residence at the Castle, as they still persist in their refusal to take the tea back. It's not only y^e town, but the country are unanimous against the landing it, and at the Monday and Tuesday Meetings, they attended to the number of some hundreds from all the neighboring towns within a dozen miles: — 'twould puzzle any person to purchase a pair of p—ls in town, as they are all bought up, with a full determination to repell force by force.

Dec. 2d, Thomas Newell records¹ Captain James Bruce's arrival. He also made an eight weeks' passage and brought 116 tea chests in the *Eleanor*.

Returning to follow Rowe:² "Dec. 3, (Saturday). This morning Capt. Bruce and I was sent for by the committee relative the tea on board him; they ordered him to Griffins Wharff, and gave him the same directions as to Capt. Hall." December 7th, Rotch and Hall tendered the cargo to the consignees at Castle William, who refused to accept it as there were armed men on her decks putting it out of their power to unload.

The Salem *Gazette* of this date said boldly:³ "By what we can learn from private intelligence, as well as the public proceedings of a number of principal towns contiguous to the capital, the people if opposed in their proceedings with respect to the tea, are determined upon hazarding a brush, therefore those who are willing to bear a part in it in preserving the rights of their country, would do well to get suitably prepared."

December 8th,² Thursday, Captain Coffin arrived in Nantasket Road with the smallpox, and part of the tea. The letter⁴ which follows was probably written on the 10th. It is merely dated "Saturday:"

Gentlemen:

As the people seem so very uneasy abo. this importa-

¹ *Diary*. Newell.

² *Diary*. Rowe.

³ *Tea Leaves*, LVI. Drake.

⁴ *Diary and Letters of Gov. Hutchinson*, I, 97. Ed. Hutchinson.

tion of Tea I think it my Duty out of friendship to you to desire this affair may be Reconcild; & as your young Gentleman has told mee, you could not pay the Duty for want of cash, Give me leave to offer you what is wanted to pay the Duty. Rather then the affair should be any longer kept up in anger in the minds of the people. This I do out of Regard — & you may take yr own method of Repaying mee.

You may think it perhaps an officiousness in Mee, but be assur'd it's for the sake of peace. — I am, with Esteem, Gentⁿ, your most Obt. Ser^t,

JOHN ROWE.

Messrs. Hutchinson.

On the 11th, says Rowe:¹ "This forenoon a committee was sent to me ab^t. Bruce's ship, Dr. Warren, Wm. Molli-neux, John Pitts, to know when she would be unloaded and many other questions." This same Sunday, Captain Bruce, having a cargo of lumber ready to reload, tendered the cargo of the *Eleanor* at Castle William; he did not count himself chargeable with the conduct of the towns-folk, but said pointedly,² "My business is with you, Gentlemen, will you or will you not receive said tea on shore." The consignees declining to accept the cargo under the circumstances, Captain Bruce signed a protest before a notary public.

Thomas Hutchinson, Jr., writing a few days later to his brother³ says he and his fellow-consignees had left none too soon and had answered the committee as they would not have dared but for the surrounding cannon. Colonel Leslie, he adds, had given them a polite reception and they were as comfortably fixed as the cold winds would allow, and whiled away the time by drinking the health of Peggy, his seventeen-year-old sister, and other "Toasts" of the town.

Mr. Clark at first thought of memorializing the Legis-

¹ *Diary*.

² *Tea Leaves*, 346-8. Drake.

³ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 255. Higgins.

lature in justification of his course, and on the 11th sought advice from his son-in-law, Copley, who, replying, writes: ¹ he had thought "best to see Mr. Lee first and after waiting till yesterday without his coming to Town I went to Cambridge & had a full opportunity of converseing with him on the matter, but being detained all night by means of an unruly horse which gave Sukey [his wife] & myself some trouble I could not get to Town this Morn^g. time enough to write etc." On the whole, it was thought "a Newspaper Publication signed by the agents would answer all ye purposes of doing justice to [his] injured carracter that a Memorial would, without the disadvantages."

Monday, December 13th, the five towns already mentioned met in committee at Faneuil Hall. "No business transacted matter of record" was entered on their ² books. We are not to suppose, however, they were idling. Mr. Rotch making no move to return the ships, and time passing, he was sent for and ² asked if he still meant to send the *Dartmouth* back. He answered he acted under compulsion on the 29th and 30th, and should be inevitably ruined if he sent the ship away in her present condition. Since he thus declined to ask for a clearance and enter a protest in case it was refused, a mass meeting was called. December 14th, Tuesday, Thomas Newell ³ writes: "The following hand bill was posted up: 'Friends, Brethren, Countrymen—The perfidious art of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the late resolutions of the body of the people, demands your assembling at the Old South Meeting House, precisely at two o'clock, at which time the bells will ring.' " The Sons of Freedom accordingly met at the Old South, a building which came to be known by the English Government as "the seed bed of rebellion." Captain Bruce of the *Eleanor* now came before them and gave his word that

¹ "Some Pelham-Copley Letters." Paul Leicester Ford. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1893.

² *Tea Leaves*, LVI, 334. Drake.

³ *Diary*.

so soon as all his cargo, excepting the tea, was lifted, he would ask for a¹ clearance, adding ruefully, if it should be withheld, he "was loath to stand the shot of thirty-two pounders!" In twenty days from the arrival of the first ship, the *Dartmouth*, the collector would make his formal demand for duty. All her cargo, save the tea, was out and the situation became awkward. At the afternoon session Rotch was enjoined to call at the lodgings of the collector, Mr. Harrison, with a committee of ten to witness his application for a clearance. Harrison, when applied to, said he must first consult the comptroller, Hallowell, and defer a reply until office hours next day, Wednesday. Accordingly, December 15th, when waited upon at the Custom-house, he answered stiffly that he could not, consistently with his duty, grant a clearance till the dutiable articles were out. This was strictly legal. The ship could not properly clear without these conditions were met. Neither would the Governor pass her by the fort uncleared. On the contrary, he ordered Admiral Montague to guard the harbor's¹ mouth with two armed ships, the *Active* and *Kingfisher*, and forbade Colonel Leslie to let any vessel pass his guns without showing a permit signed by himself. At the end of the twenty days, if the tax was still refused, the revenue officers would assuredly take possession and land the tea despite the watch. It was rumored² Admiral Montague might seize on the ships and within twenty-four hours auction off the tea, willy nilly. Some purchasers would be found and a precedent established.

This was the last remaining day of grace in which to break the deadlock. Post riders were appointed to carry the news, in case it was attempted to land the tea by force. Rowe's³ anxiety was such, he enters in his diary, December 16th: "I being a little unwell staid at home all day and all

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LVII-LVIII, LV, LVIII. Drake.

² *History of the American Wars comprising the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812*, 48. R. Thomas. Hartford, 1845.

³ *Diary*.

the evening." This would be at his house in Bedford Street, —then Pond Street,—in the rear of the present firm of R. H. White. He was fifty-eight years old at this time.

All hope of an accommodation had not been abandoned even now. John Andrews, in a letter¹ which has been thumbed almost to shreds by its eager readers, writes: "Mr. Rotch finding he exposed himself not only to the loss of his ship but for ye value of the tea in case he sent her back with it, *without a clearance from the custom house*, as ye Admiral kept a ship in readiness to make a seizure of it whenever it should sail under *these circumstances*; therefore declin'd complying with his former promises, and absolutely declar'd his vessel should not carry it, without a *proper* clearance could be procur'd or he be indemnified for the value of her: — when a general muster was assembled, from this and all ye neighboring towns, to the number of five or six thousand, at 10 o'clock Thursday morning in the Old South Meeting house, where they pass'd a *unanimous* vote that the *Tea* should go out of the *harbour* that afternoon, and sent a Committee with Mr. Rotch to ye Custom house to *demand* a clearance, which the collector told 'em was not in his power to give, without the duties being first paid. They then sent Mr. Rotch to Milton, to ask a pass from ye Governor [for in 1743 Hutchinson had bought 100 acres at Milton, seven miles distant, and made his home there on Unquity Hill] who sent for answer, that 'consistent with the rules of Government and his duty to the King he could not grant one; without they produc'd a previous clearance from the office.'" The utmost he could do would be to ask the Admiral's² protection, if Rotch shifted his vessel into the stream. Rotch sadly replied no one would lend him a hand to help him and he dared not. Cold comfort to jog back with on a short December afternoon. The delay was tedious and a vote was passed to adjourn,

¹ *Letters of John Andrews.* December 18.

² *The Destruction of the Tea*, 10-12. Thomas Hutchinson. *Old South Leaflet*, No. 68.

but reconsidered by those anxious to send the tea back undisturbed, if in their power. Andrews continues:¹ "By the time he return'd [a quarter to six] with this message the candles were alight in the house, and upon reading it, such prodigious shouts were made, that induc'd me, while drinking tea at home, to go out and know the cause of it." It seems young Josiah Quincy had made a fiery speech from the east gallery while the crowd sat awaiting Rotch's return. "Whoever," he cried,² "supposes that shouts and hozannas will terminate the trials of this day, entertains a childish fancy . . . [we] must be grossly ignorant of the importance and value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice . . . which actuates our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosoms, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts — to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations and popular vapor will vanquish our foes."

When he³ paused, Harrison Gray, standing on the floor, in reply warned "the young gentleman in the gallery" against the consequences of the intemperate language in which he had indulged, saying that such language would be no longer borne by Administration; that measures were in train which would bring the authors of such invectives to the punishment they deserved. Rising once more, Quincy replied, "If the old gentleman on the floor intends by his warning to 'the young gentleman in the gallery' to utter only a friendly voice in the spirit of paternal advice, I thank him. If his object be to terrify and intimidate, I despise him. Personally, perhaps, I have less concern than any present in the crisis which is approaching. The seeds of dissolution are thickly planted in my constitution. They must soon ripen. I feel how short is the day that is allotted to me." As he spoke a few Indians hovered about

¹ *Letters*.

² *Our Country*, II, 704. Lossing.

³ *Memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, 125.

the door, attracting the attention of the crowd, and he ended: "I see the clouds which now rise thick and fast upon our horizon, the thunders roll, and the lightnings play, and to that God who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm I commit my country." These final words were distinctly recalled in 1852 by Daniel Greenleaf, of Quincy, then ninety years of age, who was a Latin School boy at the time and in the upper gallery with his mates, where they had been sent by James Lovell the schoolmaster's son and assistant. He had just finished when the Governor's unyielding message was delivered. The densely packed room, lit only by flickering candlelight, began to fill with a rising hum of displeasure. There was a call to order and¹ Dr. Young charged the people to do no hurt to Rotch, who had tried his best to give satisfaction. Sam Adams then pronounced gravely: "This meeting can do no more to save the country." Thomas Carlyle says¹ here, "We'll naturally go home then and weep. Hark, however!"

"Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" is cried. At that moment a man, disguised as a Mohawk, gave a war-whoop in the gallery, which was answered from the door. Another voice in the gallery¹ shouted: "Boston harbor a teapot tonight! Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf."

Going back to John Andrews,² he says: "The house was so crowded I could get no further than ye porch, when I found the moderator was just declaring the meeting to be *dissolv'd*, which caused another general shout, out doors and in, and three cheers. What with that, and the consequent noise of breaking up the meeting, you'd thought that the inhabitants of the infernal regions had broke loose. For my part, I went contentedly home and finish'd my tea, but was soon inform'd what was going forward: but still not crediting it without ocular demonstration, I went and was *satisfied*. They mustered, I'm told, upon Fort Hill, to the number of about two hundred, and proceeded, two by two,

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXIV, LXXXVIII, LXIV. Drake.

² *Letters*. December 18, 1773.

to Griffin's wharf, where Hall, Bruce, and Coffin lay, each with 114 chests of the *ill-fated* article on board; the two former with *only* that article, but ye latter (brig *Beaver*, Captain Hezekiah Coffin) arriv'd at ye wharf only ye day before, was (still) freighted with a large quantity of other goods, which they took the *greatest* care not to injure in the least, and before *nine* o'clock in ye evening, every chest from on board the three vessels was knock'd to pieces and flung over ye sides. They say the actors were *Indians* from *Narragansett*. Whether they were or not, to a transient observer, they appear'd as *such*, being cloath'd in Blankets with the heads muffled, and copper color'd countenances, being each arm'd with a hatchet or axe, and pair pistols, nor was their *dialect* different from what I conceive these geniusses to *speak*, as their jargon was unintelligible to all but themselves. Not the least insult was offer'd to any person, save one Captain Conner, a letter of horses in this place, not many years since remov'd from *dear Ireland*, who had ript up the lining of his coat and waistcoat under the arms, and watching his opportunity had nearly fill'd 'em with tea, but being detected, was handled pretty roughly. They not only stripp'd him of his cloaths, but gave him a coat of mud, with a severe bruising into the bargain; and nothing but their utter aversion to make any disturbance prevented his being tarr'd and feather'd."

Griffin's Wharf, where this took place, near the foot of Pearl Street, is now known as Liverpool Wharf; a bronze tablet with a bas-relief on Atlantic Avenue at the corner of Pearl Street marking the spot. The inscription is framed with tea chests and tea leaves, and concludes in the words of Dr. Holmes: ¹

No n'er was mingled such a draught,
In palace, hall or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed,
That night in Boston harbor.

¹ *Poems*. Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. Cambridge, 1895: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Lord Mahon makes the valuation of the tea rather less than does Tudor, *i.e.*,¹ £18,000, one-third of the whole being consigned to the Hutchinsons.

The story is worth following in detail. At first it had hardly been known what to do to get rid of the tea. If the ships should be burnt, the fire might spread; and if scuttled it would take so long the men might get into trouble. At last the Liberty boys had it. The guard had noticed few men were kept about the vessels at night, and planned if the consignees still resisted, to make away with the tea and nothing else. As the afternoon wore on, those who were in the secret, and knew what was at hand, gradually let a few more trusty friends into the project, and at twilight, dotted about the town, were sundry groups in full tide of preparation. A score of trades was represented by the guests that night. Masons, carpenters, housewrights, coachmakers, pumpmakers, ropemakers, cordwainers, tanners, coopers, shipwrights, wharfingers, oarmakers, blacksmiths, silversmiths, printers, bricklayers, shipjoiners, barbers, and hatters. There were several physicians and a number of merchants. There were some apprentices to Tory masters, and there was Dr. Elisha Story,¹ thirty years of age, son of the Registrar of the Court of Admiralty.

Samuel Sprague,¹ father of the poet, Charles, then twenty years of age and apprenticed to Etheridge, a South End stonemason, was courting Joanna Thayer that evening. Some boys starting a quarrel under the window, he ran out to little Abraham Hewes' help, and met a couple of lads on their way to the party, running on with them. He passed the sentry all right, and was staving in chests with his feet when an Indian signed to him from the hatchway he must blacken his face. Glancing about, he spied a low building with a stovepipe for chimney. Climbing on the roof, a few smutches of soot provided the requisite evening dress and he hastened back. In after years when he started to tell of all this, his wife used to check him with, "Now, Mr.

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXV, CLXVI, CLXIII. Drake.

Sprague, I wouldn't talk about that." ¹ G. R. T. Hewes also made an impromptu disguise by begriming his face at a blacksmith's shop on Boylston Wharf, and borrowing a blanket and hatchet from a friend near Griffin's. Others wore old frocks, red woollen caps, and gowns. Henry Purkitt and Edward Dolbear, ² coopers' apprentices at Peck's in Essex Street, were at their work when a loud whistle summoned them to the wharf. On the southerly corner of Hollis and Tremont Streets stood, until 1898, the old Bradlee house. Here, four brothers, David, Thomas, Nathaniel, and Josiah, together with a brother-in-law, John Fulton, made ready. For several days Sarah (Fulton) Bradlee had been making preparations and now helped her husband and brother rig up so that they should not be recognized. James Brewer's ² wife and daughter elsewhere were blackening his face with burnt cork.

Amos Lincoln, ² a Hingham lad of twenty, apprenticed to Mr. Crafts, was helped by his master to an Indian disguise. After dressing him in his own chamber and darkening his face in keeping with his Indian dress, Mr. Crafts dropped on his knees and "prayed most fervently that he might be protected in the enterprise in which he was engaged." John May, ² aged twenty-five, lived on North Square. That afternoon he came in hurriedly and said to his young wife, "Nabby, let me have a beef steak as quick as possible." Even as he ate it there came a tap on the window, and he "rose at once from the unfinished meal and departed." Ben Russell, ² son of a mason named John, was a schoolboy at the time, and never forgot seeing through the woodhouse his father and a neighbor, Mr. Thomas Moore, smearing each other's faces with lamp-black and red ochre.

Thirty or forty are said to have disguised themselves

¹ "The Last Survivor of the Boston Tea Party." By Gen. James Grant, D.C.L. *American Historical Register*, March, 1897.

² *Tea Leaves*, LXXX, XCVI, XCVIII, CXXIV, CXXVIII, CXXXVII. Drake.

on the second floor of the old Hancock Tavern,—formerly Brazier's Inn, using feathers from the market near by and Indian red and dry color. Then wrapping themselves in blankets, they are supposed to have filed down the narrow stairway into Corn Court, leading on Faneuil Hall Square, and joined in the revels. This is treated as a myth by the better informed.¹ Will More, concerned in the Hutchinson riot, and² McIntosh with "their² chickens," were also on hand.

Where the Equitable Life Insurance building stands on Milk Street, lived a carpenter, Joseph Shed,² and his house was the centre of another little group of braves. Peter Slater,² a young apprentice, was shut up in his chamber by his master, a ropemaker, who feared the boy might be led into danger. Pete was not to be hindered, however, and climbed out of a window and reached a blacksmith's shop. Here a man in disguise told him to rub charcoal over his face and tie a handkerchief round his frock and come along. Thomas Spear² also ran into a blacksmith's and blackened his face with soot. Elisha Story² and a party of Liberty boys started from a distillery, possibly Chase & Speakman's in Hanover Square, near Liberty Tree.

Joseph Lovering,² a boy of twelve, made himself useful by holding a light for Crane, the carpenter, on Tremont Street, opposite Hollis, while a crowd of fifteen got into their rig. Another boy, Peter Edes,² son of the printer, Benjamin, was not allowed in the parlor, where his father's friends collected during the afternoon, but was employed in another room filling successive bowls of punch which were sent in to speed their counsels. Edes' printing office was on the corner of Dassett's Alley, now Franklin Avenue, leading to Brattle Street church from Queen (now Court) Street.

When these various squads were ready to start, a band

¹ *Boston Evening Transcript*, June 4, 1903.

² *Tea Leaves*, CXXVII, CLXI, CLXII, CLXIII, CLXVI, CLXXXIII, LXXXVIII. Drake.

of eighteen or twenty young men, not disguised, went by the Old South giving a shout. A voice in the gallery cried, "Every man to his tent." Someone within in the secret called, "The Mohawks are come!" Another, Adam Collson,¹ a leather dresser, cried, "Boston harbor a teapot to-night. Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!" and the building emptied, pouring out in the direction of Fort Hill. It is told of two of the foremost Indians that as they passed this point they met a British officer,¹ who half drew his sword; but the Indians were resolute, and one, drawing his pistol, said, "The path is wide enough for us all; we have nothing to do with you and intend you no harm; if you keep your own way peaceably, we shall keep ours."

In a store on Fort Hill many made ready. A lad of sixteen, a journeyman-blacksmith, named Joshua Wyeth,¹ only had a few hours' notice of what was forward. By means of ragged clothes and faces defaced with grease and soot the actors left nothing but the voice from which to prove identity. They scarce knew themselves.

The rallying place was a building at the head of the wharf. They dropped in one or two at a time and finally went down, seventy or eighty strong, to the wharf's end, whooping like savages. Says Holmes:²

On — on to where the tea ships ride!
And now their ranks are forming, —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming!
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once the full grown imps
Light on the deck together!

At the wharf they were met by a detachment of Paddock's Artillery¹ on guard, who joined forces. They found the *Dartmouth* alongside, and the other two vessels, tall East Indiamen with high poops and ornamented sterns,

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXII, LXXX, LXXI, LXXIX. Drake.

² "A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party." *Poems*. Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. Cambridge, 1895: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

a little way out in the stream, but made fast to the wharf. It was between six and seven o'clock. The tide was low, only about two feet¹ of water washing the ships' sides. This was a favorable circumstance, as it prevented the men-of-war coming up to interfere. It had¹ rained the past twenty-four hours, but had cleared off bright moonlight.

An unarmed sentry was dropped at the head of the wharf, and another midway, while one more was posted at the bow of the ship, chiefly to give warning of any Tory's approach. The *Dartmouth* was first boarded, and the Captain was ordered by Lendall Pitts¹ in a determined voice to uncover the hatch and hand over his hoisting tackle, and keep with the Custom-house officers, out of harm's way. Samuel Pitts, a brother of Lendall, an officer in the Cadets, is said to have been actively present. Still another, John, a selectman, had been urgent with the importers to resign. Their father, James Pitts, in the Governor's Council, had also done his utmost to have the tea returned. Captain Hall¹ asked what they meant to do, and they said, unload the tea. He then complied with their demand, furnishing candles and sending a man to show where it was stowed. There were 80 whole and 34 half chests in the hold, secured in canvas as was then the custom.

Robert Sessions,¹ from Pomfret, Conn., worked for Mr. Davis, a lumber merchant. When his master came in from the town meeting, he asked with interest what was to be done with the tea. "They are now throwing it overboard," was the reply, and receiving leave to go off to the wharf, Sessions lost no time. He found the waterside as light as day from the many lamps and torches; a pin could have been picked up. Those disguised as Indians were mainly men of family and position; and since they needed reinforcements to press the work through rapidly, Sessions was one of the many undisguised helpers who clambered to the deck.

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXVII, LXIX, LXXI, CXLII, LXXIII, LXXIX. Drake.

The workers, now increased to about one hundred and fifty, were divided into three bands. Five or six on each vessel took the lead. They were in the fullest disguise, and used an Indian jargon when they wished to direct matters. An interpreter, acting as captain of each band, then communicated the chief's wishes through "boat-swains," George R. T. Hewes, famous as a whistler, working under Lendall Pitts on the brig. He tells us he was¹ sent by Pitts to the shipmaster for keys and a dozen candles. To each was assigned his position. Deep in the hold one¹ party would draw out a chest and carry it forward, another slip it carefully in the noose of the tackle, and on the deck a lusty group hoisted aloft. Once above decks, the chests were seized by the Mohawks, and while some stood ready with axes to cut their bindings, others as swiftly stove them in and they were passed back to the ship's rail, where sturdy fellows heaved them up and emptied their contents into the sea. Since a whole chest weighed 360 pounds, there must have been sore muscles next day. Sam Hobbs, a Roxbury tanner, found them heavy.

Ebenezer Stevens¹ had left the Old South just after dark. The lads he went with had no disguise other than a little paint daubed on their faces, which they stopped for at a shop as they went toward the water. He was courting a sister of Alexander Hodgdon, mate of the *Dartmouth*, and so chose to work on one of the other ships which lay at the opposite side of the wharf. The last vessel boarded was the brig, which held other merchandise. Captain Coffin was somewhat concerned for its safety, but was assured it was "the tea they wanted, and the tea they would have, but if he would go into his cabin quietly, not one article of his goods should suffer," and again the sound of the tackle and rip of canvas and smart blow of the axes, coupled with the boatswains' calls, went up from the wharf. By now the tide had ebbed so far the tea and boxes were beginning

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXXI, LXXIII, LXXIX, CXV, LXIX. Drake.

to clog the sides of the ships. Ben Simpson,¹ a brick-layer's apprentice, nineteen years of age, saw the tea heaped so high that it fell back onto the deck and shovels were taken to force it down. At last Peter Slater¹ was told off with one more to push under water, with poles, the chests cast from the brig, so that they might spoil and sink the sooner.¹ Purkitt and Dolbear were also told to drop over and stand on the soft flats, using staves brought from a cooper's shop to smash up the boxes, and trample the tea well into the mud.

The great quantity of tea proved a temptation to a few. John Hooton,¹ an apprentice who was watchful as he worked, spied a seeming countryman stealing up in a canoe intending to make off with some, but the lad was too quick for him, and leaping over the side "in a twinkling," had beat the canoe from under the old fellow. Hewes noticed a suspicious movement on the part of O'Connor,¹ an Irishman, who seemed to be slipping tea inside his coat lining, and told Pitts. He was at once seized by the coat-tails, which gave way and loosened his load of pickings. However, after a little tumbling in the mud, he was allowed to slink off. It is said, next day the coat-tails² were displayed on the Charlestown whipping-post, as he was of that town. Shortly after, a lad, Isaac Pitman,³ observed another old fellow filling the great flap-pockets of his coat with tea. Cautiously lifting his coat-tails, Pitman let the contents drop into the sea, together, as it chanced, with the old man's office and house keys, the loss of which he loudly lamented, insisting somebody had stolen them. The⁴ account of a "tall aged man wearing a large cocked hat and white wig," who, being caught in the act of pilfering, had hat and wig both thrown overboard, may have refer-

¹ *Tea Leaves*, CXV, LXXVIII, LXIX, LXXVII, CLXII, LXXXI, CXVI, LXXVII. Drake.

² *Hist. of the U. S.*, III, 373. Bryant and Gay.

³ Alice Morse Earle. *American Monthly Magazine*, July, 1896.

⁴ *The History and Antiquities of New England*, N. Y., N. J. and Penn., 390. John Warner Barber. Hartford, 1844.

ence to this same person. When it was thought all the tea had been disposed of, one of the men laid hands on a light-fingered party and said, "No, boys, here's another chest," turning out his pockets as he spoke.¹ James Dawson,² thirteen years old, of Nantucket, is said to have seen several who had stowed tea in their boots laid over the nearest barrel and "spanked." During the evening there was a narrow escape from a fatal accident by the fall of a hoisting derrick which knocked John Crane³ senseless. He was born in Milton, and was twenty-nine years of age. It was from his carpenter's shop, next door to Parson Byles', a large number had set forth. Supposing him dead, some comrades carried him to a neighboring carpenter's shop and hid the body under a pile of shavings. When all was over, Crane was sought out, taken to his home, and happily recovered. The workers were somewhat hampered in their movements by the dense crowd of onlookers. Wyeth,³ for one, says he never worked harder in his life. "We stirred briskly in the business," he says, "from the moment we left our dressing-room. We were merry, in an undertone, at the idea of making so large a cup of tea for the fishes, but were as still as the nature of the case would admit, using no more words than were absolutely necessary."

Richard Hunnewell³ had two sons by his side, one sixteen, one fourteen. Sam Sprague worked silently beside his master, Mr. Etheridge, whom he recognized. Hewes³ supposed he recognized Hancock by his crimson velvet sleeve, point lace ruffles, and bearing, when his blanket chanced to slip aside.

When the tea had all been disposed of, the deck was swept clean, everything set back as found, and the mate called up to certify that nothing save the tea had been meddled with or harmed; even a small padlock³ belonging

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 361. Shea.

² *American Monthly Magazine*, February, 1902.

³ *Tea Leaves*, CV, LXXII, CXX, CLXIII, LXXII, LXXXI, LXVIII. Drake.

to one of the captains, which had been broken, was replaced. The party now broke up; the lads working on the flats,¹ under the sides, had no trouble in regaining the deck, the pile of boxes had mounted so high. After which,¹ "Those who were from the country," says the *Massachusetts Gazette*, "went home with a merry heart."

Seth Brown,¹ a carpenter, twenty-three years of age, born in Cambridge, went to the party masked and painted, carrying a club. The crowd was so thick and people looked out so curiously from houses along the streets, he had to fight his way home with his back to the houses to avoid discovery. Admiral Montague¹ had witnessed a good part of the affair from the house of a Tory named Coffin on Atkinson Street (now Congress Street) near the head of the wharf. Raising a window as the lads trooped by, he hailed them: "Well, boys, you've had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper. But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet!" "Oh, all right, Squire," called back Pitts. "Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes!" The window slammed down, the fife struck up, and they marched on, with shouldered axes, back into the town, passing through the east end of Pearl Street from Flounder Lane (Atlantic Avenue). Before leaving the wharf the Mohawks were supposed to empty out their shoes, but Thomas Melvill¹ brought away some tea by chance. He was grandson of a Fifeshire parson, a cadet of the Scottish family of the Earls of Melvill and Leven. It is interesting to recall that he was the original of Holmes' poem, "The Last Leaf."

John May¹ also brought off some tea by accident, so that despite his coming in late and tired, and, worst of all, uncommunicative to his expectant Nabby, she drew her own conclusions from the litter on the floor. Another helper, Wm. Russell,¹ on reaching his home on Temple Street, carefully turned his shoes out upon the hearth and watched

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXXI, LXVIII, XCVIII, LXXIV, CXXIX, CXXVIII, CLIX. Drake.

to make sure that every leaf was burnt. John Pulling¹ may have helped in the hold, as his wife long kept in a vial a small quantity of tea which had lodged in his three-cornered hat. Thompson Maxwell,² later of Bedford, was down from the country with his team the day of the tea party, and had already loaded at Hancock's warehouse to return, when Mr. Hancock told him to drive his team up to his yard and be at hand at the wharf at two P.M. He claims to have worked under Hewes and "gone home as an honest man should."

Sarah Bradley,³ who had followed her husband and brothers down to the wharf and looked on, was home in Hollis Street ahead of them and had steaming hot water handy to wash off the paint. Before the men had time to slip into their ordinary clothes, the story runs, a British officer, having his suspicions, looked in to see if they were safe indoors. The young men drew the bedclothes up over their queer "togger" and pretended to be asleep, and the officer backed out under the impression a late wash was under full headway.

When Joseph Lovering³ came home "after nine o'clock," his exultations were somewhat tempered by close questioning and reproof on the part of his parents for disobedience in being abroad so late.

Joseph Pearse Palmer³ startled his wife on his return. About ten o'clock, as she sat waiting and wondering what kept him, she heard the gate click and the latch of the street door lifted. Opening the parlor door, there confronted her three stout-looking Indians, at which she screamed, and only the well-known voice saying, "Don't be frightened, Betty, it's Joe," prevented her fainting. Mr. Palmer then explained they had only been making a little salt-water tea. Josiah Wheeler,³ forty years old, a housewright,

¹ *Boston Sunday Globe*, April 19, 1908.

² *History of Middlesex County*, II, 828. D. Hamilton Hurd. "Bedford," by Abram English Brown. Philadelphia, 1890: J. W. Lewis & Co.

³ *Tea Leaves*, XCVI, XCVII, CLXXXIII, CXXXVIII, CLXIX. Drake.

lived in the other half of a double house from Samuel Sprague, already mentioned. This was on the west side of Orange (now Washington) Street, between Pleasant and Warrenton Streets. His wife sat up late for him, a neighbor-woman bearing her company. When he came in and started to draw off his long boots, a quantity of tea fell on the floor, and the neighbor exclaimed, "Save it, it will make a nice mess." But Mrs. Wheeler would not hear of such a thing, and swept all of it in the fire, saying, "Don't touch the cursed stuff." Hewes' wife seems to have been of a different mettle. On being told what had been done with the tea, she asked eagerly, "Well, George,¹ did you bring me home a lot of it?"

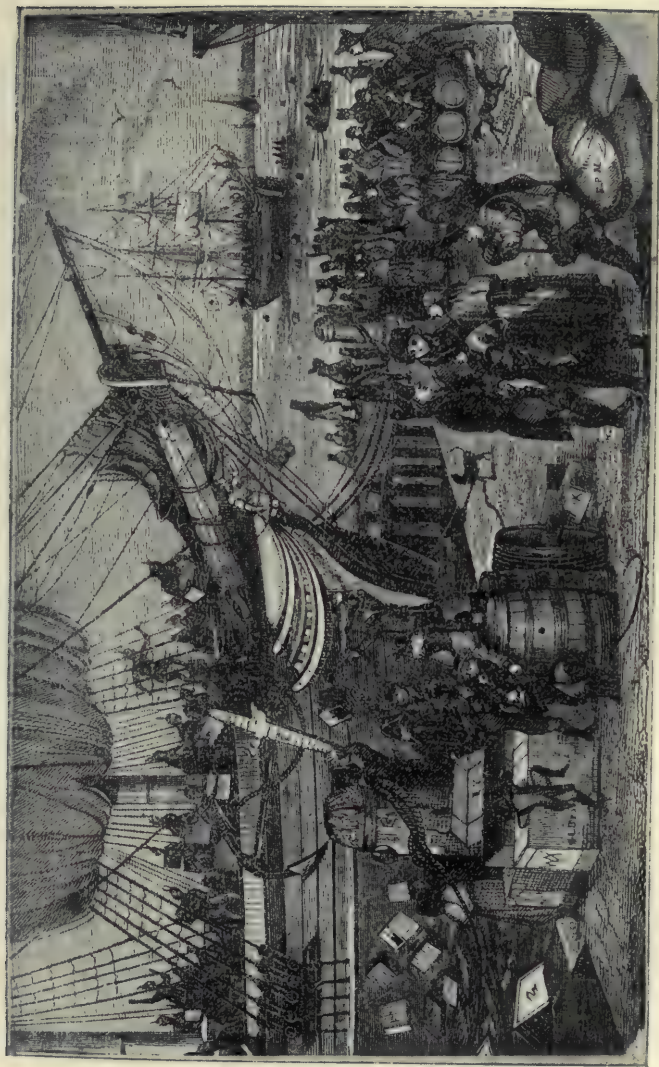
The affair throughout had been conducted in an orderly, spirited manner which was a credit to all concerned. Several Roxbury men, among them Thomas Dana, Jr., and his brother-in-law, Thomas,¹ son of John Williams, rendezvoused at John Williams'. As they went back late that night, somebody proposed sacking a Tory's house, but Dana and his brother-in-law refused, and the project seems to have been dropped.

Samuel Hammond,² twenty-five years of age, drove in that day from Newton, carrying a load of wood to market. He did not get home until very late and had little to say in explanation, but what kept him was suspected from the tea leaves shaken from his shoes.

James Swan,¹ nineteen years of age, a native of Fife-shire, boarded on Hanover Street. Next morning he and his fellow apprentices chaffed each other because of some smooches still showing about the face. Sam Peck,¹ a cooper, was also that day a sight of interest to his apprentices, Purkitt and Dolbear, for traces of red paint showed suggestively behind his ears. He was believed to have been one of the chiefs, and at all events came in softly¹ about

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXIV, CLXX, CLXVIII, CXL, LXXXI, CLXXVI. Drake.

² *History of Newton*, 330. S. F. Smith.



BOSTON TEA PARTY

one in the morning. Word reached Captain Timothy Bigelow,¹ the Worcester blacksmith, the day after the party, by a post rider who stopped to have his horse's shoe seen to. When the man rode on, Bigelow tramped indoors and amazed his wife, daughter, and negro servant by catching up a tea caddy, casting it on the hearth, and stamping it to pieces. An old rallying song of the day runs:

Rally Mohawks! bring out your axes,
And tell King George we'll pay no taxes
On his foreign tea;
His threats are vain, and vain to think
To force our girls and wives to drink
His vile Bohea!
Then rally boys and hasten on
To meet our Chiefs at the Green Dragon.

A ballad has it:² —

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels, —
Weapons new for warlike deed;
Towards the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed,

O'er their heads aloft in mid sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen;
That was Hampden, — this was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst, and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plough the wave,
Tell your masters they were dreamers:
When they thought to cheat the brave!

Then overboard she goes, my boys,
In darkling waters roar;
We love our cup of tea full well,
But we love our freedom more!

¹ *American Monthly Magazine*, August, 1894.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 97. Niles.

Early on the 17th the tea had been carried seaward by the currents, until it stretched in a long windrow, like hay, clear from the wharfs to the Castle (Fort Independence).¹ Seeing this, some volunteers shoved off in boats and stirred it up so that it might be carried out the faster. A part of the tea was washed up on Dorchester Neck. Friday, December 31st, understanding one Mr. Withington¹ of Dorchester had taken up and partly disposed of a chest, a party of about forty Cape or Narragansett Indians searched a house occupied by Captain Ebenezer Withington and his brother Philip. Finding nothing, they kept on below the meeting-house to a part of Dorchester known as Sodom, and here at old Mr. Ebenezer Withington's they seized a half chest, which had been cast up on the Point, and brought it triumphantly back to Boston, where it was burnt on the Common. A sample of the tea gathered on the Dorchester shore by Dr. Thaddeus M. Harris¹ is now preserved by the Worcester Antiquarian Society.

It may be interesting to note that among the actors there were natives of Boston, East Boston, Braintree, Cambridge, Chesterfield, Dorchester, Hingham, Holliston, Lincoln, Milton, Newton, Roxbury, and Watertown, in Massachusetts; Pomfret and New London in Connecticut; Thomaston and Old Kingston in Maine; and one each from Malta, Lisbon, Fifeshire in Scotland, and Staffordshire in England. The so-called last survivor, David Kennison, died in Chicago, 1852.

Wyeth¹ says of himself and his mates, next day they "pretended to be as zealous to find out the perpetrators as the rest, and were all so close and loyal, that the whole affair remained in Egyptian darkness." It is said John Adams² refused to have their names given him. Indeed a pledge was drawn up: "The subscribers do engage to exert our utmost influence to support and vindicate each other, and any person or persons who may be likely to suffer for

¹ *Tea Leaves*, LXXVII, LXXIV, LXXII. Drake.

² *Mem. Hist. of Boston*, III, 50.

any noble efforts they may have made to save their country, by defeating the operations of the British Parliament, expressly designed to extort a revenue from the Colonies against their consent.”¹ It is claimed the destruction of the tea was plotted in the Long Room¹ of Edes’ printing office. A club formed in 1762 met here, of which Sam Adams, Hancock, Warren, Otis, Samuel Dexter, Church, Dr. Cooper, Wm. Cooper, John Winthrop, Revere, Thomas Dawes, Samuel Phillips Savage, Royal Tyler, Thomas Fleet, Molineaux, and Thomas Melville were members. Another place closely connected with its planning was the Green Dragon Tavern,¹ sometimes known as the Freemasons’ Arms, from its being the headquarters of St. Andrew’s Lodge, of which Joseph Warren was appointed Grand Master in 1769,—the same to which Revere, Proctor, Thomas Chase, Adam Collson, and other members of the tea party belonged. November 30th they record: “Lodge met and adjourned. N. B. The consignees of the tea took the brethren’s time. December 16th, The Lodge met and closed on account of the few members in attendance.”

A barber, Eckley,¹ was the only one arrested for bearing a hand in the affair. While he was imprisoned, the Sons of Liberty cared for his family. Only one turned informer, under guarantee the trial should be held in England; he was treated to tar and feathers. John Adams² felt that to let the tea be “landed would be giving up the principle of taxation by Parliament authority, against which the country has struggled for ten years.” He wrote, the 17th, to General James Warren of Plymouth,³ “Dear Sir: — The Dye is cast! The people have passed the River and cut away the Bridge! . . . Armies and Navies will be talked of, military Executions — . . . Tryals in England and all that. . . . But — these Terrors are all but Imaginations. Yet if they should

¹ *Tea Leaves*, CXLII, LXVI, LXVII, CX. Drake.

² *Diary*, II, 324.

³ *Life of Revere*, I, 134. Goss.

become Realities they had better be suffered, than the great Principle of Parliamentary Taxation given up." Hon. Robert C. Winthrop¹ says: "It became a simple question, which should go under, British tea or American Liberty." A letter² written from Boston on December 13th had said the Americans were not to be trapped under the notion of cheap teas, it would be impossible to make them swallow it. December 17th,² another spoke of some of the country towns burning on the public commons all the tea they had put by. There were several of these minor parties. In Charlestown,² for instance, where the owners received the full value of the tea before it was destroyed, and again in Newburyport,³ where one Eleazer Johnson, a shipmaster, led his carpenters in burning tea at the Market Square. In Providence, "haters of shackles and hand cuffs" were invited to cast into the fire the "needless herb." A copy of Lord North's speech and issues of Rivington's, Mills', and Hick's newspapers helped kindle the tar barrel, while a Son of Liberty plied a brush and lamp black in painting out the word "tea" on the dealers' signboards.⁴ The letter cited above concludes:² "Get the Tea Act repealed, and you'll sell all your tea, . . . The people will risk life and fortune in this affair — the very being of America depends on it. . . . I am sorry the Company are led into such a scrape by the ministry etc. etc." It was felt, however, that just as surely as the company was free to send tea, the Americans were at liberty to refuse it, and when sent against the expressed will of the people, it was at its own risk.

Already there had been considerable stir in London over the first reports of possible difficulties. December

¹ *Centennial Address*, 1873. See *Provincial Pictures*, 36. Goodwin.

² *Tea Leaves*, 332-3, LXXXIII, 333. Drake.

³ *History of Essex County*, II, 742. D. Hamilton Hurd. "Newburyport," Wm. T. Davis. Philadelphia, 1888: J. W. Lewis & Co.

⁴ "Tea in the Revolution." Mary L. T. Alden. *Magazine of the Daughters of the Revolution*, May, 1895.

17th, Lord Dartmouth began to be uneasy, and on the 20th, the warehouse committee of the East India Company asked nine of the principal American merchants to send in any information which had reached them relative to Boston. The 21st they repeated this inquiry to five of the number.¹

Now that the company's fears had been justified, Boston was to feel the weight of British displeasure. But Boston was not the only seaport which had tea "thrust upon it." The first protest had been uttered October 18th in a public meeting in Philadelphia, and when the ship was sighted there, December 25th, coming up the river, the consignees immediately resigned as requested. On his arrival, the captain passed through a solid lane of people, and in deference to their will consented to refit at an island and make no attempt to land, and presently the *Polly*,¹ 698 chests, was on her way rolling back to Rotherhith. The *Nancy* was loaded with the same amount for New York. December 27th the people sent a letter to await her arrival at Sandy Hook, and though driven by storms to the West Indies, on her appearance in April,¹ the delivery of this letter prevented her ever coming up the harbor.

It is only fair to state that Hutchinson would have gladly been rid of the Boston ships thus easily, but as it happened the *Eleanor* and *Beaver* brought the greatest part of the goods for the supply of New England in addition to the tea² so that his plan for holding the ships below the Castle could not be carried out. And once entered at the Customs the Governor could not suffer them to sail without breaking his oath of office. Hence the rub.

At Charleston,³ South Carolina, the tea duly arrived December 2d. The consignee was persuaded to decline taking it, and at the end of twenty days the cargo was seized

¹ *Tea Leaves*, 258-9, 361, 364, 366, 254, 358, 360. Drake.

² *Hutchinson, Old South Leaflets*, No. 68, 7.

³ *The Thirteen Colonies*, II, 438. Smith.

by the revenue officers; but nobody would pay duty on it or vend it, and it lay in storage under the Exchange in a damp cellar until it was utterly worthless. December 12th the brig *Grayhound* came up Cohansey Creek¹ in hopes that Greenwich, New Jersey, would be a sufficiently retired port to admit of their landing tea unhindered. For three days all was quiet, but just as the tea had been lodged in Daniel Bowen's cellar preparatory to its carriage overland to New York, "Indians" collected and made a bonfire of it. There are said to have been a couple of young ministers in this party. In any case, the public sentiment was such no one was punished for having a hand in the exploit. One man, Stacks, filled his pockets, intending to carry a trifle home, but was seen, chased, and dragged back to empty them into the flames. Ever after he went by the name of "Tea" Stacks.²

At Wilmington,³ North Carolina, Cornelius Harnett, John Ashe, and Hugh Waddell destroyed the tea in open day. Somewhat later, at Edenton,⁴ in the same state, Mrs. James Iredell, Mrs. Hannah Johnston, Mrs. Elizabeth King, Mrs. Penelope Barker, Mrs. Basco, and other ladies pledged themselves not to use tea until the tax was removed. A picture on glass representing this meeting was brought to Edenton about 1823-24 by Captain Halsey, a naval friend of his having picked it up in a barber's shop on an island in the Mediterranean, and the likeness of Mrs. Dickerson was at once recognized by some of the older townspeople. A copy of a mezzotint, representing this patriotic act, now hangs in the State library at Raleigh.

In the letter already quoted, written by Andrews to a

¹ *A Short History of the American Revolution*, 17. Everett Tomlinson. New York, 1901: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *America's Story for America's Children*, V. *The Foundations of the Republic*, 45. Mara L. Pratt. Boston, 1901: D. C. Heath & Co.

³ *History of the United States*, 200-1. Alexander H. Stephens. Boston. E. W. Sawyer. Entered 1882, by J. R. Jones.

⁴ *Boston Evening Transcript*, July 7, 1902. W. E. Stone.

friend in Philadelphia, he observes:¹ "If yours, together with ye other Southern provinces, should rest satisfied with *their* quota being stor'd, poor Boston will feel the whole weight of ministerial vengeance. However, it is the opinion of most people that we stand an equal chance now, whether troops are sent in consequence of it or not; whereas, had it been stor'd, we should inevitably have had 'em, to enforce the sale of it."

With reference to the Philadelphia tea ship he writes: "December 19th, Sunday Evening. I give you joy of your easy riddance of *the banefull herb*; being just inform'd by ye arrival of the post, that it's gone from whence it came. You may bless your stars that you have not a H—n and board of Commissioners resident with you.—I forgot to acquaint you last evening that *Loring*, in a brig belonging to *Clark*, one of ye Consignees, is on shore at ye back of Cape Cod, drove thither by a storm last Fryday week, who has the last quota of Tea for this place, being 58 chests, which compleats the 400. — Am inform'd some *Indians* were met on ye road to Plimouth, which is almost fifty miles this side of Cape Cod. Its unlucky that *Loring* has ye lamps on board for illuminating our streets. Am sorry if they are lost, as we shall be depriv'd of their benefit this winter in consequence of it."¹

December 17th, a note² was despatched from Boston to Plymouth and Sandwich expressing a hope "the people at the Cape will behave with propriety and as becomes men resolved to save the Country." This hint was apparently lost on the villagers, for we find Sam Adams writing to James Warren: "The tea which was cast on shore at the Cape has been brought up, and after much consultation landed at Castle Wm. . . . It is said that the Indians this way, if they had suspected the Marshpee tribe would have been so sick at the knee, would have marched on snow-shoes to have done the business for them." Several chests were rescued and auctioned off among the neighbors, John

¹ *Letters of John Andrews.*

² *Mem. Hist. of Boston*, III, 50.

Greenough of Wellfleet purchasing one. On learning of this, his father, Deacon Thomas Greenough of Boston, wrote reproachfully, "You have like Cain sold your birth-right for a pot of message." Next day he bethought himself and hastily despatched a second note explaining that he had such a headache when he last wrote he scarcely knew what he said; but it struck him he had "put the cart before the horse." His grandson,¹ who tells the story, adds, he appears still to have been unconscious of likewise "putting on the wrong driver."

There were other losses incident to the tea, and January 6th, 1774, Francis Rotch sent in² an account to the consignees, with an apology for its amount, but stating he should be out near two hundred guineas by loss of his spring shipment. The *Dartmouth's* return cargo of spermaceti oil, it seems, had been brought round to Boston by the sloop *Triton*, Captain Pardon Cook, of Dartmouth, near New Bedford, of which Rotch was likewise part owner, and kept waiting on the dock since December 9th. He now charged against the importers demurrage for his sloop and ship, besides wages and victuals for the six men on the sloop and two or three coopers who had come with them and kicked their heels ever since in enforced idleness. Then, in addition, there were lawyers' fees for advice, John Adams coming in for a share. Joined to the freight charges, the whole footed up to no less than £289 19s. 6½d., and this represented the *Dartmouth* solely. Coupled with the ill-will of the Province it had proved a sorry affair to the importers. Eventually the exiled consignees were promised an allowance of £150 a year, being "such a confounded parcel of us," laments Faneuil.² And with that they were forced to content themselves.

The Committee of Correspondence chose Revere³ out of a number of volunteers to carry word of what had taken

¹ The late John James Greenough.

² *Tea Leaves*, 350-2, 294-5. Drake.

³ *Life of Revere*, I, 131. Goss.

place to New York and Philadelphia. He accordingly set out the 17th, and reached Philadelphia the day after Christmas. December 17th, before sunrise, the Governor¹ had sent off expresses to summon a council, but was unable to collect a quorum. A meeting was therefore appointed for the 18th, at Milton.

Hosmer¹ says of Boston: "The doughty little town showed capital nerve. . . . A mile or two down the Bay—they could have floated up in a few minutes, as soon as the tide began to flow—lay Montague's great ships of war. . . . How could they tell but that the broadsides would be at once brought to bear, and the town blown to splinters before the night had passed! Immediate retribution did not come, but every soul in Boston knew that the penalty must fall, as certain as night follows day, and that it was likely to gain in weight through being deferred." At the afternoon meeting of the 16th it had been announced that several towns were agreed not to use tea, and that it might be well to form committees of inspection in every town, to "prevent the accursed tea" coming into their midst.² December 21st and 23d, the principal tea dealers met at the Royal Exchange Tavern to consider how a repeal of the tax might best be brought about. Thirty-one were present the first night, among them Thomas Handasyd Peck, representing his daughter's interest, Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, the mother of the late Colonel T. H. Perkins, of Brookline. A committee of sixteen upon inquiry found that seventy-three dealers were ready to totally discontinue the sale of tea, and thirty-eight merchants were ready to join with them, so far as refusing to send over fresh orders for tea subject to duty. Captain Jones' bill for punch, etc., these two evenings came to £20 18s. 9d.³ Susanna Clarke at this time wrote:

¹ *Life of Hutchinson*, 303, 306-7. Hosmer.

² *Tea Leaves*, LIX. Drake.

³ "The Tea Boycott. How the Boston Tea Traders of 1773 Managed." *Boston Evening Transcript*, Dec. 16, 1895.

We'll lay hold of card and wheel,
 And join our hands to turn and reel;
 We'll turn the tea all in the sea,
 And all to keep our liberty.

We'll put on home-spun garbs,
 And make tea of our garden herbs
 When we are dry, we'll drink small beer
 And Freedom shall our spirits cheer.¹

The late Receiver-General of the Colony, Benjamin Harrison, called by the Opposition "the Gray Maggot,"² took a quite different tone, referring to the "Party" as "an action of such a malignant, atrocious nature, as must expose the wicked perpetrators of it, without sincere repentance, to the vengeance of that Being, who is a God of order and not of Confusion, and who will punish all Thieves as well as liars in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone."

January 9th, Thomas Hutchinson, Jr.,³ wrote from the Castle he had had a "disagreeable six weeks of it" in the harbor; on the 21st he dated his letters from Milton, where he kept pretty close. Mr. Faneuil had then returned from the Castle, and Jonathan Clark was about to sail for England. When it was rumored the consignees were venturing out of their shelter, a handbill was issued which reads quite fiercely, perhaps being more of a bark than a bite.

Brethren and Fellow Citizens! You may depend that those odious miscreants and detestable tools to ministry and government, the TEA CONSIGNEES, (those traitors to their country — butchers — who have done and are doing everything to murder and destroy all that shall stand in the way of their private interest,) are determined to come (from the castle) and reside again in the town of Boston! I

¹ *American Monthly Magazine*, August, 1893.

² "Votes and Resolutions of the Continental Congress, 1774," 42. *Magazine of New England History*, January, 1892. Newport, R. I.: R. H. Tilley.

³ *Tea Leaves*, LI-LII. Drake.

therefore give you this early notice that you may hold yourselves in readiness on the shortest warning, to give them such a reception as such vile ingrates deserve.

(signed) JOYCE, junior,
*Chairman of the Committee for
Tarring and Feathering.*

 If any person shall be so hardy as to tear this down, he may expect my severest resentment. J., jun.

In those days a man with this nickname,¹ in allusion to Cornet Joyce, who arrested King Charles, used to marshal the mob by a peculiar whistle and ride in its midst, his huge jackboots dangling either side an ass and his face covered with a horrible mask.

Consoling his friend Mauduit, in 1778, Hutchinson says with feeling:² "I told him his nerves were affected: every mole-hill was a mountain: mentioned to him my lying awake whole nights in America, fearing I should be called to account in England for neglect of duty to the King at the time of the Confederacies — at least, I concluded I should suffer much in my character for yielding to the demands of the people when my Sons were in danger." Just what the Governor esteemed "yielding," it is hard to guess. His conduct appeared inflexible enough to onlookers, but the allusion may have reference to his sons' return to Milton; and in any case is interesting as showing how sorely his composure was disturbed.

January 20th, Newell says:³ "There were 3 barrels of Bohea tea burnt in King Street weight about 7 cwt."

January 21st, Elisha Hutchinson and Colonel Watson met with some abuse at Plymouth, and we find Peggy, in a letter⁴ to her sister-in-law, exclaiming, "dear Polly, now

¹ *Warwick History of England*, 252, and *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 139. Niles.

² *Diary and Letters*, II, 203. Hutchinson.

³ *Diary*. Thomas Newell.

⁴ *The Bernards of Abington*, II, 256. Higgins.

you know how to pity me, who have been running from a Mob ever since '65!"

January 25th, Rowe records:¹ "John Malcom [a custom house officer], having done some violence to a man, with a sword enraged the multitude that they took him and put him into a cart, tarr'd and feathered him, carrying through the principal streets of this town, with a halter about him, from thence to the gallows, and returned through the main street, making great noise and huzzaing . . . 'tis supposed . . . there were upwards of twelve hundred people; tis said that Malcom behaved with great fortitude and resolution. This was looked upon by me and every sober man as an act of outrageous violence." Next evening, he writes: "A great concourse of people went in quest of the infamous Richardson. They could not find him; very lucky for him."

¹ *Diary.*

CHAPTER X

THE PORT OF BOSTON CLOSED

IN February came a little breeze over the judges' salaries. February 8th, four of the Supreme Bench signified they were willing to receive theirs, as heretofore, through the General Court, but the Chief Justice, Peter Oliver, a younger brother of the Lieutenant-Governor, Andrew Oliver, having already received a portion of his direct from the Crown, would not agree to this. February 19th the whole House remonstrated, petitioning, 96 to 9, for his removal.¹ Three days later the Supreme Court was adjourned to June amid general uneasiness. Colonel Gardner of Allston, who was killed at Bunker Hill, is quoted as saying he himself would drag Oliver from the Bench if he should attempt to sit on it.² A popular clamor of this sort would be peculiarly trying to the old judge who heretofore had been greatly respected for his ability and uprightness. He had long since established an iron industry at Middleborough, twenty-five miles beyond the Blue Hills, where he owned three hundred acres and had built a fine mansion,³ Oliver Hall, for his son, Dr. Peter Oliver; driving back and forth to town in a coach and four, with outriders and postilions. Notwithstanding the turbulent state of Boston and the urging of his friends to remain quietly at home, he now set out to take his place on the Bench as usual, but was forced to return by a heavy snowstorm, and soon after word of his impeachment was brought by a messenger, who is said to have wept as he told his errand.⁴ In this month Hutchinson⁴ wrote to Lord Dartmouth, "The people,

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 345. Gordon.

² *Diary and Letters*, I, 145. Hutchinson.

³ *Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1886.

⁴ *Diary and Letters*, I, 145-6, 116. Hutchinson.

my lord, in every Colony, more or less, have been made to believe that, by firmly adhering to their demands, they may obtain a compliance with every one of them." The Governor at this time took peculiar satisfaction in his seal, we may suppose, which bore the motto: *LIBERTATEM COLO; LICENTIAM DETESTOR*.

March 5th the Massacre was commemorated by an oration in the Old South; John Hancock ¹ saying in the course of his speech:

Permit me to suggest a general congress of deputies, from the several houses of assembly on the continent, as the most effectual method of establishing such an union, . . . for the security of our rights and liberties. . . . Remember from whom you sprang. . . . Not only pray, but act; . . . if necessary, fight, and even die for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. . . . I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty, will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and the cities of our God; while we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts, by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us joyfully leave our concerns in the hands of Him who raiseth up and putteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases.

When this was reported over-seas he was ordered to be hung² in Boston. The office of selectman in Boston was no easy one in 1774. The men honored by the town's confidence at the annual election this spring are worthy of remembrance; they were John Scollay, John Hancock, Timothy Newell, Thomas Marshall, Samuel Austin, Oliver

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 42. Niles.

² *Landmarks*, 340. Drake.

Wendell, John Pitts, David Jeffries, town treasurer, and Wm. Cooper, town clerk.

On the 6th of March, Captain Benjamin Gorham, nine weeks from London, arrived with 28½ chests Bohea. The next evening Indians, reported to be of the Oknookortunkogg tribe, fed the fishes with them.¹

For several months past Governor Hutchinson had been feeling that something decisive must be done to bring the rebellious town up short; at the same time, as a New Englander, he wished to temper the Crown's displeasure so far as was consistent with a recognition of Parliament's supremacy. If he could be on the spot he felt that he might help much toward a just solution. He had, therefore, planned for a voyage to England, when the death of his brother-in-law, the Lieutenant-Governor, at the age of sixty-eight, left him alone at the helm. At his funeral on the 8th of March, Parson Stiles tells us, "the Assembly then sitting at Boston adjourned to attend the Solemnity. But those who ordered the Procession putting the Navy Officers next after the mourners, the Assembly was disgusted, and the Council and Representatives turned off out of the Procession and proceeded to the Town house. After this the Multitude followed without Order & in promiscuous Confusion to the Grave. Johnny Malcom, a Custom house officer, following the Mourners, the Boys insulted him, and after the Grave was covered, gave three Cheers. At the Grave a Gentleman was heard to speak aloud within hearing of Governor Hutchinson's Coach, that he hoped within a fortnight they should be called to render the same last Office to the Governor himself. Such is the public Disgust, and such the Tumult of the Times."² It is even said³ that Chief Justice Peter Oliver dared not attend his brother's funeral for fear of lynching.

Returning to England, we find the Privy Council meeting

¹ *Diary*. Thomas Newell. March 6-7.

² *Diary*, I, 437. Stiles.

³ *Diary and Letters*, I, 147. Hutchinson.

in the latter part of January, at the "Cockpit,"—where the Treasury now stands,—to consider the petition of Massachusetts for the removal of Governor Hutchinson. Both sides were represented by counsel. John Dunning, a former Solicitor-General, later Lord Ashburton, spoke in the interest of the Province; David Wedderburn, later Lord Chancellor, under the title of Lord Loughborough, spoke three hours in opposition, in behalf of Mauduit, agent for the Crown officers in Boston. He did not scruple at calling Franklin a "hoary-headed traitor,"¹ or charging him with the theft of the letters. "Men will watch him,"² said he, "with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escrutoires." It should be remembered this was not an examination respecting the letters, but when Franklin, eminent for his personal attainments and the representative of four considerable Colonies, was³ presenting a solemn petition from a wronged Province. Yet none of the five-and-thirty peers present recalled the Solicitor-General to his subject, and many laughed aloud. Burke, Jeremy Bentham, and Dr. Priestley were struck with the dignity of Franklin's behavior under Wedderburn's abuse; indeed, breakfasting next day with the Doctor, Franklin remarked he³ "never before had been so sensible of the power of a good conscience." At the end of the hearing the Council pronounced the petition "scandalous," and declared that in their judgment the people had petitioned merely "for the seditious purposes of keeping up a spirit of clamor and discontent in the said Province," adding they were "humbly of opinion, that the said petition ought to be dismissed." Shortly after Franklin³ was informed that he had been superseded in the office of deputy postmaster-general.

This same month the news of the tea party reached London, although it was not officially announced until March, by which time letters from Governor Hutchinson,

¹ *History of the U. S.*, III, 369-70. Bryant and Gay.

² *Annals*, 172. Morse.

³ *Our Country*, II, 711, 713-14. Lossing.

Admiral Montague, the consignees, and from other royal governors had been received and laid before the House. Meanwhile the King had given audience to General Gage, lately come from New York, who said: "I am willing to go back at a day's notice if coercive measures are adopted. They will be lions while we are lambs; but, if we take the resolute part they will undoubtedly prove very weak. Four regiments sent to Boston will be sufficient to prevent any disturbance."¹

Influenced in part by these representations, Lord North on the 7th of March delivered the King's message to Parliament, which, after reference to "the violent and outrageous proceedings at the town and port of Boston, with a view of obstructing the commerce of this Kingdom," observed too much lenity perhaps had been shown heretofore, and concluded by pointing out that the high-handed actions of the Bostonians "had left Government perfectly at liberty to adopt any measures they should think convenient, not only for redressing the wrong sustained by the East India Company, but for inflicting such punishment as their factious and criminal conduct¹ merited." The fining of communities for neglect in punishing local offences was not without precedent as readers of the "Heart of Midlothian" will remember in the case of the Porteous riot of 1735. It was in vain Barré reminded the House if Parliament kept its hands out of the Americans' pockets² there would be no quarrel. "The town of Boston ought to be knocked about the ears and destroyed," cried one of the members.³

The principle that influenced the Bostonians was underrated and the destruction of the tea regarded as so much wanton mischief. This brought many over to the side of Government, and to make matters worse Lord North had gathered the foremost lawyers about him, who would rather split hairs than effect an accommodation.

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 309. Spencer.

² *Life of Hutchinson*, 312. Hosmer.

³ *Our Country*, II, 707. Lossing.

It is not surprising then that he introduced without delay the famous Boston Port Bill, by which it was decreed: Since the commerce of his Majesty's subjects could not be safely carried on, nor customs duly collected, — On and after the first day of June it should not be lawful for any person to lade or unlade, to ship or unship any goods from any quay or wharf within said harbor; except stores for his Majesty, and fuel and provisions for the inhabitants. Not a pound of hay, sheep, or calf could be brought to town from the Islands. Nor a stick of lumber or package of merchandize taken from wharf to wharf, let alone to Charlestown or Dorchester. Marblehead, twenty-eight miles distant, was made the port of entry, and Salem the seat of government. By its provisions sailors, merchants, laborers, and artificers were thrown out of work and the capital locked up in shops, wharves, tenements, and ships made useless.¹ This act was to be enforced until such time as the East India Company had been paid in full and the King was satisfied with the good conduct of the town.² Moreover, the charter was declared forfeit, and a new form of government proposed. As the law stood the Governor had only a veto in the choice of his Council and no voice in the appointment of magistrates. Since a magistrate alone could call out the soldiery to the support of the laws, and seven councillors must approve³ the Governor's every order before it took effect, where Council and magistrates held one view and the Governor another, as was now come to pass, only friction could be looked for. By the proposed change, the choice of the Governor's Council rested with the Crown, and the King or Governor had the sole voice in the appointment of judges, magistrates, and sheriffs.⁴ The sheriff⁴ was given the power of calling the juries, and no town meetings, save for the purpose of

¹ *Mem. Hist. of Boston*, III, 54, and *Our Country*, II, 719. Lossing.

² *American Revolution*, 130. Sears.

³ *War in America*, I, 412-13, 413, 415. Murray.

⁴ *Our Country*, II, 709. Lossing.

an annual election, could be held without the Governor's leave. This was to take effect after September 1st. It was likewise provided by a so-called bill for the impartial administration of justice that for a term of four years any magistrates, revenue officers, and soldiers, charged with capital offences, could be tried in England or Nova Scotia, the expenses to be met by the custom dues. The Port Bill was supported in the Lords by Lords Mansfield, Gower, Littleton, Weymouth, Suffolk; and opposed by the Dukes of Richmond and Manchester, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Camden, Earl Shelburne, Lord Temple, and Lord Stairs.¹ In the Commons the bill was opposed by Burgoyne, the ex-Governor of Florida, one Johnstone, a "dashing sailor," and Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. These debates are still full of interest. Speaking in March, Johnstone said:²

Mr. Speaker — I find so much difficulty in pronouncing my sentiments at any time, that unless the house is kindly disposed to hear me at this late hour, I shall patiently sit down, because I am conscious it will require their greatest indulgence to enable me to express myself in a manner worthy of their attention. . . . I now venture to predict to this house, that the effect of the present bill must be productive of a general confederacy, to resist the power of this country. It is irritating, tempting, nay, inviting men to those deeds, by ineffectual expeditions, the abortions of an undecisive mind, incapable of comprehending the chain of consequences which must result from such a law. . . . The question of taxing America is sufficiently nice to palliate resistance, if the subject had never been litigated in this country; but, after the highest characters in the state had declared against the right of this country to impose taxes on America, for the purposes of revenue; after the

¹ *American Archives A Documentary History, 4th Series, I, 60.* Washington, 1837. Published by M. St. Clair Clarke and Peter Force under an Act of Congress passed 1833.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution, 411, 412-13.* Niles.

general voice of the senate had concurred in repealing the stamp-act, upon that principle; after those men, who had maintained these doctrines, had been promoted by his Majesty to the first stations in the administrations of civil and judicial affairs, there is so much mitigation to be pleaded in favor of the Americans, from these circumstances (allowing them in an error at present) that every man must feel the height of cruelty, by enforcing contrary maxims, with any degree of severity at first, before due warning is given.

. . . The blocking up of the harbor of Boston, to prevent the importation of British manufacture, or the exportation of goods which are to pay for them, is a measure equally absurd as if the Parliament here, upon the resistance which was made to their resolution, by the riots of Brentford, and other disturbances in the county of Middlesex, had decreed, by way of punishment, that the freeholders should have been prohibited from sowing wheat. For whose benefit do the inhabitants of Boston toil and labor! The springs in the circle of commerce bear so nicely on each other, that few men can tell by interrupting one, the degree and extent to which the rest may be exposed. . . . For my own part I am convinced, from experience in the colonies, that good government may be conducted there upon rational grounds, as well as in this country; but the power and means of governing, rewards and punishments, are taken from your supreme executive magistrate in every sense, and then you are surprised that all order and obedience should cease. The colonies can only be governed by their assemblies, as England by the house of commons: the patent officers, as well as those in the customs, which were formerly given, at the recommendation of the governors, to men supporting government, and residing in the provinces, are now given in reversion, three or four lives deep, to men living in this country. The command of the military, which was another great source of respect and obedience, is likewise taken from the governor; so that in truth he remains an insignificant pageant of state. . . .

The first essential point in these disputes which are now likely to become so serious, by the weakness of administration in this country, in following no connected plan, either of force or favor, but constantly vibrating between the two, is to put ourselves in the right, and for this purpose I would recommend the immediate repeal of the tea duty, which can be vindicated upon no principles, either of commerce or policy.

Ex-Governor Pownall, Bollan, Burke, and Dowdeswell joined in the protest, but without effect, and the Port Bill received the royal assent March 31st.

Respecting the changes in the charter, it was objected¹ by the Whigs:

"It is a thing of no little peril to undertake the reformation of charters. The princes of the house of Stewart found it so, who lost the crown, in attempting to gratify so fatal an ambition. Great Britain has always held similar proceedings in just abhorrence: and how can she now herself pretend to imitate them? Hitherto, the Americans have only complained of the loss of one of their immunities; but, at present, it is proposed to usurp them all. . . . And what is the unpardonable offence the Americans have been guilty of? Of no other but that of refusing their consent to an act that was contrary to the written laws, and to the unalterable principles of the British Constitution."

Again, on the second reading of the bill "for Regulating the Civil Government in Massachusetts Bay," in the latter part of April, Mr. Fuller² objected, since copies of the Massachusetts charters which had "been ordered before the house were not yet laid, he would venture to say that no man knew the constitution of that government." Stephen Fox, shortly Lord Holland, supported his brother Charles in much the same strain, saying:³ "I rise, Sir, with

¹ *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 178, 180. Botta.

² *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 414. Niles.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 188. Trevelyan.

an utter detestation and abhorrence of the present measures. We are either to treat the Americans as subjects or as rebels. If we treat them as subjects, the bill goes too far; if as rebels, it does not go far enough. We have refused to hear the parties in their defence, and we are going to destroy their charter without knowing the constitution of their government."

Sir George Saville, for his part, protested:¹ "I do not like to be present at a business, which I think inconsistent with the dignity and justice of this house; I tremble when I am, for fear of the consequences."

Mr. Welbore Ellis, on the other hand, thought the measure justified by the Council's neglecting to advise Governor Hutchinson when appealed to in November last, and its adjourning, as it then did. General Conway spoke next, and after making apologies for his "weak voice," with which he feared to tire the House, proceeded:¹ "but I do think, and it is my sincere opinion, that we are the aggressors and innovators, and not the colonists. We have irritated and forced laws upon them for these six or seven years last past. We have enacted such a variety of laws, with these new taxes, together with a refusal to repeal the trifling duty on tea; all these things have served no other purpose but to distress and perplex." He was followed by Lord North, who denounced Massachusetts. "The Americans," said he,¹ "have tarred and feathered your subjects, plundered your merchants, burnt your ships, denied all obedience to your laws and authority; yet so clement and forbearing has our conduct been, that it is incumbent upon us now to take a different course."

Mr. C. Jenkinson went so far as to observe that the Colony had "in every instance disobeyed the laws of [England]," and ended:¹ "Either let this country forsake its trade with America, or let us give that due protection to it which safety requires."

¹ *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, 415-17. Niles.

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Mr. Harris, after remarking of America: "that country, sir, was hatched from this, and I hope we shall always keep it under the shadow of our wings," wound up composedly:¹ "I insist upon it, they are bound to obey both the crown and parliament. The last twelve years of our proceedings have been a scene of lenity and inactivity." Ex-Governor Pownall rose to correct the impression¹ that the Governor could not act save in concert with the Council; he might and should have done so. The Council's action was "inexcusable, though not criminal, as they were not obliged to give an opinion. . . . Things are now come to action; and I must be free to tell the house, that the Americans will resist these measures: they are prepared to do it. I do not mean by arms, but by the conversation of public town meeting; they now send their letters by couriers, instead of the post, from one town to another; and I can say your post office will very soon be deprived of its revenue. With regard to the officers who command the militia, they will have them of their own appointment, and not from Government; but I will never more give an opinion concerning America in this house those I have given have been disregarded."

Mr. Rigby sarcastically¹ inquired: "Pray in what manner shall a requisition be obtained? Is the King to demand it, or are we, the legislative power of this country, to send a very civil, polite gentleman over to treat with their assemblies? How and in what manner is he to address that assembly? Is he to tell the speaker that we have been extremely ill used by our neighbors the French; that they have attacked us in several quarters; that the finances of this country are in a bad state; and therefore we desire you will be kind enough to assist us, and give us some money? Is this to be the language of this country to that; and are we thus to go cap in hand?"

When he sat down the bill was at once committed for the Friday following without a division, and passed the

House, 239 yeas, 64 nays; and the Lords, 92 yeas, 20 nays.

Richmond, Portland, Abingdon, King, Effingham, Ponsonby, Rockingham, Abergavenny, Leinster, Craven, and Fitzwilliam afterwards dissented from the Boston Port Bill and the changes in the charter, regarding them as unconstitutional, and asserted in a written protest that an "unfair advantage" had been taken to pass them ¹ in their absence from the House and afterwards enter them on the Records as "passed without a division."

When the bill for conducting trials beyond seas was under consideration, Alderman Sawbridge,² referring to the recent acts, declared: "If the Americans do not reject them all they are the most abject slaves upon earth, and nothing the ministers can do is base enough for them." Barré objected in his turn:³ "The people will not endure it; they would no longer deserve the reputation of being descended from the loins of England if they did endure it. . . . Instead of sending them the olive branch, you have sent the naked sword. By the olive-branch, I mean a repeal of all the late laws, fruitless to you, and oppressive to them. Ask their aid in a constitutional manner, and they will give it to the utmost of their ability. Your journals bear the recorded acknowledgement of the zeal with which they have contributed to the general necessities of the state. What madness is it that prompts you to attempt obtaining that by force which you may more certainly obtain by requisition? They may be flattered into anything, but they are too much like yourselves to be driven."

Lord Germaine rose in defence and said:

⁴"If I believed that the measure in question could be deemed unjust and tyrannical, I certainly should not undertake to support it against such vehement attacks. But as I

¹ *American Revolution*, I, 355. Gordon.

² *Our Country*, II, 710. Lossing.

³ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 310-11. Spencer.

⁴ *War of the Independence of America*, I, 181-2. Botta.

think it, on the contrary, not only just, but seasonable and necessary, I shall freely defend it, even at the risk, in so doing, of wounding the delicate ears of the orators seated opposite. The trial of the military on this side of the water has been much objected to. What is it, sir, but a protection of innocence? Can anything be more desirable to generous minds, than that? America, at this instant, is nothing but anarchy and confusion . . . where are the courts of justice? Shut up. Where are your council? Where is your Governor? All of them intimidated. . . . Can you expect in the midst of such tumults . . . that these men could have a fair trial? No; assuredly not. . . . It is objected, that these proceedings are to deprive people of their natural right. Let me ask, of what natural right? Whether that of smuggling, or of throwing tea overboard? — or of another natural right, which is not paying their debts? . . . It is not a military government that is established; but the alteration of a civil one, by which it is made conformable to existing circumstances.”

The question being then put, the bill was carried, in the House,¹ 127 yeas, 24 nays; and in the Lords,² by 43 yeas, 12 nays.

Richmond, Fitzwilliam, Ponsonby, Rockingham, Portland, Craven, Leinster, and Manchester again entered a protest,³ deeming the bill “to compel the transportation . . . of any number of witnesses . . . without any regard to their age, sex, health, circumstances, business, or duties,” as “extravagant” and “impracticable” to such a degree “as to confirm us further in our opinion of the spirit which animates the whole system of the present American regulations.”

A fourth bill was then brought forward making the quartering and feeding of the soldiers compulsory. When it was announced, Rose Fuller,⁴ a moderate Government man,

¹ *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 182. Botta.

² *American Archives*, 4th Ser., I, 128. Force.

³ *American Revolution*, I, 356-7. Gordon.

⁴ *Our Country*, II, 710. Lossing.

tried to temper the severity of these successive repressive acts by one last request that the tea tax be repealed. This proposal being rejected, he rose gravely and said: "I will now take my leave of the whole plan; you will commence your ruin from this day! I am sorry to say that not only the House has fallen into this error, but the people approve of the measure. The people, I am sorry to say, have been misled. But a short time will prove the evil tendency of this bill. If ever there was a nation rushing headlong to ruin, it is this!" His warning was unheeded; and the Quebec bill quickly followed. By its terms the Canadian boundary was extended to include the western lands lying between the Ohio, Mississippi, and the Great Lakes,¹ *i.e.*, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan,² although the region was claimed by Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, the Province having already exceeded the bounds as set by Royal Proclamation in 1763. At the same time a legislative council was to be formed for carrying on all the Province's affairs — save the levying of taxes — the Crown appointing the councillors (Roman Catholics being made eligible) for an indefinite period while found satisfactory; it also gave³ French law and trial without jury in civil cases, and English law and trial with jury in criminal cases, besides securing tithes to the Roman Catholic clergy. These measures were supposed to be intended to conciliate the French Canadians and secure the Province from defection, although now recognized to have been a plan long under advisement.⁴ For some time past the New England colonists had, not without reason, dreaded lest Parliament should impose an established church in the New World with its⁵ accompaniment of tithes, glebe lands, and test oaths.

¹ *History of the United States*, 184-5. John Frost. Philadelphia, 1851.

² *A Short History of the United States*, 89. Edward Channing. New York, 1900: The Macmillan Company.

³ *War in America*, I, 410. Murray.

⁴ "Colonies and Nation." *Harper's Monthly*, September, 1901.

⁵ *Annals*, 198-9. Morse.

Doctor Secker,¹ Archbishop of Canterbury in 1758, had the matter much on his heart. Several years before, when still Bishop of Oxford, in addressing the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, he had apparently in all good faith referred to the English planters in America as having in too many cases "carried but little sense of Christianity abroad with them. A great part of the rest," he continues, "suffered it to wear out gradually; and their children grew of course to have yet less than they; till in some countries there were scarce any footsteps of it left, beyond the mere name." Now that he was archbishop, this supposed deplorable state of affairs in the distant colonies preyed heavily on his mind. Speaking to Dr. Langdon of Portsmouth in 1764, the Rev. George Whitefield² had expressed grave fears that a "deep laid plot against the civil and religious liberties of poor New England" was imminent. This bill accordingly awoke the suspicions of the dissenters, who realized if Parliament could lay down the law concerning the religious privileges of one Province it might shortly tamper with any or all.

The administration did not escape caricature; the *Westminster Magazine* for April showed a cut representing³ the White Hall Pump, with Britannia fallen on her child, America, near-sighted Lord North pumping upon her, and the Magna Charta, Coronation Oaths, &c., &c., scattered on the ground. By the side of Lord North stands Lord Mansfield, formerly Mr. Murray, the Lord Chancellor, who was chiefly concerned in drawing up the "punitive" acts following the Port Bill. Born in 1705, he was now sixty-nine years of age and often the butt of Pitt's attacks. Notwithstanding the fact of his being the ablest debater in the House, it is said he was not ready at turning a personal assault, and sometimes, though every word of an opponent's speech would be *Murray*, he simply sat listen-

¹ *Universal Magazine*. London, December, 1768.

² *American Revolution*, I, 143. Gordon.

³ *Caricature History*, 331. Wright.

ing in "agitated silence."¹ In June appeared Revere's caricature entitled "The Bitter Draught," which shows Lord Mansfield holding down an Indian girl, North America, while Lord North forces the teapot to her lips.

The following bit of English correspondence is interesting at this stage. The letters are from Edward Gibbon, the historian, to J. Holroyd, later Lord Sheffield.²

Feb. 7, 1774.

Dear Holroyd,

You may suppose that nothing very important has occurred since you left town: but I will send you some account of America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety about an old manor takes away much of my attention from a new Continent. The mildness of Godfrey Clarke is roused into military fury; but he is an old Tory, and you only suppose yourself an old Whig. I alone am a true Englishman, Philosopher and Whig.

Boodles, March 16, 1774.

Very little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On Monday Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill to remove the customs and courts of justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so detrimental to the former town, as must soon reduce it to your own terms; and yet of so mild an appearance, that it was agreed to, without a division, and almost without a debate. Something more is, however, intended, and a Committee is appointed to enquire into the general state of America. But the administration keep their secret as well as that of free masonry, and, as Coxe profanely suggests, for the same reason.

March 29, 1774.

America. Had I written Saturday night, as I once intended, fire and sword, oaths of allegiance and high treason tried in England, in consequence of the refusal, would have formed my letter. Lord North, however, opened a

¹ *Anecdotal History of Parliament*, 123. Jennings.

² *Magazine of American History*, May, 1886.

most lenient prescription last night; and the utmost attempts towards a new settlement seemed to be no more than investing the Governors with a greater share of executive power, nomination of civil officers, (judges, however, for life,) and some regulations of juries. The Boston Port bill passed the Lords last night; some lively conversation, but no division. . . . Rose Fuller was against the Boston Port bill, and against his neice's going to Boodle's masquerade [perhaps the one given by the Boodle's club at Ranelagh, May 4th, costing 2000 guineas]. He was laughed at in the first instance, but succeeded in the second.

April 13, 1774.

We are all quiet. American business is suspended and almost forgot. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish war. It was said they had taken one of our Leeward Islands. It since turns out, that we are the invaders, but the invasion is trifling.

The question was not so lightly dismissed from the minds of those most keenly concerned. Upon the first rumor of what was preparing the Committee of Correspondence, through Dr. Warren, called a meeting of representatives from¹ Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Newton, Cambridge, Charlestown, Lynn, and Lexington to confer with those of Boston in Faneuil Hall, March 12th. Sam Adams presided at this meeting, when it was voted that in their opinion,¹ "if the other colonies come into a joint resolution to stop all importation from, and exportation to, Great Britain and every part of the West Indies till the act be repealed, the same will prove the salvation of North America and her liberties; and that the impolicy, injustice, inhumanity, and cruelty of the act exceed all our powers of expression, we, therefore leave it to the just censure of others, and appeal to God and the world."

With the sitting of the spring law courts fresh complications arose. By accepting his salary from the Crown on

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 143. Goss.

the new basis, Chief Justice Peter Oliver had made himself so objectionable in Worcester county that the grand jurors¹ refused to be sworn at the April term unless assured he would not preside. Colonel Putnam and forty-two royalists on this occasion opposed the patriotic resolutions passed by the town of Worcester at their annual meeting, and desired that another meeting might be called, hoping to reverse their tenor. This attempt failed, but not before the town clerk had been induced to copy their petition on his records. This excited the patriots to such a degree it was ordered to be erased, and when the clerk hesitated, he had his fingers thrust in the ink-well and drawn² to and fro over the page for his pains; it is said the blackened page may be seen to this day.¹

In the spring of 1774 there was the keenest apprehension that since the Governor was entirely dependent on the Crown, and the councillors in the way of becoming his tools, the judges on no account must be suffered to lose their independence, or the liberties were gone past recovery. "I had a real respect for the Judges," writes John Adams;³ "three of them, Trowbridge, Cushing, and Brown, I could call my friends. Oliver and Ropes, abstracted from their politics, were amiable men, and all of them were very respectable and virtuous characters." Happening to dine out while the question was in agitation, he suggested to the others present that there seemed to him a way to meet the difficulty no less constitutional than satisfactory; this was for the House of Representatives to impeach the judges before the Council—an act without precedent here, truly, but of a piece with the rights and privileges of England in permitting the House of Commons to exercise a similar power before the House of Lords.⁴ Next day Major Hawley called on him and inquired into the nature of an

¹ *History of Worcester County*, II, 1430, D. Hamilton Hurd. "Worcester" by P. Emory Aldrich, LL.D. Philadelphia, 1889: J. W. Lewis & Co.

² *American Revolution*, 197. Trevelyan.

³ *Diary*, II, 328-30.

⁴ *Life and Works*, IX, 597.

impeachment and was referred to the State Trials for various examples. Hawley then talked the matter over with his friend, Judge Trowbridge (who had personally renounced his salary on the new basis). The judge felt the House could justify its action, but since the Council would never support the motion, what would be accomplished? Adams' own feeling was that every effort should be made to arrive at a peaceful solution, however untried was the path. In the end a committee, of which Hawley was one, drew up Articles impeaching Chief Justice Oliver, which were adopted by the House; but, as had been foreseen, they were rejected by the Council. The check, however, had been given, for at the sitting of the Superior Court in Boston, the grand and petit jurors, informed how matters stood through the newspapers, refused to take the oaths while accusation was still pending against the chief justice, an example followed throughout the Province.

The countryside was as keen as Boston in holding on to its rights. Adams tells us: "Within the course of the year before the meeting of Congress, in 1774, on a journey to some of our circuit courts in Massachusetts, I stopped one night at a tavern in Shrewsbury, about forty miles from Boston, and as I was cold and wet, I sat down at a good fire in the bar-room to dry my great coat and saddlebags till a fire could be made in my chamber. There presently came in, one after another, half a dozen, or half a score, substantial yeomen of the neighborhood, who, sitting down to the fire after lighting their pipes, began a lively conversation upon politics. As I believed I was unknown to all of them, I sat in total silence to hear them. One said, 'The people of Boston are distracted.' Another answered, 'No wonder the people of Boston are distracted. Oppression will make wise men mad.' A third said, 'What would you say if a fellow should come to your house and tell you he was come to take a list of your cattle, that Parliament might tax you for them at so much a head? And

how should you feel if he was to go and break open your barn, to take down your oxen, cows, horses, and sheep?' 'What should I say?' replied the first. 'I would knock him in the head.' 'Well,' said a fourth, 'if Parliament can take away Mr. Hancock's wharf and Mr. Rowe's wharf, they can take away your barn and my house.' After much more reasoning in this style, a fifth, who had as yet been silent, broke out, 'Well, it is high time for us to rebel; we must rebel some time or other, and we had better rebel now than at any time to come. If we put it off for ten or twenty years, and let them go on as they have begun, they will get a strong party among us, and plague us a great deal more than they can now. As yet, they have but a small party on their side.'"

Definite word of the Port Bill's being passed reached the doomed town by the *Harmony*, Captain Shaler, five weeks from London, on May 10th. "The severest act ever was penned against the town," groaned John Rowe.¹ Three days later Thomas Newell notes² the arrival of his Majesty's ship *Lively*, Captain Bishop, twenty-six days from London, with General Gage, the new Governor, aboard. He had been sent out to relieve Hutchinson in order that he might make a personal report on the situation in London. The Hon. Thomas Gage, second son of the first Viscount Gage, had³ seen service at Fontenoy and Culloden besides being a veteran of the French and Indian War, when he had served under Braddock, Amherst, and Wolfe. He was now about fifty-two years of age.

At a town meeting held in Boston the day of his arrival, Sam Adams drew up an appeal to the other Colonies in reference to the Port Bill, which was sent on to New York and Philadelphia; Paul Revere again riding messenger in this hour of the Colony's distress. This ran:⁴ "The people receive the edict with indignation. It is expected by their enemies, and feared by some of their friends, that this town

¹ *Diary*.

² *Landmarks*, 125, 243. Drake.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Life of Revere*, I, 144. Goss.

singly will not be able to support the cause under so severe a trial. As the very being of every colony, considered as a free people, depends upon the event, a thought so dishonorable to our brethren cannot be entertained as that this town will be left to struggle alone." A committee was chosen to go to several towns representing the case, and on the 14th, Revere¹ started on his way, riding express on a large gray horse. The day he left, the New York Sons of Liberty gathered at Hampden Hall, where they wrote encouragement to Boston, and sent the letter forward by John Ludlow, who rode a black horse. The two expresses met near Providence and lunched beside a spring, on the edge of a wood just unfolding its young leaves. Then they parted to continue their journey. As he rode on, Revere scattered in the villages copies of the act, edged with black and headed emblematically with a skull and cross-bones, surmounted by a crown. The cap of Liberty was figured below the bones to indicate all was death and destruction between the crown and liberty. As the horse dashed on a crowd collected, and the handbills were hawked about the streets with the cry, "Barbarous, cruel, bloody and inhuman murder!"

For this service a bill was rendered by David Wood,¹ May 28th, running:

To a Journey of My Horse to Kingsbridge, New York	
234 miles at 3s. pr Mile	£30 2s 0d.

Upon his return he¹ wrote to the *Gazette*: "Nothing can exceed the indignation with which our brethren in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Philadelphia have received this proof of ministerial madness. They universally declare their resolution to stand by us to the last extremity." This ride was far-reaching in its consequences, for on the evening of his arrival the Philadelphia patriots met and their Committee of Correspondence advised as a first step the calling of a GENERAL CONGRESS of all the col-

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 148, 147. Goss.

onies;¹ while the Bostonians were pronounced² the "living martyrs of liberty, the generous defenders of the rights of man: worthy descendents of their virtuous and heroic ancestors."

May 17th, says Rowe:³ "This morning General Gage landed from the Castle . . . and [was] received at the Long Wharf by Colo. Hancock's Company of Cadets. The Regiment was under arms in King Street . . . he came to the Town house, had his commission read by the Secretary, and took the usual oaths; from thence he was escorted to Faneuil Hall, where a good dinner by His Majesty's Council." Thomas Newell⁴ adds, "Governor Hutchinson, that bad Governor," dined with him. Andrews⁵ says when Hutchinson's name was given as a toast it was hissed, and during the banquet his effigy is said to have been burnt on the Common.

In response to Sam Adams' appeal, Salem and Newbury promptly said that they would lay up their shipping if the non-importation movement became general. Another group wished to patch up a truce. May 18th,⁵ in Boston Town Meeting, Jonathan Amory referred hopefully to George Erving's offer of a personal subscription of £2000 toward a fund for compensating the tea losses. This, however, aroused little enthusiasm. At the same meeting, when the Port Bill came to be read, the Town⁶ "Voted unanimously, 1st. That the Trade of the Town of Boston has been an essential Link in that vast Chain of Commerce, which in the Course of a few Ages, has raised New England to be what it is, the Southern Provinces to be what they are, the West Indian Islands to their Wealth &, in One Word, the British Empire, to that Height of Opulence, Power, Pride & Splendor, at which it now stands.—2ly. That the

¹ *Life of Revere*, I, 146. Goss.

² *War of the Independence of the U. S.*, I, 190. Botta.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Diary*, May 17.

⁵ *Letters of John Andrews*.

⁶ *Boston Town Records*, 1770-77, 175.

Impolicy, Injustice, Inhumanity, & Cruelty, of the Act aforesaid, exceed all our Powers of Expression & Conception, we therefore leave it to the just Censure of others, & appeal to God & the World. — ”

May 23d the little fishing hamlet of Marblehead had a town meeting, held, as the warrant¹ ran, for the purpose “of taking into consideration the alarming situation to which we are all reduced (it being no less than this, *whether we shall hereafter be freemen or slaves*).”¹ They adjourned in the afternoon to May 31st and in evasion of the new law, by successive adjournments, forty-six meetings were held under the original warrant, the last on April 3d, 1775, ten months and ten days later!

April 9th the Earl of Dartmouth had written from London to General Gage, urging “mild and gentle persuasion.” “At the same time,” he continued, “the sovereignty of the King, in his Parliament, over the Colonies requires a full and absolute submission² be made, the town of Boston where so much anarchy and confusion have prevailed, should cease to be the place of the residence of his Governor, or of any other officer of government who is not obliged by law to perform his functions there.”

May 25th, Gage accepted as members of his Council the following:

Samuel Danforth	Richard Derby, Jr.
John Erving	James Otis
James Pitts	William Seaver
Artemus Ward	Walter Spooner
Benjamin Greenleaf	Jeremiah Powell
Caleb Cushing	Benjamin Chadburn
Samuel Phillips	George Leonard, Jr.

Jedediah Preble

rejecting³ thirteen. After which, in accordance with his instructions, the Legislature was adjourned to June 7th,

¹ *Hist. of Marblehead*, 109-10. Roads.

² *American Archives*, 4th Ser., I, 245-6. Force.

³ *Provincial Pictures*, 44. Goodwin.

at Salem. The ships were stationed to command the town, the officers left to protect the loyalists, and General Gage forsook the Province House. This building, dating from 1679, stood on Washington Street near Milk. It had been the Governor's residence since 1717, and its cupola was topped by an Indian, Massachusetts' emblem, with the Royal Arms over the entrance. There were lodges at either gate, shade trees dotted the lawn, and sentinels paced to and fro. Province Street and Court were then stable avenues.

The same day that the Legislature adjourned¹ 123 Bostonians, including merchants and traders, twenty-four of the bar, the Church of England clergy and wardens, presented Governor Hutchinson with a "warm, affectionate, and respectful" address, on the occasion of his departure for England. From this they acquired the name of Addressers. Over against each name² was set the signer's occupation; Andrew Faneuil Phillips is said to have had "nothing" placed opposite his name, and when his attention was called to it, he replied, "Better be nothing with one side than everything with the other."

About this time, the story goes, some British officers, walking after sunset on Beacon Hill, took sounds in the air (supposed to be flying beetles) for bullets from air guns and fled to camp, writing home alarming accounts which were put in the newspapers, leading McFingal, a few years later, to remark:³

No more the British colonel runs
From whizzing beetles as air guns;
Thinks horn-bugs, bullets, or through fear
Musketoos takes for musketeers;
Nor 'scapes, as if you'd gained supplies
From Beelzebub's whole host of flies,
No bug these warlike hearts appals;
They better know the sound of balls.

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, note 331.

² *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife Abigail Adams during the Revolution*, 19. Charles Francis Adams. New York, 1876: Hurd and Houghton.

³ *Annals*, 190. Morse.

There were hopes at first that perhaps Gage might prove a conciliatory Governor. Andrews¹ quotes a current rhyme:

“May Gage be both impower’d, and inclin’d to close
The wounds now opening by our cruel foes!
May N-h repent etc., etc.”

He then refers feelingly to the “dejection imprinted on every countenance in this once happy, but now totally ruin’d town;” and adds the act could not have been “more strongly express’d if all the Devils in the infernal regions had had a hand in draughting it.”

An old book of Custom-house records, lately recovered, contains the following letter² announcing the Port Bill:

Gentlemen:

Pursuant to directions which I received from the Commissioners of his Majesty’s Customs in America to send by the earliest opportunity to the Officers of the several ports Copies of all such Acts as may be passed relative to the American Revenue, I herewith submit to you the Boston Port Bill. I am,

Gent.

Yr Most Obt. H. Servt.

J. MARTIN LEAKE.

Whitehall, Treasury Chambers,

6 April, 1774.

In accordance with the above, May 26th, Commissioners Benjamin Hallowell, Henry Hulton, Charles Paxton, and William Burch issued orders to their subordinates for the enforcement of the new law. By its provisions only vessels carrying food and fuel were permitted to enter the harbor, and then only on condition that they could show papers of “transire” or “lettpass.” Further it was pointed out, “You are on no account to grant such Transire or Lettpass till you are satisfied that the vessels have been thoroughly examined and searched, and that they have no other

¹ *Letters*, May 18.

² *Boston Herald*, December 17, 1899.

Goods or Merchandize on board except such as are allowed by the said Act to be carried to the Town of Boston." And moreover, "You are to put on board every such Vessel a Tidesman with a sufficient number of armed men [*i.e.*, from the 64th regiment stationed near Marblehead] for his Defence to attend such vessels to the Town or Harbor of Boston."

June 1st, Rowe writes:¹ "This is the last day any vessel can enter this harbor until this fatal Act of Parliament is repealed. Poor unhappy Boston. God knows only thy wretched fate. I see nothing but misery will attend thy inhabitants." Says Andrews² again, "Yes, Bill, nothing will save us but an entire stoppage of trade, both to England and the West Indies, throughout the continent: and that must be determin'd as speedily as absolutely. The least hesitancy on your part to the *Southerd*, and the matter is over; we must acknowledge and ask forgiveness for all past offences, whether we have been guilty of any or no; give up the point so long contested; and acknowledge the right of Parliament to d—n us whenever they please; and to add to all this, we must pay for an article unjustly forced upon us with a sole view to pick our pockets (not that I would by any means justify the destruction of that article). When that is done, where are we? Why, in much the same situation as before, without one flattering hope of relief."

The same day Governor Hutchinson, his son Elisha, and daughter Peggy sailed in the *Minerva*, Captain Callahan, for England. His once honored name had lost favor³ and Hutchinson Street became Pearl Street, while the town of Hutchinson took the name of "Barré, the champion of Liberty," spurning that of one⁴ "who had acted the part of a traitor and parricide," and thus given its people "a very

¹ *Diary*.

² *Letters*, May 18.

³ *Life of Hutchinson*, 324. Hosmer.

⁴ *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Barré, June 17, 1874*, 85. Published by the Town. Cambridge, 1875: John Wilson and Son.

disagreeable sensation of mind!" Three transports from London anchored off Nantasket as the late Governor set forth. Troubles thickened behind him. June 2d word came to Boston, via Marblehead, and Bristol, England, of the blow struck at the charter received from King William and Queen Mary. Rowe¹ felt it would "sour the minds" of his countrymen and that reconciliation was "farr off." Andrews² was in despair. The Committee of Correspondence had taken it upon them to draw up a solemn *League and Covenant*, for every adult inhabitant in each town to sign, obligating themselves to go without any and all English goods, those on hand not excepted. This cut off inland trade as well, and was a grievous burden.

Harrison Gray³ refers to the Covenant as a "most wicked, diabolical handbill," and tells us it was sent to every town and district in the Province calling upon the inhabitants for signature. He continues: "In many towns the minister of the parish set them the example of signing first, and then called upon his parishioners to engage in the same covenant, and to sign it upon the communion table, and it is reported that a certain clergyman in the county of Plymouth, gravely told his people, that they who refused to sign it were not worthy to come to that table. I do not pretend to say positively that this is a fact, though it is generally believed." The title of this League recalling as it did the Scottish Covenanters, had an alarming sound to Gage, and he⁴ issued a proclamation warning all good subjects to keep out of it, and adjuring the magistrates to arrest and hold its abettors in custody.

He had made his headquarters since leaving Boston at Danvers, in a house built by Robert Hooper—"King" Hooper of Marblehead; he also occupied, as an office, the south front room in the Captain Jeremiah Page house,

¹ *Diary*.

² *Diary*, June 12, July 22.

³ "An Interesting Pamphlet," 47. Dr. Samuel A. Green. *Magazine of New England History*, January, 1892. Newport, 1891: R. H. Tilley.

⁴ *War in America*, I, 426-7. Murray.

Danvers Square, using in part his own furniture; some green flag chairs being left behind when he came away. The Page family tradition is,¹ "The Governor was as pretty a man in the house as was ever seen." He had a very inadequate notion of the Opposition, and is said while sitting on a log to have made an easy motion with his arm and observed comfortably, "We shall soon quell these feelings and govern all this."² Two companies of the 64th Scottish regiment formed his military escort and camped in the field opposite the Hooper house.

When the Legislature opened in Salem the Tories felt that they had come out on top and could do what they pleased. One of them, handsomely dressed, was sitting in the clerk's seat, the centre of a group, when Sam Adams entered, but made no move to rise. Adams looked him squarely in the face and at the same time said, ³"Mr. Speaker, where is the place for your clerk?" His occupied chair was indicated and Adams replied, "Sir, my company will not be pleasant to the gentlemen who occupy it. I trust they will remove to another part of the house," which they did.

A day or two later the fifteen councillors still in office waited upon Gage with an address, and, having declared an invincible attachment to their rights and liberties, they expressed a fervent hope that his administration would be in happy contrast to Hutchinson's and Bernard's, and would have continued further, but at this point the Governor took offence and⁴ stopped the reading.

The days went by and the Tories did not dream of Adams' plans; by means of private caucusses⁵ held in the evening, however, these were quietly perfected, and on the 17th day of June, 129 members being present, a resolu-

¹ *Beside Old Hearth-stones*, 180. Abram English Brown. Boston, 1897: Lee and Shepard.

² *Historic Pilgrimages in N. E.*, 173. Bacon.

³ *Samuel Adams*, 57. Fallows.

⁴ *Provincial Pictures*, 48. Goodwin.

⁵ *American Revolution*, I, 365-6. Gordon.

tion awoke them from their drowsy security. This was to appoint James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, the Speaker, Sam and John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine of Taunton delegates to the proposed Continental Congress at Philadelphia the following September. A great hubbub followed; some of the Tories tried to leave the hall, but Sam Adams ¹ was before them, turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket. Speeches in opposition were made by several Tories, and one, under color of illness, escaped from the room and made known to Gage the turn things had taken. The Governor wrote a message dissolving the meeting, which was delivered to Secretary Flucker. The Town-house in those days stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Essex Streets; here Flucker hurried with all speed, but was kept knocking at the door until the vote having been carried 117 to 12 and the delegates duly elected, he was admitted and his message heard. Their main business had now been accomplished, and the patriots were content to disperse. Upon the same day, at a town meeting held in Faneuil Hall, John Adams presiding, it was voted: Not to pay the East India Company ¹ because "surrounded by bayonets."

A story of Parson Byles² belongs to this period. Watching the regulars parading on the Common one day, he observed humorously to an acquaintance, "Who says our grievances are not red-dressed?" "That won't do, doctor, you have two d's," was the reply, whereupon he retorted complacently, "I have a right to 'em. I got 'em from Aberdeen in '65."

"June 10," Rowe³ reports, "The transports with the 4th Regiment are arrived from Southampton this morning." The next group of letters shows the frame of mind in which two young officers, ordered to Boston, set forth. The originals of Lord Percy's letters are at the Boston Public Library.⁴

¹ *Our Country*, II, 721. Lossing.

² "A Tory Parson," Louise Imogen Guiney. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1887.

³ *Diary*.

⁴ *Earl Percy's Letters*. *Boston Public Library Bulletin*, January, 1892.

KINSALE, April 17, 1774.

Dear Dr.

Thanks to you for your Letter which I received on my Arrival here. Though I wrote by the last Post to my Father, and have nothing to say yet I could not help setting down just to inform you that We are still here, nor have we as yet got any Intelligence of the Transports. However as the Wind is fair, We have reason to expect them every Moment. Our Orders, with regard to our Encamping at Boston, you know in London full as well if not better than we do, as I find we are to have eight Regts. there, I fancy severity is intended. Surely the People of Boston are not Mad enough to think of opposing us. Headiness and Temper will I hope set things in that Quarter to rights, and General Gage is the proper man to do it. Adieu, my Dear Dr, and be assured

I am
your sincere friend, PERCY.

To the Rev. Dr. Percy,
Northumberland House,
Free. London.
Percy.

This, it is interesting to recall, is the Bishop Percy of the Reliques, a distant kinsman.

On Board the Symetry,
May 8, 1774,

Dear Dr.

We are at last on board, and shall sail directly. I should think myself much obliged to you if you would send me over the English Votes constantly to Boston. My Newspapers the Porter will forward as usual. I am so cold I can scarce hold my Pen, and if I could it and the Ink are so bad I can hardly make the Letter legible. Adieu, my Dear Dr., and believe me

Yours sincerely, PERCY.

P. S. Messrs Baker, Palmer, Gair &c who are on board with me beg I will present [their] compliments.

Hugh, Lord Percy, was born in 1742, so that at this time he was thirty-two years old. His father, Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., married Lady Betty Seymour, only child of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and in 1766 was created Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland.

The next letter is from Captain George Harris. Left fatherless when a fourteen-year-old Westminster schoolboy, in 1759, through the influence of his father's friends, the lad was admitted cadet in the Royal Artillery, and in the spring of 1763 became ensign in the 5th Foot. At the age of twenty he became a lieutenant by purchase, and soon was made adjutant. In 1771 he purchased a company. This brought him a debtor to his mother for £1100, which he ultimately repaid. In 1772 he was invited by his colonel, Lord Percy, to his father's seat at Alnwick. Together they went from there to the Kelso Races, but here young Harris, in his own words,¹ as he "flattered himself he preferred friendship to pleasure, left his Lordship, and the bonny Scots lasses, to see a brother officer, who has lately gone on half pay from several good motives. Regret, at not seeing merit meet with its reward—the care of an old mother, and to pay some debts, which, through his openness of disposition, he had incurred. These were his reasons; and as I knew them, had I not gone to see him, when so near, he would have considered it a slight, and imagine that I, like the greater part of the world, only worshipped the rising star. Indeed, my dear Bess, I would not have missed going for the best ten guineas I shall ever see, and few want them more (or less) than me."

Ordered unexpectedly to America in 1774, he wrote to his cousin, Mrs. Dyer:

KINSALE, May, 1774.

My dear Bess, How vain are the best laid schemes for mortal happiness, without the concurrence of the All-seeing Power. The very morning I had leave for two years at

¹ *The Life and Services of General George, Baron Harris, G. C. B., Baron of Seringapatam and Mysore*, by the Right Hon. Stephen Rumbold Lushington, late Governor of Madras. London, 1840: John W. Parker.

least, came an order for the regiment to go to Boston, every officer to attend. The transports are arrived; and we expect to go on board Monday, if not sooner; so, most probably, ere this reaches you, your George will have been most heartily sick, and on the mend again. You shall have a copy of my journal, but I cannot promise you much entertainment. Comfort my old mother, as well as you can, with hopes of our speedy return. You are too good a soldier to have any fears for me: I have none for myself, but as my friends would suffer. Was I clear with you in all money matters this trip would be a very pleasant one, as I flatter myself you would have good accounts of me; and I certainly never could see the New World at a better stage of life, or ever have such an opportunity of bettering my affairs, should anything be done in consequence of this break with the Americans. You would not be in love with me at this moment for my beauty, as ever since the order arrived for our going, I have scarcely had the least appetite, from the thought how unhappy my poor mother will be, and how severely she and my sisters will feel my loss in worldly affairs, should fate demand me. A perfect trust in the Father of all can alone enable me to support this idea. I doubt not that His protecting arm will again guide me to the friends I love; and then the recollection of past anxieties will add to present pleasures.

I can hardly quit my pen, though Jonathan is perpetually calling, "Sir, the baggage will be too late — we shall all be left behind." Others are also calling. So, my dear Bess, I must bid adieu: you will be my frequent consolation during the voyage. That every happiness may attend you, is my first wish: that you deserve it is certain, but patient merit is sometimes spurned, though, remember, only by the unworthy,

Yours &c., G. HARRIS.

The next letter, dated 7th August, begins playfully:

By this time I fear my dear Bess has set me down as

the most ungrateful of mortals. To have encountered the perils of a thousand leagues across the Atlantic, and not have told her of his safety the moment he landed, is such a violation of the laws of love and friendship, as has not occurred since the days of Æneas!

Of course you will have heard of my sickness and sulki-ness at the tediousness of the passage &c without my plaguing you with a narrative thereof. . . . My mother has no doubt, told you of the loss I have sustained in my friend Lt. (Robert) Palmer's death (June 9) which, as well as his illness, added inconceivably to the disagreeableness of the voyage. He chose me, poor fellow! to assist him in making his peace with a God he had scarce ever offended, I believe, even in thought. It is at that awful day, when all worldly views are past, when all disguise is thrown off, that we see how a man should have been admired or despised. Never did man make a better end, (or after acknowledging his weakness) go to meet his Savior and his God with a greater confidence in his mercy. He had more in his favour and less against him than any man I know, and I am as convinced he is happy as that any shall ever be. Whenever we meet again (if in this world), you must indulge me in talking of him, and listening to all the accounts of his tender friendship. My dear Bess does not love me more.

George Evelyn Boscawen, who became 3d Viscount Falmouth, was born 1758, and is¹ thus referred to by Mrs. Delany in her famous correspondence:

A sad alloy of happiness has clouded poor Mrs. Boscawen's situation occasioned by the death of her eldest son, (Hugh Boscawen Esq. nephew to Lord Falmouth, brother-in-law to the Duke of Beaufort, M. P. for Truro, at the German Spa, July 17). This is the second son she has lost grown up to man's estate, which besides the death

¹ *Memoir and Letters of Captain W. Glanville Evelyn of the Fourth Regiment (King's Own)*, 1774-76, ed. G. D. Scull. Oxford, 1879, privately printed: J. Parker & Co.

of the Admiral, have been most severe strokes. . . . Her youngest (and *now only*) son had gone thro' Winchester School with great credit, and she had promised herself great satisfaction in his making a figure as a man of learning in some profession, and was preparing him for the University, when a frenzy of going into the army seized him, and he would listen to no other occupation. Mrs. Boscawen thought it to no purpose to thwart an inclination that had taken such root, consented, and he sailed with the regiment he is in for America above a month ago; so one may say she is deprived of all her sons.

Mrs. Boscawen herself wrote¹ to Mrs. Delany, June 16th, with reference to her son, from Audley Street:

My dear Madam,

Do not think of *me* amidst dust, and heat, and stinks, and screams of green hastings [*i.e.*, green peas], lest it make you hot and uncomfortable as I am now. Hope is my cordial, and the perfect good health of my daughter ought to satisfy me, especially as my poor little soldier has had as good an outsetting as possible. He is gone in a man of war, the Captain of which wrote me: He beg'd I would be easy about my son, for he should consider him as his own, and take the same care of him; that he should sleep in his own Cabbin and fare as he did. George sailed from Portsmouth under these auspices on ye 6 June and on ye 9th he wrote me from Plymouth on board the *Albion* (Captain Leverson's ship) where he was visiting his brother in law, but is now, I trust, well on his way to Boston.

Addressing the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on this same 6th of June, Rev. John Lathrop of the Old North Meeting-house, then thirty years of age, took occasion to remark:² "The necessity of preparing for un-

¹ *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany*, II, second series, 21, 5, ed. Rt. Hon. Lady Llanover. London, 1862: Richard Bentley.

² *Boston Post*, April 20, 1903, and *Boston Globe*, *ibid*.

avoidable war is sufficiently evident. War is justifiable when those who are in government violate law and attempt to oppress and enslave the people. The fate of America depends on her sons." These bold words threw his hearers into a flurry, and he quietly brought the meeting to an end, saying, "Let us enlist ourselves under the banner of Jesus, and having fought the good fight of faith, and finished our course, God grant we may be admitted into His glorious kingdom."

The 12th, Sunday, Rowe¹ tells us, "After church I walked round the wharffs; . . . not one topsail merchantman to be seen." And this where one thousand vessels were wont to clear in a twelvemonth. "June 14," he resumes, "This is the last day any vessell can depart this harbor. Boston, thy fate is very distressing. The 4th Regiment landed this morning, and pitched their tents in the Common by the pound, a number of spectators to see them. June 15, The 43rd Regiment landed this morning, and pitched their tents in the Common near the Work house on that Plain." "Four regiments already arriv'd, four more expected. How they are to be disposed of, can't say," wrote Andrews² in great disgust. "Its gave out, that if ye General Court don't provide barrack for 'em, they are to be quarter'd on ye inhabitants in ye fall: if so, am determin'd not to stay." He grumbles on: "The executors of the Act seem to strain points beyond what was ever intended, for they make all ye vessels, both with grain and wood, entirely unload at Marblehead before they'll permit 'em to come in here, which conduct, in regard to ye article of wood has already greatly enhanced ye price, and the masters say they won't come at all, if they are always to be put to such trouble, as they are oblig'd to hire another vessel to unload into, and then to return it back again, as they have no wharves to admit of their landing it on. Nor will they suffer any article of merchandize to be brought

¹ *Diary.*

² *Letters, June 12.*

or carry'd over Charles river ferry, that we are oblig'd to pay for 28 miles land carriage to get our goods from Marblehead or Salem. Could fill up a number of sheets to enumerate all our difficulties."

Elsewhere he says,¹ in reference to land carriage, that the route via Cambridge "adds one third to the length of the way, which is attended with the expence of eight dollars a load, or 40 | lawful money at ye lowest rate. It is no uncommon thing to hear the carriers and waggoners, when they pass a difficult place in the road, to whip their horses and d—n Lord North alternately:—nor are the coasters who bring wood and grain allowed to carry away any more provisions and stores than will suffice to last 'em to Salem, much less permitted to carry any sort of merchandize or utensils for farming, whereby I am depriv'd of the sale of *at least* two thirds of ye goods I usually us'd to vend. . . . The executors of the cursed *Port Bill* . . . give out, they shall seize [unlaunched vessels] immediately upon their being water borne. At present, there is about ten or a dozen ships on the stocks nearly or quite ready to launch (the latter they are oblig'd to fill with water for their preservation) one of which belongs to your brother, and the rest principally to *Scotsmen*; which circumstance makes the matter rather less grievous to the town, as *their* countrymen, we are inform'd, were the chief promoters of the Bill for which they now suffer in common with the inhabitants, as they have cargoes of tobacco now laying ready for them in Virginia, to take home to Scotland as freight."

At the short notice of twenty days Boston had been sentenced to the loss of trade and means of subsistence. Mechanics were forced to seek homes elsewhere, and rents ceased or were much reduced. Thomas Newell² tells of most of the stores on Long Wharf being closed, and exclaims, "Oh, let not posterity forget our sufferings."² "Admit for a moment," writes Josiah Quincy³ in his Obser-

¹ *Letters*, August 1. Andrews.

² *Diary*, June 15.

³ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 312. Spencer.

vations on the bill, "that the inhabitants of Boston were charged as high criminals; the highest criminals are not punishable till arraigned before disinterested Judges, heard in defence, and found guilty of the charge. But so far from all this, a whole people are accused; prosecuted by, they know not whom; tried, they know not when; proved guilty, they know not how; and sentenced in a mode which, for number of calamities, extent and duration of severity, exceeds the annals of past ages, and we presume, in pity to mankind, will not mark any future era in the world."

In spite of the stress, Sam Adams could write¹ of Boston, "She suffers with dignity;" and then add firmly: "Britain, by her multiplied oppressions, is accelerating that independency which she dreads. We have a post to maintain, to desert which would entail upon us the curses of posterity."

Happily the town did not lack encouragement from outside its borders. As Richard Henry Dana says,² "The Port Bill was a mean appeal to the jealousy of other towns and provinces, in which it failed, to their infinite credit." The *Essex Gazette* of June 14th gives an extract from the correspondence of a lady in London, which reads as follows:

The unhappy affairs of Boston now lay near my heart! From my soul I feel for Boston and for all America. I was in the Parliament house and heard the Port Bill brought in and read.

A bill is this day passed to destroy your trade, and another is bringing in to subvert your whole constitutional government. Expect no mercy from them. For the love of your country and posterity, for the love of justice, and for God's sake, use all your powers to prevent your town's submission. Tell them to hold out only six months and all will be well. England will rise on the occasion. STOP ALL TRADE, Be SILENT, BE STRONG, BE RESOLUTE.

¹ *Our Country*, II, 720. Lossing.

² Oration, *Lexington Centennial*, 1875.

Their plan was kept secret through fear that had it been known, the Parliament House would have been destroyed. Depend on my intelligence to be good. *Stand it out, or die!* If you give up you are undone! Call your people together, alarm them — rouse them — call on them to humble themselves before God, by fasting and prayer, that the intended blow may be mercifully averted from America! All letters are to be stopped — all Governors are to be changed, three hundred taxmen are coming over — all officers are to be sent from England — Juries taken away — a large fleet to frighten you into submission.

The Virginia House of Burgesses was assembled at Williamsburg when the fate of Boston became known, and the members straightway resolved that the day on which the bill took effect should be kept as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer “devoutly to implore the Divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatens destruction to our civil rights, and the evils of civil war; to give us one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose, by all just and proper means, every injury to American rights; and that the minds of his Majesty and his Parliament may be inspired from above with wisdom, moderation, and justice, to remove from the loyal people of America all cause of danger,¹ from a continued pursuit of measures pregnant with their ruin. Ordered, therefore, That the members of this house do attend in their places, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, on the said first day of June next, in order to proceed, with the speaker and mace to the church in this city for the purpose aforesaid.”

The Assembly was dissolved by Governor Dunmore so soon as this came to his ears, but eighty-nine delegates adjourning to the Apollo room of the Raleigh Tavern immediately reorganized and agreed to take part in a General Congress² the coming fall. After this the House formally

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 313. Spencer.

² *Our Country*, II, 718-9. Lossing.

broke up, although fully twenty-five members lingered on for the fast, George Washington¹ among the rest. In Philadelphia² funeral knells were tolled; in Governor Trumbull's home in³ Lebanon, Connecticut, muffled bells tolled from sunrise to sunset, the shop-shutters were barred and hung with crape and the grievous act itself was nailed, for all to read, upon the Town-house door, likewise draped in black.

Marblehead,⁴ the newly-made port of entry, so far from showing any desire to profit by Boston's sufferings, placed the Town-house and powder-house, private store-houses, and wharves at the free disposal of the Boston merchants for storage purposes. "The late act hath struck this town with the greatest astonishment," they wrote to their representative, John Gallison; "our hearts bleed for the distressed but truly respectable Bostonians. . . . It is the opinion of this town that nothing could more deface the history of America than its permitting the magnanimous Bostonians to suffer more than an equal proportion of this unrighteous sacrifice now making of their interest. In supporting this, we prop the liberties of America."

"Boston is suffering in the common cause," writes Hosmer,⁵ "came in a few months to be the cry throughout the Thirteen Colonies, . . . Boston suffered then for a far wider world than the Thirteen Colonies; it suffered for England as well as for America, — for men now living and for generations yet unborn, — the clear sight that her citizens had of Anglo-Saxon rights and their boldness in upholding them having brought it to pass that Anglo-Saxon freedom, for all the English-speaking world and for all time, is recognized and established as it would not otherwise have been."

¹ *Hist. of the U. S.*, I, 316. Spencer.

² *Our Country*, II, 718-9. Lossing.

³ "Brother Jonathan and His Home." William Elliot. *New England Magazine*, September, 1897.

⁴ *Hist. of Marblehead*, 113. Roads.

⁵ *Life of Hutchinson*, 305-6. Hosmer.

When a day was set for a general fast in Massachusetts, Parson Byles, who loved a jest, assured his friends among the British officers, on such and such a day forty thousand men would rise up in opposition to Great Britain with the clergy at their head.¹ This statement, coming from a Tory source, occasioned quite a flurry among the soldiers, to the great diversion of the townsfolk. John Adams wrote to his wife² from Falmouth that Governor Hutchinson's brother, Judge Foster Hutchinson, was very ironical about "getting home for the Fast." "Why don't you pay for the tea? Refuse to pay for the tea! and go to fasting and praying for direction! Perfect blasphemy!"

¹ *Letters of John Andrews*, July 22, 1774.

² *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his wife*, 17. C. F. Adams.



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Author Chase, Ellen

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